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WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS

PEARL EDITION

WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS

EDITED BY CHARLES MORRIS
AND OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

NAPOLEON IN THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE

VOL. V

PHILADELPHIA
UNION BOOK COMPANY

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS

EDITED BY CHARLES MORRIS
AND OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

VOL. V

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WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS.

THE WORLD'S GREAT CAPITALS OF TO-DAY.

OLIVER H. G. LEIGH.

Berlin, Vienna.

The attractive features of the average German city are usually such as carry the mind back to the far past. Castles and churches, with an occasional fortress, contrast pleasantly with the evidences of a commercial era. Berlin, the capital of Prussia, and, since 1870, of the German empire, has modernized itself into the chief city militant of Europe. The high swagger of uniformed officers powerfully affects the nerves of the peaceful stranger. They are everywhere, all the time, till to the quiet civilian eye the very air assumes a blood-red hue. This omnipresent militarism betokens the mighty change that has come over the country and the capital since the Franco-German war. Before the victory at Sedan Berlin was a provincial town; about six or seven hundred thousand inhabitants jogged along very comfortably without any particular indications of coming greatness. The war emptied the rural districts into the busy cities. The migration is still going on, not only in Germany but also in other great lands, and it is not a promising sign of the times. Berlin has now a million more within its borders. It is doing a general trade in manufactures of wool, steel, cotton, machinery, and miscellaneous goods which is making alarming inroads upon the

markets of its competitors. The city has a right to show its pride in the conquests of the last thirty years by beautifying itself in the fashion of the period. It is writing history with the architect's pen. The first show-piece the visitor has to see is the famous Brandenburg Gate, a noble arch with its five passage-ways separated by fluted columns, a copy from Greece. On the top is Victory in a four-horse chariot. Napoleon sent this to Paris as a memento of his victory in 1806. The day came when it was brought back and lifted to its old place amid cheers of national triumph. Once again the Brandenburg Gate must have thrilled to its heart of stone as a cavalcade of German conquerors marched through it homeward, headed by the King whom the later victory had crowned at Versailles as Emperor of United Germany. Trophy-making did not end there. The fine Monument of Victory, standing near the Gate, was unveiled by Emperor William on the third anniversary of Sedan. The figure on the top of the tall column is over forty feet high, and the pedestal records famous incidents of the last war, in panels, with portrait sculptures of "Our Fritz," Moltke, Bismarck and others.

The Gate begins the well-known avenue Unter den Linden, which is lined with palatial buildings and dotted with statues worthy of the sculptor's art. If it is true that Berlin has more and finer statues than any other capital, the probable explanation is that so many of them are military heroes. A sculptor is sore put to it to make a heroic figure out of a modern suit of clothes. The soldier alone fits the situation, with his theatrical pose and sword and cloak possibilities. The mere face amounts to little or nothing beneath a big hat, and even a portly figure is dwarfed by a prancing horse. The admittedly finest equestrian statue in existence is that of Frederick the Great, by Rauch, which stands in this avenue. It is indeed a magnificent tribute

to a monarch worthy of it. His eager face lends itself to sculpture and his coronation robes help the composition. Around the pedestal are life-size bronzes of his generals.

The Old Museum founded by Frederick William III, to which has been added the New Museum, form a stately pile together. They are rich in ancient and modern sculptures, Egyptian and Scandinavian antiquities, and art-works of many kinds. The great feature of the New Museum is the Kaulbach series of frescoes, representing human progress historically from the age of Homer to the sixteenth century. The National Gallery has an imposing façade, and possesses a splendid, large collection of paintings, representing every school and period.

The one old building of note is the Royal Palace, where the present Emperor lives. His grandfather, William I, preferred the less pretentious palace looking upon the statue of Frederick the Great on the Unter den Linden. The great palace was mainly built about the time of the Reformation, and is in the form of a vast double quadrangle. It contains six hundred rooms, haunted by the ghost of the White Lady, who has not yet been caught. The beautiful salons of the old palace are open to view, on condition that the visitor shall encase his shoes in huge felt slippers, not solely to prevent scratching the polished floors but doubtless with an eye to improving the gloss, as wading takes the place of walking. The Throne Room, the great White Hall, with statues of the twelve electors, the Black Eagle Hall, the Picture Gallery, and the Chapel, are sights which should not be missed. In the Throne Room, opposite the silver throne, stands a marvellous sideboard, far too gorgeous for any dining-hall. It is studded up to the lofty cornice with golden salvers and silver ornaments, of antique workmanship and modern, overwhelming in its richness without infringing good taste. In front stands an equally

ornate beer-*stein*, in which a man might stand and either drink or drown.

Beer in Berlin seldom lays its drinker prone. It contributes to public pleasure indoors and out. It promotes good temper and the genial optimism that marks German holiday-makers. They have the knack of knowing how to enjoy simple pleasures. Whole families spend days and evenings in the charming Thiergarten, economically, happily, and healthfully. The beer-gardens are family resorts. Summer theatres have beer-gardens attached, and music is everywhere. The Royal Opera House was founded by Frederick the Great, who loved a musical evening at home as well as a victory. The audiences go for the music and not to exhibit themselves. Ladies must take off their headgear, and as the prices are quite moderate there is no encouragement for dress display. It is not beneath the dignity of the best seat-holders to drink beer between the acts at any sort of entertainment, if it is procurable, as it generally is. The Opera Square is adorned with several fine military statues, by Rauch. Near by is the University, which is attended by over five thousand students, of whom one-tenth are Americans. Libraries abound; the Royal Library in the palace numbers nearly a million books and fifteen thousand ancient manuscripts. The Armory, the Arsenal, and the Hall of Fame strengthen the impression that one is surrounded by a fighting race, ready for battle. The Arsenal is a museum of the arts of war, weapons of all periods, models of forts, trophies won in the field. Here, too, are the statues of German kings and warriors, and splendid paintings representing the principal scenes in the wars of 1866 and 1870. Where there are no portrait statues there are allegorical sculpture groups, glorifying the militant spirit. All this is pure patriotism. Surrounded by possible enemies, and combinations of enemies,

without sea or mountain barrier, what can a nation do but spur its people, from childhood up, by appeals to the eye as well as by teaching, to feel proud of their army? The Royal Guard-house on the Linden Avenue, a copy of a Roman fortified gate, is occupied by a military post or squad, who assemble and salute when any member of the royal household or distinguished officer passes. The band plays for an hour at noon.

The City Hall (Rathhaus) has a rather gloomy but businesslike air. It strikes the stranger as odd that the basement floor of so dignified an edifice should be used as a restaurant, but so it is, and a grand one, being three hundred feet long and elegantly appointed. This is the original Rathskeller. The business centre of the capital is appropriately named Friedrichs-Stadt. In the Schiller-Platz is a splendid statue of the poet, and there are statues of six of Frederick the Great's generals in the Wilhelms-Platz. In Leipziger Street are the War and Navy offices, and Hall of the Imperial Diet. Several statues adorn the Leipziger-Platz. One of the oldest edifices is the Church of St. Mary, which was commenced in the fourteenth century. Berlin is not rich in ecclesiastical antiquities. The Cathedral adjoining the Royal Palace contains the tombs of the kings. In the days of the old Emperor there was considerable outcry of persecution levelled against Jews. Members of that ancient race resented the disfavor shown to rich and poor at that time. A better feeling has prevailed. Berlin has a large and influential Jewish population. They control a large part of the city's business and are active in politics and journalism. The finest place of worship in the capital is the Jewish Synagogue, which seats five thousand people, and is an ornate example of Moorish style. In Old Trinity Cemetery is the tomb of Mendelssohn, and in Trinity Cemetery lie Schleiermacher and

Neander. Hegel, Fichte, with the sculptors Rauch and Schadow are buried in the Old Dorotheenstadt ground, and Humboldt at Tegel.

The most interesting place outside the capital is Potsdam, sixteen miles away. Here is the New Palace, improved by Frederick the Great, and his favorite country home, Sans Souci. The former building has two hundred fine rooms. The Royal Palace contains many intensely interesting memorials of the great King. It dates back two hundred and fifty years. Here he kept state, and at Sans Souci he played at ease. One room in the old palace he reserved for private conversation with his diplomatic guests. No servants were allowed to enter, and the little dinners were shot up through the detached centre of the table, which was lowered to receive the viands, to which the King and his guest or guests helped themselves. Sans Souci is an unpretentious row of apartments built upon a terrace, approached by a long flight of steps. Here the King entertained his circle of brilliant poets, artists, and philosophers, of whom Voltaire was the most distinguished. Here Frederick delighted to take part in the chamber concerts with the famous instrumentalists of the time, the King being proficient on the flute. He was an enthusiast in gardening. His tomb and trophies are in the Garrison Church near by.

Under the rule of William II the people have no lack of military spectacles and speeches. His versatility suggests a studied effort to imitate his great predecessor. With the Emperor's encouragement the army grows more important and exhibits ample consciousness of the fact. When the new navy grows into the sea power desiderated by the Emperor it will not be long before an opportunity is sought and found for testing the military genius of the great Frederick's promising disciple. Meanwhile the Berliners

UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN, GERMANY

wisely occupy their energies in business and the expansion of trade all over the world. There is a strong party of protestants against bellicose sentiment and its consequent absorption of funds needed in peaceful pursuits.

The city is built upon a sandy foundation, which causes trouble whenever the winds blow the dust-clouds over the level plain. The streets are admirably laid, with asphalt paving and regiments of well-drilled sweepers who collect the sandy dust and probably put it back where it came from, as it comes again as merrily as ever. The flatness of the ground caused drainage difficulties. The authorities recently adopted the irrigation farm system which has for many years worked well in English towns but has not been tried on so large a scale as in Berlin. The municipal government is admirable; petty politics are excluded, civic office is unsalaried and is therefore accepted as a public honor. Berlin owns its street-railways, gas and electric plants, and the telephones. Thus, side by side the agencies of domestic comfort and imperial disturbance conspire to educate the citizens in the duties and delights of a citizenship of which the old Romans would have been proud. The Bismarck legend is a powerful inspiration, and will long be so. His monuments are being multiplied, but the proudest is the empire his brain and right arm created. As we have seen, the glory of that achievement has already given Berlin a new existence. As time goes on the capital of a mighty empire will assume new powers and graces, so that it is no idle dream to forecast a German metropolis as cosmopolitan as New York, as attractive as Paris, and as large as London.

Vienna's river is not the blue Danube, which is two miles away, but the insignificant Wien, from which it takes its name, still spelled so by the Germans. The city is a second

Paris. It is wheel-shaped by the famous Ringstrasse, once a fortified boundary, and now a boulevard two miles long, one hundred and sixty feet wide, with grass and trees on each side of the roadway, and enclosed by magnificent buildings, public and private, erected in recent years. The Ring encloses Old Vienna, which has a history, and is still the aristocratic quarter. New Vienna extends as the outer circle and each part vies with the other in attractiveness on different lines. The inner section was a Celtic village, bearing the name Vindomina, before it was seized by the Romans, who changed it into Vindobona and established a fortified camp to command the Danube. Here died the noble Emperor Marcus Aurelius in A. D. 180. The little town was ravaged by Attila and the Huns in the fifth century, and Charlemagne annexed it to his empire. By the twelfth century it had become the capital of an Austrian duke and grew to the boundary of the Ring by reason of the traffic during the Crusades. In 1276 it became the capital of the Hapsburg dynasty. It was besieged by the Turks in 1529 and 1683, being saved on the last occasion by John Sobieski and his Polish army. The suburbs were destroyed. The city was occupied by the French in 1805 and 1809, and in 1848 it was for a time in the power of the revolutionists. After the war of 1866 the Prussians marched within sight of its towers but refrained from occupying it.

The heart of Old Vienna is the great Cathedral, St. Stephen's, from which the streets are numbered. Its spire, four hundred and fifty feet high, is wonderfully carved. The belfry was used as a watch-tower during the wars, and there is preserved a huge crescent which was affixed to the spire, in hopes that the Turks might spare an edifice that exalted their sacred emblem. The church was built six hundred years ago, and was restored in 1860, when the old

rampart was converted into the Ring boulevard. In its catacombs the Kings used to be buried. It contains thirty-eight altars. The most exquisite example of church architecture in Vienna is the Votive Church, built to commemorate the escape of the Emperor Francis Joseph from assassination in 1853. An equally charming secular edifice is the churchy-looking City Hall, standing in a lovely park. It is a perfectly ideal building for its purpose, with a historical museum filled with precious relics of sixteen centuries. Here also are the pianos used by Mozart and Schubert, both of whom died in utter poverty and are buried no one knows where.

The House of Parliament is a remarkably fine structure of white marble in the Greek style, adapted to modern requirements. The approaches to this and to every important building are designed to enhance the general effect of civic magnificence. This admirable end is completely achieved. Vienna has grown on carefully planned lines, as artistically worked-out as those of a landscape gardener. The city is a thing of beauty in itself, thanks to the foresight of its managers, who permit the erection of such buildings only as shall fit into the general scheme of beauty.

Near the Cathedral is the Hofburg, or Emperor's Palace, the garden of which, and the public park, separate it from the Ring. Opposite stand the buildings containing the Imperial Library and Natural History Museum; the former has over six hundred thousand books, twenty thousand manuscripts, and three hundred thousand engravings. The Palace has been the home of Austria's monarchs for six centuries. Its famous halls and monuments have great historic interest. In the park that separates the museums is the splendid monument to Maria Theresa, heroic and wonderfully beautiful. As with the Berlin monument to Frederick, the pedestal is encircled with life-size repre-

sentations of the famous men whose genius, in every calling, have contributed to the nation's greatness. This is one of the finest sculptures in the world and was erected by the Emperor in 1888.

The grandest Opera House in Europe next to that of Paris stands on the Ring. The Court Theatre is built of marble, on a splendid design, adorned with innumerable statues and bold reliefs, depicting the progress of the dramatic art from the beginnings. In fact the sight-seer actually wearies of so much architectural grandeur as he perambulates the Ring and its offshoots. The wealth expended in beautifying the city starts a futile attempt to guess its total. It does not display itself at intervals but continuously. There is a splendid monotony of magnificence wherever the eye wanders. The citizens live in palatial flats, massive buildings that keep up the palace illusion. Few private house-owners could live up to the standard of elegance that has so secure a footing. Streets such as these yield a perpetual delight to the people. No wonder the outdoor café tables are so popular. There is a feast for the eye and ear continually spread and it costs nothing. The fame of the Strauss family is universal. One of its orchestras plays regularly in the park by the Ring. There is some reason in the boast that Vienna is the most musical of cities. It possesses a hundred music schools, sixty musical societies, and has the honor of having had Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert, Wagner, and Brahms among its residents.

The Graben is the principal shopping street. It has two curiosities of which no reliable account can be given. One is the grotesque assemblage of angels, demons, animals and faces around the base of what is known as the Trinity Column. The other is an ancient tree-stump, the *Stock im Eisen*, so full of rusty nails that the wood is invisible. The

nails were driven in because of some custom of the past of which nothing is known. The burial-place of the sovereigns for the last two hundred years has been the crypt of the modest Church of the Capuchins. The most imposing sarcophagus is that which holds the ashes of the great Maria Theresa. Her daughter, the Archduchess Christina, reposes in a famous tomb in the Church of the Augustines, designed by Canova. Impressive life-size figures emblematical of Virtue, Charity, Childhood, and Age ascend the steps of the pyramid to the Gate of Death.

PETRA AND MECCA.

JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT.

[John Lewis Burckhardt, one of the most famous of Oriental travellers, the discoverer of the city of Petra and the first Christian traveller to visit Mecca and Medina, was of Swiss origin, being born at Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva, in 1784. He received a university education at Leipsic and Göttingen, and in 1806 proceeded to London, where he became acquainted with Sir Joseph Banks, an active member of the African Association, and offered his services to explore the interior of Africa. For this purpose he studied Arabic, spent some time in travelling through Syria, and then proceeded to Cairo, as the starting-point in his African exploration. Finding no opportunity for that journey, he proceeded to Nubia, and in 1814 made his way to Mecca, being the first European to reach that celebrated city. He returned to Cairo, and waited there for the Fezzan caravan, with which he was to proceed on his African journey. While thus waiting he was seized with dysentery, and died October 15, 1817. He was buried, as a holy pilgrim, in the Moslem cemetery. From his "Travels in Syria" we extract his account of the discovery of Petra, a city of remarkable character, the former capital of Arabia Petræa, but never before visited by a European traveller.]

THE valley of Ghor [that of the Jordan and the Dead Sea] is continued to the south of the Dead Sea; at about

sixteen hours' distance from the extremity of the Dead Sea its name is changed into that of Araba, and it runs in almost a straight line, declining somewhat to the west, as far as Akaba, at the extremity of the eastern branch of the Red Sea. The existence of this valley appears to have been unknown to ancient as well as to modern geographers, although it is a very remarkable feature in the geography of Syria and Arabia Petræa, and is still more interesting for its productions. In this valley the manna is still found; it drops from the sprigs of several trees, but principally from the Gharrab. It is collected by the Arabs, who make cakes of it and who eat it with butter; they call it Assal Beyrook, or the honey of Beyrook. Indigo, gum-arabic, and the silk-tree called Asheyr, whose fruit encloses a white, silky substance of which the Arabs twist their matches, grow in this valley.

[Petra, a city lost to the world for fifteen hundred years, occupies a rock chasm, through which runs a small stream, in this valley. The difficulty of reaching it is thus described.]

I was particularly desirous of visiting Wady Moussa, of the antiquities of which I had heard the country people speak in terms of great admiration, and from thence I had hoped to cross the desert in a straight line to Cairo; but my guide was afraid of the hazards of a journey through the desert, and insisted on my taking the road to Akaba, the ancient Ezion-geber, at the extremity of the eastern branch of the Red Sea, where, he said, we might join some caravan and continue our route towards Egypt. I wished, on the contrary, to avoid Akaba, as I knew that the Pasha of Egypt kept there a numerous garrison to watch the movements of the Wahabees and of his rival, the Pasha of Damascus. A person, therefore, like myself, coming from the latter place, without any papers to show who I

was or why I had taken that circuitous route, would certainly have roused the suspicions of the officer commanding at Akaba, and the consequences might have been dangerous to me among the savage soldiery of that garrison. The road from Shobak to Akaba lies to the east of Wady Moussa, and to have quitted it out of mere curiosity to see the wady would have looked suspicious in the eyes of the Arabs. I therefore pretended to have made a vow to slaughter a goat in honor of Haroun (Aaron), whose tomb I knew was situated at the extremity of the valley, and by this stratagem I thought that I should have the means of seeing the valley on my way to the tomb. To this my guide had nothing to oppose; the dread of drawing down upon himself by resistance the wrath of Haroun completely silenced him.

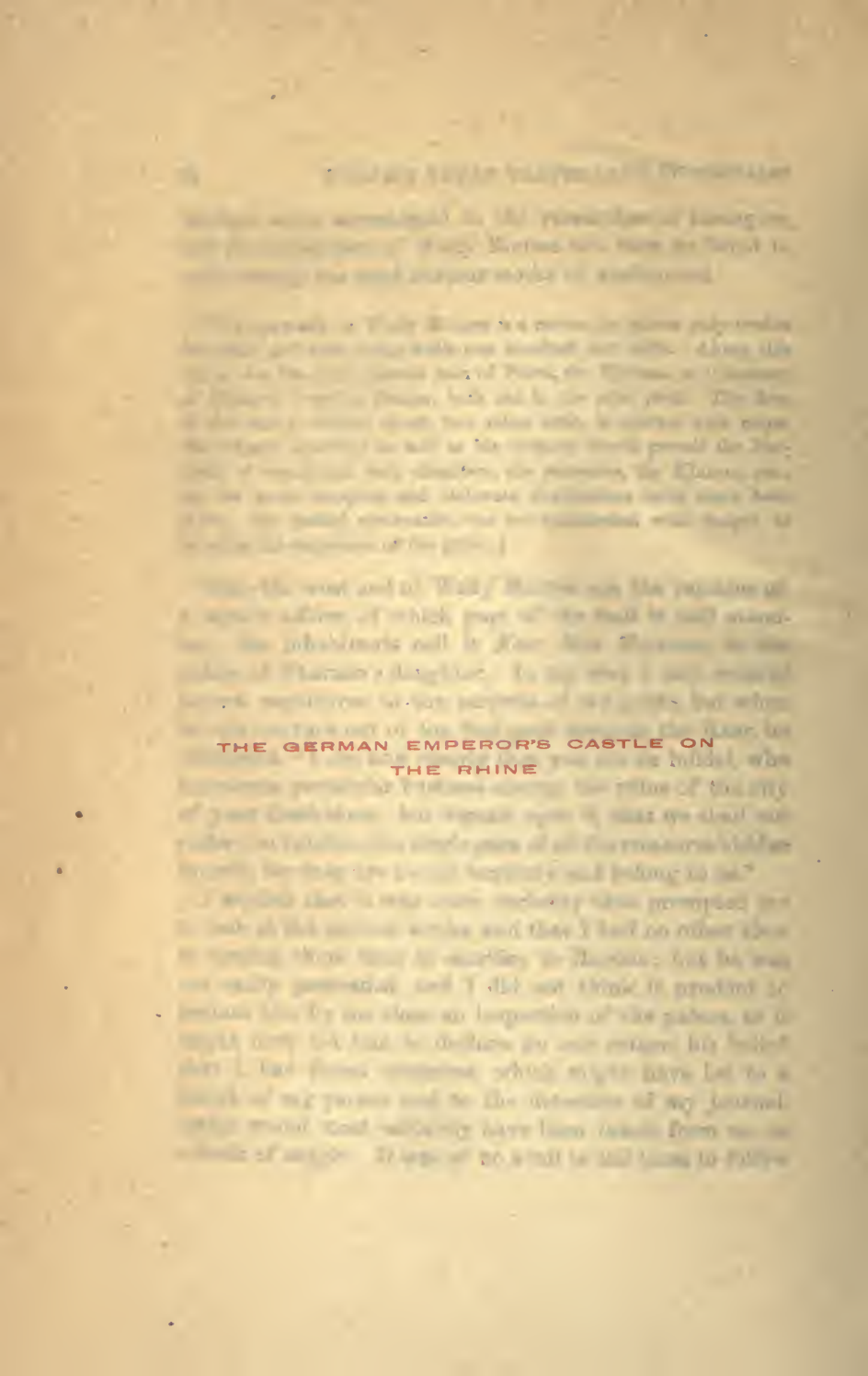
I hired a guide to Eldjy to conduct me to Haroun's tomb, and paid him with a pair of old horse-shoes. He carried the goat, and gave me a skin of water to carry, as he knew there was no water in the wady below. In following the rivulet of Eldjy westward, the valley soon narrows again, and it is here that the antiquities of Wady Moussa (Petra) begin. Of these I regret that I am not able to give a very complete account; but I knew well the character of the people around me. I was without protection in the midst of a desert where no traveller had ever before been seen, and a close examination of these works of the infidels, as they are called, would have excited suspicions that I was a magician in search of treasures. I should at least have been detained and prevented from prosecuting my journey to Egypt, and in all probability should have been stripped of the little money which I possessed, and, what was of infinitely more value to me, of my journal. Future travellers may visit the spot under the protection of an armed force; the inhabitants will

become more accustomed to the researches of strangers, and the antiquities of Wady Moussa will then be found to rank among the most curious works of ancient art.

[The approach to Wady Moussa is a ravine, in places only twelve feet wide, and with rocky walls one hundred feet high. Along this ravine are the most famous ruin of Petra, the Khusna, or "treasury of Pharaoh," and a theatre, both cut in the solid rock. The floor of the valley within, about two miles wide, is strewn with ruins. Burckhardt described as well as his memory would permit the hundreds of sepulchral rock chambers, the mausolea, the Khusna, etc., but far more complete and elaborate descriptions have since been given. His partial observation was not unattended with danger, in arousing the suspicions of the guide.]

Near the west end of Wady Moussa are the remains of a stately edifice, of which part of the wall is still standing; the inhabitants call it *Kasr Bint Faraoun*, or the palace of Pharaoh's daughter. In my way I had entered several sepulchres, to the surprise of my guide, but when he saw me turn out of the foot-path towards the Kasr, he exclaimed, "I see now clearly that you are an infidel, who have some particular business among the ruins of the city of your forefathers; but depend upon it, that we shall not suffer you to take out a single para of all the treasures hidden therein, for they are in our territory and belong to us."

I replied that it was mere curiosity that prompted me to look at the ancient works, and that I had no other view in coming there than to sacrifice to Haroun; but he was not easily persuaded, and I did not think it prudent to irritate him by too close an inspection of the palace, as it might have led him to declare, on our return, his belief that I had found treasures, which might have led to a search of my person and to the detection of my journal, which would most certainly have been taken from me as a book of magic. It was of no avail to tell them to follow



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CASTLE ON THE RHINE

me, and see whether I searched for money. Their reply was, "Of course you will not dare to take it out before us, but we know that if you are a skilful magician you will order it to follow you through the air to whatever place you please."

The sun had already set when we arrived on the plain. It was too late to reach the tomb, and I was excessively fatigued; I therefore hastened to kill the goat in sight of the tomb, at a spot where I found a number of heaps of stones, placed there in token of as many sacrifices in honor of that saint. While I was in the act of slaying the animal my guide exclaimed aloud, "O Haroun, look upon us! it is for you we slaughter this victim! O Haroun, be content with our good intentions, for it is but a lean goat! O Haroun, smooth our paths; and praise be to the Lord of all creatures!" This he repeated several times, after which he covered the blood that had fallen to the ground with a heap of stones; we then dressed the best part of the flesh for our supper as expeditiously as possible, for the guide was afraid of the fire being seen, and of its attracting thither some robbers.

[On his return, Burckhardt joined a small caravan which was proceeding to Cairo with camels to sell. He continues:]

We crossed the valley of Araba, ascended on the other side of it the barren mountain of Beyane, and entered the desert called El Tih, which is the most barren and horrid tract of country I have ever seen; black flints cover the chalky or sandy ground, which in most places is without any vegetation. The tree which produces the gum-arabic grows in some spots, and the tamarisk is met with here and there; but the scarcity of water forbids much extent of vegetation, and the hungry camels are obliged to go in the evening for whole hours out of the road in order to find

some withered shrubs upon which to feed. During ten days' forced marches we passed only four springs or wells, of which one only, at about eight hours east of Suez, was of sweet water. The others were brackish or sulphurous. We passed at a short distance to the north of Suez, and arrived at Cairo by the pilgrim road.

[At a later date Burckhardt crossed the Red Sea from Suakin to Jidda, the port of Mecca, and made his way to the Mohammedan holy city under the guise of a devout Mussulman. His professed purpose was to visit the pasha, Mohammed Ali, at Tayf, and the guide had been ordered to conduct him by a road which lay to the north of Mecca.]

Just before we left Hadda my guide, who knew nothing further respecting me than that I had business with the pasha at Tayf, that I performed all the outward observances of a Moslem pilgrim, and that I had been liberal to him before our departure, asked me the reason of his having been ordered to take me by the northern road. I replied that it was probably thought shorter than the other. "That is a mistake," he replied; "the Mecca road is quite as short, and much safer; and if you have no objection we will proceed by that." This was just what I wished, though I had taken care not to betray any anxiety on the subject; and we accordingly followed the great road, in company with the other travellers.

[He was hurried through the city, however, and on August 27, 1814, reached a place named Ras el Kora.]

This is the most beautiful spot in the Hedjah, and more picturesque and delightful than any spot I had seen since my departure from Lebanon, in Syria. The top of Jebel Kora is flat, but large masses of granite lie scattered over it, the surface of which, like that of the granite rocks near

the second cataract of the Nile, is blackened by the sun. Several small rivulets descend from this peak and irrigate the plain, which is covered with verdant fields and large shady trees on the side of the granite rocks. To those who have only known the dreary and scorching sands of the lower country of the Hedjah, the scene is as surprising as the keen air which blows here is refreshing. Many of the fruit-trees of Europe are found here: figs, apricots, peaches, apples, the Egyptian sycamore, almonds, pomegranates, but particularly vines, the produce of which is of the best quality. After having passed through this delightful district for about half an hour, just as the sun was rising, when every leaf and blade of grass diffused a fragrance as delicious to the smell as was the landscape to the eye, I halted near the largest of the rivulets, which, although not more than two paces across, nourishes upon its banks a green alpine turf such as the mighty Nile, with all its luxuriance, can never produce in Egypt.

[After his visit to the pasha, whom he satisfied that he was a true believer, he was permitted to return to Mecca, where he proceeded to inspect the city, and particularly the Kaaba, its principal curiosity, "an oblong massive structure eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in height."]

At the northeast corner of the Kaaba, near the door, is the famous "Black Stone;" it forms a part of the sharp angle of the building at four or five feet above the ground. It is an irregular oval of about seven inches in diameter, with an undulating surface, composed of about a dozen smaller stones of different sizes and shapes, well joined together with a small quantity of cement, and perfectly smoothed. It looks as if the whole had been broken into many pieces by a violent blow, and then united again. It is very difficult to determine accurately the quality of this

stone, which has been worn to its present surface by the millions of touches and kisses it has received. It appeared to me like a lava, containing several small extraneous particles of a whitish and of a yellowish substance. Its color is now a deep reddish-brown, approaching to black. It is surrounded on all sides by a border, composed of a substance which I took to be a close cement of pitch and gravel, of a similar, but not quite the same, brownish color. This border serves to support its detached pieces. It is of two or three inches in breadth, and rises a little above the surface of the stone. Both the border and the stone itself are encircled by a silver band, broader below than above and on the two sides, with a considerable swelling below, as if a part of the stone were hidden under it. The lower part of the border is studded with silver nails.

[In November the Syrian caravan of pilgrims arrived, and all was life and bustle. On November 24 a great procession took place to Mount Arafat, near the city. It formed an immense throng, composed of persons from all quarters of the Mohammedan world, in whose diverse speech Burckhardt counted forty languages. He describes the remarkable scene revealed at the dawn of the next day.]

Every pilgrim issued from his tent to walk over the plains and take a view of the busy crowds assembled there. Long streets of tents, fitted up as bazaars, furnished all kinds of provisions. The Syrian and Egyptian cavalry were exercised by their chiefs early in the morning, while thousands of camels were seen feeding on the dry shrubs of the plain all around the camp. . . .

The Syrian Hadj was encamped on the south and southwest side of the mountain [an isolated mass of granite about two hundred feet high]; the Egyptian on the southeast. Around the house of the Sherif, Yahya himself

was encamped with his Bedouin troops, and in its neighborhood were all the Hedjaz people. Mohammed Ali, and Soleyman, Pasha of Damascus, as well as several of their officers, had very handsome tents; but the most magnificent of all was that of the wife of Mohammed Ali, the mother of Foossoon Pasha and Ibraham Pasha, who had lately arrived from Cairo for the Hadj with a truly royal equipage, five hundred camels being necessary to transport her baggage from Jidda to Mecca. Her tent was in fact an encampment, consisting of a dozen tents of different sizes inhabited by her women; the whole enclosed by a wall of linen cloth eight hundred paces in circuit, the single entrance to which was guarded by eunuchs in splendid dresses. Around this enclosure were pitched the tents of the men who formed her numerous suite. The beautiful embroidery on the exterior of this linen palace, with the varied colors displayed in every part of it, constituted an object which reminded me of some descriptions in the Arabian Tales of the Thousand and the One Nights.

[A sermon from the top of the mountain, which is preached in the closing hours of the afternoon, constitutes the holy ceremony of the Hadj, and no pilgrim who is not present at it is entitled to the name of hadji.]

The two pashas, with their whole cavalry drawn up in two squadrons behind them, took their post in the rear of the deep line of camels of the hadjis, to which those of the people of the Hedjaz were also joined; and here they waited in solemn and respectful silence the conclusion of the sermon. Further removed from the preacher was the Sherif Yahya, with his small body of soldiers, distinguished by several green standards carried before him. The two mahmals, or holy camels, which carry on their backs the high structure that serves as the banner of their respective

caravans, made way with difficulty through the ranks of camels that encircled the southern and eastern sides of the hill opposite to the preacher, and took their station, surrounded by their guards, directly under the platform in front of him. The preacher, or Khatyb, who is usually the Kadi of Mecca, was mounted upon a finely-caparisoned camel, which had been led up to the steps; it being traditionally said that Mohammed was always seated when he addressed his followers, a practice in which he was imitated by all the caliphs who came to the Hadj, and who from thence addressed their subjects in person. The Turkish gentleman of Constantinople, however, unused to camel-riding, could not keep his seat so well as the hardy Bedouin prophet, and the camel becoming unruly, he was soon obliged to alight from it. He read his sermon from a book in Arabic which he held in his hands. At intervals of every four or five minutes he paused and stretched forth his arms to implore blessings from above, while the assembled multitudes around and before him waved the skirts of their ihrams over their heads and rent the air with shouts of *Lebeyk, Allah, huma, Lebeyk!* "Here we are at thy bidding, O God!" During the wavings of the ihrams, the skirts of the mountain, thickly crowded as it was by the people in their white garments, had the appearance of a cataract of water, while the green umbrellas, with which several thousand hadjis sitting on their camels below were provided, bore some resemblance to a verdant plain.

[At Medina, which he afterwards visited, he saw the tomb of Mohammed. This he describes as surrounded by an iron railing, in imitation of filigree work, with open-work inscriptions in yellow bronze, the whole so close in texture that the interior can only be seen through four small windows, set in the four sides of the railing. The tomb is concealed from the public gaze by a curtain of rich silk brocade of various colors, interwoven with silver flowers and

arabesques, with inscriptions in gold characters running across the midst of it. Behind this curtain none but the chief eunuchs, the attendants of the mosque, are permitted to enter. This holy sanctuary once served as the public treasury of the nation, containing numerous articles of value, which were carried away by the Wahabees when they sacked the sacred cities.]

TRAVELS IN OMAN AND HADRAMAUT.

J. R. WELLSTED.

[The most satisfactory account of the province of Oman—in south-eastern Arabia—is that given by Lieutenant Wellsted, of the Indian Navy, who was employed for several years in surveying the coasts of southern and eastern Arabia. In 1835 he landed at Muscat with the purpose of journeying to Derreyeh, in Nedjed, the capital of the Wahabees, which no traveller had previously reached. After a journey of four days inland from the coast village of Sur, he reached the tents of the tribe of Ben-Abu-Ali, by whom he was received with warm demonstrations of friendship. He describes the war-dance given for his entertainment.]

THEY formed a circle within which five of their number entered. After walking leisurely around for some time, each challenged one of the spectators by striking him gently with the flat of his sword. His adversary immediately leaped forth and a feigned combat ensued. They have but two cuts, one directly downward, at the head, the other horizontally, across the legs. They parry neither with the sword nor shield, but avoid the blows by leaping or bounding backward. The blade of their sword is three feet in length, thin, double-edged, and as sharp as a razor. As they carry it upright before them, by a peculiar motion of the wrist they cause it to vibrate in a very remarkable manner, which has a singularly striking

effect when they are assembled in any considerable number. It was part of the entertainment to fire off their matchlocks under the legs of some one of the spectators, who appeared too intent on watching the game to observe their approach, and any signs of alarm which incautiously escaped the individual, added greatly to their mirth.

[Crossing the desert region, he reached the town of Ibrah, which is thus described.]

There are some handsome houses in Ibrah; but the style of buildings is quite peculiar to this part of Arabia. To avoid the damp and catch an occasional beam of the sun above the trees, they are usually very lofty. A parapet surrounding the upper part is turreted, and on some of the largest houses guns are mounted. The windows and doors have the Saracenic arch, and every part of the building is profusely decorated with ornaments of stucco in bas-relief, some in very good taste. The doors are also cased with brass, and have rings and other massive ornaments of the same metal.

Ibrah is justly renowned for the beauty and fairness of its females. Those we met on the streets evinced but little shyness, and on my return to the tent I found it filled with them. They were in high glee at all they saw; every box I had was turned over for their inspection, and whenever I attempted to remonstrate against their proceedings they stopped my mouth with their hands. With such damsels there was nothing left but to laugh and look on.

[As he advanced the fertility of the country increased, and after passing many small villages, separated by desert tracts, he reached the town of Minnà, near the foot of the Green Mountains.]

Minnà differs from the other towns in having its cultivation in the open fields. As we crossed these, with lofty

almond-, citron-, and orange-trees yielding a delicious fragrance on either hand, exclamations of astonishment and admiration burst from us. "Is this Arabia?" we said; "this the country we have looked on heretofore as a desert?" Verdant fields of grain and sugar-cane stretching along for miles are before us; streams of water, flowing in all directions, intersect our path; and the happy and contented appearance of the peasants agreeably helps to fill up the smiling picture. The atmosphere was delightfully clear and pure; and, as we trotted joyously along, giving or returning the salutations of peace or welcome, I could almost fancy that we had at last reached that "Araby the Blessed," which I had been accustomed to regard as existing only in the fictions of our poets.

Minnà is an old town, said to have been erected at the period of Narhirvan's invasion; but it bears, in common with the other towns, no indications of antiquity; its houses are lofty, but do not differ from those of Ibrah or Semmed. There are two square towers, about one hundred and seventy feet in height, nearly in the centre of the town; at their bases the breadth of the wall is not more than two feet, and neither side exceeds in length eight yards. It is therefore astonishing, considering the rudeness of the materials (they have nothing but unhewn stones and a coarse but apparently strong cement), that, with proportions so meagre, they should have been able to carry them to their present elevation. The guards, who are constantly on the lookout, ascend by means of a rude ladder, formed by placing bars of wood in a diagonal direction in one of the side angles within the interior of the building.

[Neswah, still nearer the mountains, was next reached. On Christmas-day he left this town for an excursion to the celebrated Green Mountains. He thus describes their delightful scenery:]

By means of steps we descended the steep side of a narrow glen, about four hundred feet in depth, passing in our progress several houses perched on crags or other acclivities, their walls built up in some places so as to appear but a continuation of the precipice. These small, snug, compact-looking dwellings have been erected by the natives one above the other, so that their appearance from the bottom of the glen, hanging as it were in mid-air, affords to the spectator a most novel and interesting picture. Here we found, amid a great variety of fruits and trees, pomegranates, citrons, almonds, nutmegs, and walnuts, with coffee-bushes and vines. In the summer, these together must yield a delicious fragrance; but it was now winter, and they were leafless. Water flows in many places from the upper part of the hills, and is received at the lower in small reservoirs, whence it is distributed all over the face of the country. From the narrowness of this glen, and the steepness of its sides, only the lower part of it receives the warmth of the sun's rays for a short period of the day; and even at the time of our arrival we found it so chilly, that, after a short halt, we were very happy to continue our journey.

[Lack of supplies and an attack of fever forced him to return to the coast, during which the following interesting incident happened.]

Weary and faint from the fatigue of the day's journey, in order to enjoy the freshness of the evening breeze, I had my carpet spread beneath a tree. An Arab passing by paused to gaze upon me, and, touched by my condition and the melancholy which was depicted on my countenance, he proffered the salutation of peace, pointed to the crystal stream which sparkled at my feet, and said, "Look, friend, for running water maketh the heart glad!" With his hands folded over his breast, that mute but most graceful

of Eastern salutations, he bowed and passed on. I was in a situation to estimate sympathy; and so much of that feeling was exhibited in the manner of this son of the desert, that I have never since recurred to the incident, trifling as it is, without emotion.

[Reaching the coast, he was hospitably received at the port of Suweik by the wife of the governor, who was absent.]

A huge meal, consisting of a great variety of dishes, sufficient for thirty or forty people, was prepared in his kitchen, and brought to us on large copper dishes, twice a day during the time we remained. On these occasions there was a great profusion of blue and gilt China-ware, cut-glass dishes, and decanters containing sherbet instead of wine. . . .

The Shekh after his return usually spent the evening with us. On one occasion he was accompanied by a professed story-teller, who appeared to be a great favorite with him. "Whenever I feel melancholy or out of order," said he, "I send for this man, who very soon restores me to my wonted spirits." From the falsetto tone in which the story was chanted, I could not follow the thread of the tale, and, upon my mentioning this to him, the Shekh very kindly sent me the manuscript, of which the reciter had availed himself. With little variation I found it to be the identical Sinbad the Sailor, so familiar to the readers of the Arabian Nights. I little thought, when first I perused these fascinating tales in my own language, that it would ever be my lot to listen to the original in a spot so congenial and so remote.

[Despite the assurances he received of the danger to be encountered from the Wahabees, the most fanatical of Mohammedans, he resumed his journey inland, and reached Obri, on the borders of their territory. Here he found himself in peril.]

Upon my producing the Imâm's letters [to the Shekh] he read them, and took his leave without returning any answer. About an hour afterwards he sent a verbal message to request that I should lose no time in quitting his town, as he begged to inform me, what he supposed I could not have been aware of, that it was then filled with nearly two thousand Wahabees. This was, indeed, news to us; it was somewhat earlier than we anticipated falling in with them, but we put a good face on the matter, and behaved as coolly as we could.

[The next morning the Shekh returned, with a positive refusal to allow them to proceed farther, promising a letter to the Sultan. The Wahabees crowded around the party in great numbers, and seemed only waiting for some pretext to commence an affray.]

When the Shekh came and presented me with the letter for the Sultan, I knew it would be in vain to make any further effort to shake his resolution, and therefore did not attempt it. In the mean time news had spread far and wide that two Englishmen with a box of "dollars," but in reality containing only the few clothes that we carried with us, had halted in the town. The Wahabees and other tribes had met in deliberation, while the lower classes of the townsfolk were creating noise and confusion. The Shekh either had not the shadow of any influence, or was afraid to exercise it, and his followers evidently wished to share in the plunder. It was time to act.

I called Ali on one side, told him to make neither noise nor confusion, but to collect the camels without delay. In the mean time we had packed up the tent, the crowd increasing every minute; the camels were ready and we mounted on them. A leader, or some trifling incident, was now only wanting to furnish them with a pretext for an onset. They followed us with hisses and various other

noises, until we got sufficiently clear to push briskly forward; and, beyond a few stones being thrown, we reached the outskirts of the town without further molestation. I had often before heard of the inhospitable character of the inhabitants of this place. The neighboring Arabs observe that to enter Obri a man must either go armed to the teeth, or as a beggar with a cloth, and that not of decent quality, around his waist. Thus, for a second time, ended my hopes of reaching Derreyeh from this quarter.

[This repulse ended the traveller's effort to penetrate to the capital of the Wahabees. It was evidently far too dangerous an attempt, during their then warlike operations. We shall conclude our extracts from his writings with a description of a journey in the province of Hadramaut, whose coast he was exploring at a point about one hundred miles east of Aden. He learned that extensive ruins lay at some distance inland, and, penetrating thither, discovered the remains of an ancient city. The route of the travellers lay through a valley, skirted by lofty mountains, where the heat was intense.]

Within these burning hollows the sun's rays are concentrated and thrown off as from a mirror: the herbs around were scorched to a cindery blackness; not a cloud obscured the firmament, and the breeze which moaned past us was of a glowing heat, like that escaping from the mouth of a furnace. Our guides dug hollows in the sand, and thrust their blistered feet within them. Although we were not long in availing ourselves of the practical lesson they had taught us, I began to be far from pleased with their churlish demeanor.

[During the day they travelled over sandy and stony ridges, and late in the afternoon entered the Wady Meifah, where they found scanty vegetation and wells of good water.]

The country now began to assume a far different aspect. Numerous hamlets, interspersed amid extensive date-

groves, verdant fields of grain, and herds of sleek cattle, showed themselves in every direction, and we now fell in with parties of inhabitants for the first time since leaving the sea-shore. Astonishment was depicted on their countenances, but as we did not halt, they had no opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by gazing at us for any length of time.

[After a night's rest in a khan for travellers, they were hardly prepared for the scene which daylight disclosed to them.]

The dark verdure of fields of millet, sorghum, tobacco, etc., extended as far as the eye could reach. Mingled with these we had the soft acacia and the stately but more sombre foliage of the date-palm; while the creaking of numerous wheels with which the grounds were irrigated, and in the distance several rude ploughs drawn by oxen, the ruddy and lively appearance of the people, who now flocked towards us from all quarters, and the delightful and refreshing coolness of the morning air, combined to form a scene which he who gazes on the barren aspect of the coast could never anticipate.

[Three hours' travel through this bright and populous region brought them in sight of the ruins, which the inhabitants call *Nakab el-Hadjar*, meaning "The Excavation from the Rock."]

The hill upon which these ruins are situated stands out in the centre of the valley, and divides a stream which passes, during floods, on either side of it. It is nearly eight hundred yards in length, and about three hundred and fifty yards at its extreme breadth. About a third of the height from its base a massive wall, averaging from thirty to forty feet in height, is carried completely around the eminence, and flanked by square towers, erected at equal distances. There are but two entrances, north and

south; a hollow, square tower, measuring fourteen feet, stands on both sides of these. Their bases extend to the plain below, and are carried out considerably beyond the rest of the building. Between the towers, at an elevation of twenty feet from the plain, there is an oblong platform which projects about eighteen feet without and within the walls. A flight of steps was apparently once attached to either extremity of the building.

Within the entrance, at an elevation of ten feet from the platform, we found inscriptions. They are executed with extreme care, in two horizontal lines on the smooth face of the stones, the letters being about eight inches long. Attempts have been made, though without success, to obliterate them. From the conspicuous situation which they occupy, there can be but little doubt but that, when deciphered, they will be found to contain the name of the founder of the building, as well as the date and purport of its erection. The whole of the walls and towers, and some of the edifices within, are built of the same material,—a compact grayish-colored marble, hewn to the required shape with the utmost nicety. The dimensions of the slabs at the base were from five to seven feet in length, two to three in height, and three to four in breadth.

Let us now visit the interior, where the most conspicuous object is an oblong square building, the walls of which face the cardinal points: its dimensions are twenty-seven by seventeen yards. The walls are fronted with a kind of freestone, each slab being cut of the same size, and the whole so beautifully put together that I endeavored in vain to insert the blade of a small penknife between them. The outer, unpolished surface is covered with small chisel-marks, which the Bedouins have mistaken for writing. From the extreme care displayed in the construction of this building, I have no doubt that it is

a temple, and my disappointment at finding the interior filled up with the ruins of the fallen roof was very great. Had it remained entire, we might have obtained some clue to guide us in our researches respecting the form of religion professed by the earlier Arabs. Above and beyond this building there are several other edifices, with nothing peculiar in their form or appearance.

In no portion of the ruins did we succeed in tracing any remains of arches or columns, nor could we discover on their surface any of those fragments of pottery, colored glass, or metals which are always found in old Egyptian towns, and which I also saw in those we discovered on the northwest coast of Arabia. Except the attempts to deface the inscriptions, there is no other appearance of the buildings having suffered from any ravages besides those of time; and owing to the dryness of the climate, as well as the hardness of the material, every stone, even to the marking of the chisel, remains as perfect as the day it was hewn. We were anxious to ascertain if the Arabs had preserved any tradition concerning the building, but they refer them, like other Arabs, to their pagan ancestors. "Do you believe," said one of the Bedouins to me, upon my telling him that his ancestors were then capable of greater works than themselves, "that these stones were raised by the unassisted hands of the Kafirs? No! no! They had devils, legions of devils (God preserve us from them!), to aid them."

CROSSING THE ARABIAN DESERTS.

WILLIAM G. PALGRAVE.

[Of all travellers in Arabia, there are none that bear comparison with William Gifford Palgrave in regard to the extent of territory traversed and the exploration of the vast interior of that great peninsula. We first came to know Arabia as it is in his picturesque pages. Born at Westminster, England, in 1826, he traversed Arabia in 1862–63 in the service of Napoleon III. and of the Jesuits, of which society he had become a priest. He afterwards served as British consul in many parts of the world, and wrote a number of works, of which the one with which we are here concerned is "Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia." We select here from his graphic pictures of desert life in Arabia.]

THE general type of Arabia is that of a central table-land, surrounded by a desert ring, sandy to the south, west, and east, and stony to the north. This outlying circle is in its turn girt by a line of mountains, low and sterile for the most, but attaining in Yemen and Oman considerable height, breadth, and fertility, while beyond these a narrow rim of coast is bordered by the sea. The surface of the midmost table-land equals somewhat less than one-half of the entire peninsula, and its special demarcations are much affected, nay, often absolutely fixed, by the windings and in-runnings of the Nefood.* If to these central highlands, or Nedjed, taking that word in its wider sense, we add the Djowf, the Ta'yif, Djebel 'Aaseer, Yemen, Oman, and Hasa, in short, whatever spots of fertility belong to the outer circles, we shall find that Arabia contains about two-thirds

* The sand-passes between the cultivated districts, or, to use an Arabian term, the "Daughters of the Great Desert."

of cultivated, or at least of cultivable land, with a remaining third of irreclaimable desert, chiefly to the south.

[The great northern desert is thus strikingly delineated:]

Dreary land of death, in which even the face of an enemy were almost a relief amid such utter solitude. But for five whole days the little dried-up lizard of the plain, that looks as if he had never a drop of moisture in his ugly body, and the jerboa, or field-rat of Arabia, were the only living creatures to console our view.

It was a march during which we might have almost repented of our enterprise had such a sentiment been any longer possible or availing. Day after day found us urging our camels to their utmost pace, for fifteen or sixteen hours together out of the twenty-four, under a well-nigh vertical sun, which the Ethiopians of Herodotus might reasonably be excused for cursing, with nothing either in the landscape around or in the companions of our way to relieve for a moment the eye or the mind. Then an insufficient halt for rest or sleep, at most of two or three hours, soon interrupted by the oft-repeated admonition, "if we linger here we all die of thirst," sounding in our ears; and then to remount our jaded beasts and push them on through the dark night, amid the constant probability of attack and plunder from roving marauders.

For myself, I was, to mend matters, under the depressing influence of a tertian fever contracted at Ma'an, and what between weariness and low spirits, began to imagine seriously that no waters remained before us except the waters of death for us and of oblivion for our friends. The days wore by like a delirious dream, till we were often almost unconscious of the ground we travelled over and of the journey on which we were engaged. One only herb appeared at our feet to give some appearance of variety and

life; it was the bitter and poisonous colocynth of the desert.

Our order of march was this. Long before dawn we were on our way, and paced it till the sun, having attained about half-way between the horizon and the zenith, assigned the moment of alighting for our morning meal. This our Bedouins always took good care should be in some hollow or low ground, for concealment's sake; in every other respect we had ample liberty of choice, for one patch of black pebbles with a little sand and withered grass between was just like another; shade or shelter, or anything like them, was wholly out of the question in such "nakedness of the land." We then alighted, and my companion and myself would pile up the baggage into a sort of wall, to afford a half-screen from the scorching sun-rays, and here recline awhile.

Next came the culinary preparations, in perfect accordance with our provisions, which were simple enough,—namely, a bag of coarse flour mixed with salt, and a few dried dates; there was no third item on the bill of fare. We now took a few handfuls of flour, and one of the Bedouins kneaded it with his unwashed hands or dirty bit of leather, pouring over it a little of the dingy water contained in the skins, and then patted out this exquisite paste into a large round cake, about an inch thick, and five or six inches across.

Meanwhile, another had lighted a fire of dry grass, colocynth roots, and dried camel's dung, till he had prepared a bed of glowing embers; among these the cake was now cast, and immediately covered up with hot ashes, and so left for a few minutes, then taken out, turned, and covered again, till at last half-kneaded, half-raw, half-roasted, and burnt all round, it was taken out to be broken up between the hungry band, and eaten scalding hot, before it should

cool into an indescribable leathery substance, capable of defying the keenest appetite. A draught of dingy water was its sole but suitable accompaniment.

The meal ended, we had again without loss of time to resume our way from mirage to mirage, till "slowly flaming over all, from heat to heat, the day decreased," and about an hour before sunset we would stagger off our camels as best we might, to prepare an evening feast of precisely the same description as that of the forenoon, or more often, for fear lest the smoke of our fire should give notice to some distant rover, to content ourselves with dry dates, and half an hour's rest on the sand.

At last our dates, like Esop's bread-sack, or that of Beyhas, his Arab prototype, came to an end; and then our supper was a soldier's one; what that is my military friends will know; but grit and pebbles excepted, there was no bed in our case. After which, to remount, and travel on by moon or starlight, till a little before midnight we would lie down for just enough sleep to tantalize, not refresh. . . .

It was now the 22d of June, and the fifth day since our departure from the wells of Wokba. The water in the skins had little more to offer to our thirst than muddy dregs, and as yet no sign appeared of a fresh supply. At last about noon we drew near some hillocks of loose gravel and sandstone a little on our right; our Bedouins conversed together awhile, and then turned their course and ours in that direction. "Hold fast on your camels, for they are going to be startled and jump about," said Salim to us. Why the camels should be startled I could not understand; when on crossing the mounds just mentioned, we suddenly came on five or six black tents, of the very poorest description, pitched near some wells excavated in the gravelly hollow below. The reason of Salim's pre-

cautionary hint now became evident, for our silly beasts started at first sight of the tents, as though they had never seen the like before, and then scampered about, bounding friskily here and there, till what between their jolting (for a camel's run much resembles that of a cow) and our own laughing, we could hardly keep on their backs. However, thirst soon prevailed over timidity, and they left off their pranks to approach the well's edge, and sniff at the water below.

[A day or two afterwards a perilous incident of desert experience occurred.]

My readers, no less than myself, must have heard or read many a story of the simoom, or deadly wind of the desert, but for me I had never yet met it in full force; and its modified form, or *shelook*, to use the Arab phrase, that is, the sirocco of the Syrian waste, though disagreeable enough, can hardly ever be termed dangerous. Hence I had been almost inclined to set down the tales told of the strange phenomena and fatal effects of this "poisoned gale," in the same category with the moving pillars of sand, recorded in many works of higher historical pretensions than "Thalaba." At those perambulatory columns and sand-smothered caravans the Bedouins, whenever I interrogated them on the subject, laughed outright, and declared that beyond an occasional dust-storm, similar to those which any one who has passed a summer in Scinde can hardly fail to have experienced, nothing of the romantic kind just alluded to occurred in Arabia. But when questioned about the simoom, they always treated it as a much more serious matter, and such in real earnest we now find it.

It was about noon, the noon of a summer solstice in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt

and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment, till my companion and myself mutually asked each other what this could mean, and what was to be its result. We turned to inquire of Salim, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and, bowed down and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, the two Sherarat Bedouins, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Salim, instead of replying directly to our questioning, pointed to a small black tent, providentially at no great distance in front, and said, "Try to reach *that*, if we can get there we are saved." He added, "Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down;" and then, giving his own several vigorous blows, relapsed into muffled silence.

We looked anxiously towards the tent; it was yet a hundred yards off, or more. Meanwhile, the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on every side, while at the same time a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom; our camels, too, began, in spite of all we could do, to turn round and round and bend their knees, preparing to lie down. The simoom was fairly upon us.

Of course we had followed our Arabs' example by muffling our faces, and now with blows and kicks we forced the staggering animals onward to the only asylum within reach. So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But we were yet in time, and at the moment when the worst of the concen-

trated poison-blast was coming around, we were already prostrate, one and all, within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated, indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand, awaiting the passing of the gale.

On our first arrival the tent contained a solitary Bedouin woman, whose husband was away with his camels in the Wady Sirhan. When she saw five handsome men like us rush thus suddenly into her dwelling without a word of leave or salutation, she very properly set up a scream to the tune of the four crown pleas, murder, arson, robbery, and I know not what else. Salim hastened to reassure her by calling out, "Friends," and without more words threw himself flat on the ground. All followed his example in silence.

We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat like that of red-hot iron slowly passing over us was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the simoom had gone by. We got up, half dead with exhaustion, and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men, and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warnings, to step out and look at the camels; they were still lying flat as though they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the simoom lasted the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity.

[After reaching the cultivated district of the Djowf, where they were hospitably received and dwelt for some time in comfort, the travellers set out again, to cross the dreadful sand-passes of the Nefood.]

Much had we heard of them from Bedouins and countrymen, so that we had made up our minds to something very terrible and very impracticable. But the reality, especially in these dog-days, proved worse than aught heard or imagined.

We were now traversing an immense ocean of loose reddish sand, unlimited to the eye, and heaped up in enormous ridges, running parallel to each other from north to south, undulation after undulation, each swell two or three hundred feet in average height, with slant sides and rounded crests furrowed in every direction by the capricious gales of the desert. In the depths between the traveller finds himself as it were imprisoned in a suffocating sand-pit, hemmed in by burning walls on every side; while at other times, while laboring up the slope, he overlooks what seems a vast sea of fire, swelling under a heavy monsoon wind, and ruffled by a cross blast into little red-hot waves. Neither shelter nor rest for eye or limb amid torrents of light and heat poured from above on an answering glare reflected below.

Add to this the weariness of long summer days of toiling—I might better say wading—through the loose and scorching soil, on drooping, half-stupefied beasts, with few and interrupted hours of sleep at night, and no rest by day because no shelter, little to eat and less to drink, while the tepid and discolored water in the skins rapidly diminishes, even more by evaporation than by use, and a vertical sun, such a sun, strikes blazing down till clothes, baggage, and housings all take the smell of burning, and scarce permit the touch. The boisterous gayety of the Bedouins was soon expended, and scattered, one to front, another behind, each pursued his way in silence only broken by the angry snarl of the camels when struck, as they often were, to improve their pace. . . .

The loose sand hardly admits of any vegetation; even

BEDOUIN LIFE IN THE DESERT

the ghada, which, like many other Euphorbias, seems hardly to require either earth or moisture for its sustenance, is here scant and miserably stunted; none can afford either shelter or pasture. Sometimes a sort of track appears, more often none; the moving surface has long since lost the traces of those who last crossed it. . . .

Near sunset of the second day we came in sight of two lonely pyramidal peaks of dark granite, rising amid the sand-waves full in our way. "'Aalames-Sa'ad," the people call them, that is, "the signs of good luck," because they indicate that about one-third of the distance from Be'er-Shekeek to Djebel Shomer has been here passed. They stand out like islands, or rather like the rocks that start from the sea near the mouth of the Tagus, or like the Maldive group in the midst of the deep Indian Ocean. Their roots must be in the rocky base over which this upper layer of sand is strewn like the sea-water over its bed; we shall afterwards meet with similar phenomena in other desert spots. Here the understratum is evidently of granite, sometimes it is calcareous. As to the average depth of the sand, I should estimate it at about four hundred feet, but it may not unfrequently be much more; at least I have met with hollows of full six hundred feet in perpendicular descent. . . .

Soon we reached the summit of a gigantic sand ridge. "Look there," said Djedey' to us, and pointed forward. Far off on the extreme horizon a blue cloud-like peak appeared, and another somewhat lower at its side. "Those are the mountains of Djobbah, and the nearest limits of Djebel Shomer," said our guide. Considering how loose the water-skins now flapped at the camel's side, my first thought was, "How are we to reach them?" All the band seemed much of the same mind, for they pushed on harder than before.

But the farther we advanced the worse did the desert grow, more desolate, more hopeless in its barren waves; and at noon our band broke up into a thorough *sauve qui peut;* some had already exhausted their provisions, solid or liquid, and others were scarcely better furnished; every one goaded on his beast to reach the land of rest and safety. Djedey', my comrade, and myself kept naturally together. On a sudden my attention was called to two or three sparrows, twittering under a shrub by the wayside. They were the first birds we had met with in this desert, and indicated our approach to cultivation and life. I bethought me of tales heard in childhood, at a comfortable fireside, how some far-wandering sailors, Columbus and his crew, if my memory serves me right, after days and months of dreary ocean, welcomed a bird that, borne from a yet undiscovered coast, first settled on their mast. My comrade fell a-crying for very joy.

However, we had yet a long course before us, and we ploughed on all that evening with scarce an hour's halt for a most scanty supper, and then all night up and down the undulating labyrinth, like men in an enchanter's circle, fated always to journey and never to advance.

The morning broke on us still toiling amid the sands. By daylight we saw our straggling companions like black specks here and there, one far ahead on a yet vigorous dromedary, another in the rear dismounted, and urging his fallen beast to rise by plunging a knife a good inch deep into its haunches, a third lagging in the extreme distance. Every one for himself and God for us all!—so we quickened our pace, looking anxiously before us for the hills of Djobbah, which could not now be distant. At noon we came in sight of them all at once, close on our right, wild and fantastic cliffs, rising sheer on the margin of the sand sea. We coasted them awhile, till at

a turn the whole plain of Djobbah and its landscape opened on our view. . . .

My camel was now at the end—not of his wits, for he never had any, but of his legs—and hardly capable of advance, while I was myself too tired to urge him vigorously, and we took a fair hour to cross a narrow white strip of mingled salt and sand that yet intervened between us and the village.

Without its garden walls was pitched the very identical tent of our noble guide, and here his wife and family were anxiously awaiting their lord. Djedey' invited us—indeed he could not conformably with Shomer customs do less—to partake of his board and lodging, and we had no better course than to accept of both. So we let our camels fling themselves out like dead or dying alongside of the tabernacle, and entered to drink water mixed with sour milk.

THE MOCHA COFFEE DISTRICT.

CARSTEN NIEBUHR.

[As one of the earliest of scientific travellers, an extract from the works of Carsten Niebuhr may prove of interest. This distinguished traveller was born at Lüdingworth, Hanover, in 1733, entered the Danish service in 1760, and was appointed in 1761 to accompany a scientific expedition to Arabia. All his companions died within a year, but he remained six years in the country, and after his return published "Description of Arabia" and "Travels in Arabia and the Surrounding Countries." He died in 1815. We select from his writings several statements about the customs and productions of the Arabs.]

WE had one opportunity of learning their ideas of the benefits to be derived from medicine. Mr. Cramer had given a scribe an emetic which operated with extreme

violence. The Arabs, being struck at its wonderful effects, resolved all to take the same excellent remedy, and the reputation of our friend's skill thus became very high among them. The Emir of the port sent one day for him; and, as he did not go immediately, the Emir soon after sent a saddled horse to our gate. Mr. Cramer, supposing that this horse was intended to bear him to the Emir, was going to mount him, when he was told that this was the patient he was to cure. We luckily found another physician in our party; our Swedish servant had been with the hussars in his native country, and had acquired some knowledge of the diseases of horses. He offered to cure the Emir's horse, and succeeded. The cure rendered him famous, and he was afterwards sent for to human patients.

[Their journey lay through the interior of Yemen, where they were well received.]

I hired an ass, and its owner agreed to follow me as my servant on foot. A turban, a great-coat wanting the sleeves, a shirt, linen drawers, and a pair of slippers were all the dress that I wore. It being the fashion of the country to carry arms in travelling, I had a sabre and two pistols hung by my girdle. A piece of old carpet was my saddle, and served me likewise for a seat, a table, and various other purposes. To cover me at night, I had the linen cloak which the Arabs wrap about their shoulders to shelter them from the sun and rain. A bucket of water, an article of indispensable necessity to a traveller in these arid regions, hung by my saddle.

[His course led him to the plantations of the famous Mocha coffee. He thus describes the region.]

Neither asses nor mules can be used here. The hills are to be climbed by steep and narrow paths; yet in compari-

son with the parched plains of the Tehama, the scenery seemed to me charming, as it was covered with gardens and plantations of coffee-trees.

Up to this time I had seen only one small basaltic hill; but here whole mountains were composed chiefly of those columns. Such detached rocks formed grand objects in the landscape, especially where cascades of water were seen to rush from their summits. The cascades, in such instances, had the appearance of being supported by rows of artificial pillars. These basalts are of great utility to the inhabitants; the columns, which are easily separated, serve as steps where the ascent is most difficult, and as materials for walls to support the plantations of coffee-trees, upon the steep declivities of the mountains.

The tree which affords the coffee is well known in Europe; so that I need not here describe it particularly. The coffee-trees were all in flower at Bulgosa, and exhaled an exquisitely agreeable perfume. They are planted upon terraces, in the form of an amphitheatre. Most of them are only watered by the rains that fall, but some, indeed, from large reservoirs upon the heights, in which spring-water is collected in order to be sprinkled upon the terraces, where the trees grow so thick together that the rays of the sun can hardly enter among their branches. We were told that those trees, thus artificially watered, yielded ripe fruit twice in the year; but the fruit becomes not fully ripe the second time, and the coffee of this crop is always inferior to that of the first.

Stones being more common in this part of the country than in the Tehama, the houses—as well of the villages as those which are scattered solitarily over the hills—are built of this material. Although not to be compared to the houses of Europe for commodiousness and elegance, yet they have a good appearance; especially such of them

as stand upon the heights, with amphitheatres of beautiful gardens and trees around them.

Even at this village of Bulgosa we were greatly above the level of the plain from which we had ascended; yet we had scarcely climbed half the ascent to Kusma, where the Emir of this district dwells, upon the loftiest peak of the range of mountains. Enchanting landscapes there meet the eye on all sides.

We passed the night at Bulgosa. Several of the men of the village came to see us, and after they retired we had a visit from our hostess, with some young women accompanying her, who were all very desirous to see the Europeans. They seemed less shy than the women in the cities; their faces were unveiled, and they talked freely with us. As the air is fresher and cooler upon these hills, the women have a finer and fairer complexion than in the plain. Our artist drew a portrait of a young girl who was going to draw water, and was dressed in a shirt of linen, chequered blue and white. The top and middle of the shirt, as well as the lower part of the drawers, were embroidered with needle-work of different colors.

[He tells the following story about the miraculous powers of Ismael Melek, a former king of Taas, and now its patron saint.]

Two beggars had asked charity of the Emir of Taas, but only one of them had tasted of his bounty. Upon this the other went to the tomb of Ismael Melek to implore his aid. The saint, who, when alive, had been very charitable, stretched his hand out of the tomb and gave the beggar a letter containing an order on the Emir to pay him a hundred crowns. Upon examining this order with the greatest care, it was found that Ismael Melek had written it with his own hand and sealed it with his own seal. The governor could not refuse payment; but to avoid all subsequent

trouble from such bills of exchange, he had a wall built, enclosing the tomb.

[We shall conclude these extracts with Niebuhr's account of his reception at the important city of Sana, which he reached after many difficulties, and gained admission to the palace of the Imâm.]

The hall of audience was a spacious square chamber, having an arched roof. In the middle was a large basin with some *jets d'eau*, rising fourteen feet in height. Behind the basin, and near the throne, were two large benches, each a foot and a half high; upon the throne was a space covered with silken stuff, on which, as well as on both sides of it, lay large cushions. The Imâm sat between the cushions, with his legs crossed in the Eastern fashion; his gown was of a bright-green color, and had large sleeves. Upon each side of his breast was a rich filleting of gold lace, and on his head he wore a great white turban. His sons sat on his right hand and his brothers on the left. Opposite to them, on the highest of the two benches, sat the Vizier, and our place was on the lower bench.

We were first led up to the Imâm, and were permitted to kiss both the back and the palm of his hand, as well as the hem of his robe. It is an extraordinary favor when the Mohammedan princes permit any person to kiss the palm of the hand. There was a solemn silence through the whole hall. As each of us touched the Imâm's hand a herald still proclaimed, "God preserve the Imâm!" and all who were present repeated these words after him. I was thinking at the time how I should pay my compliments in Arabic, and was not a little disturbed by this noisy ceremony.

We did not think it proper to mention the true reason of our expedition through Arabia; but told the Imâm that, wishing to travel by the shortest ways to the Danish colo-

nies, in the East Indies, we had heard so much of the plenty and security which prevailed through his dominions, that we had resolved to see them with our own eyes, so that we might describe them to our countrymen. The Imâm told us we were welcome to his dominions, and might stay as long as we pleased. After our return home he sent to each of us a small purse containing ninety-nine *komassis*, two and thirty of which make a crown. This piece of civility might, perhaps, appear no compliment to a traveller's delicacy. But, when it is considered that a stranger, unacquainted with the value of the money of the country, obliged to pay every day for his provisions, is in danger of being imposed upon by the money-changers, this care of providing us with small money will appear to have been sufficiently obliging. . . .

The city of Sana is situated at the foot of Mount Nikkum, on which are still to be seen the ruins of a castle, which the Arabs suppose to have been built by Shem. Near this mountain stands the citadel; a rivulet rises upon the other side, and near it is the Bostan el-Metwokkel, a spacious garden, which was laid out by the Imâm of that name, and has been greatly embellished by the reigning Imâm. The walls of the city, which are built of bricks, exclude this garden, which is enclosed within a wall of its own. The city, properly so called, is not very extensive; one may walk around it in an hour. There are a number of mosques, some of which have been built by Turkish Pashas. In Sana are only twelve public baths, but many noble palaces, three of the most splendid of which have been built by the reigning Imâm. The materials of these palaces are burnt bricks, and sometimes even hewn stones; but the houses of the common people are of bricks which have been dried in the sun.

The suburb of Bir el-Arsab is nearly adjoining the city

on the east side. The houses of this village are scattered through the gardens, along the banks of a small river. Fruits are very plenteous; there are more than twenty different kinds of grapes, which, as they do not all ripen at the same time, continue to afford a delicious refreshment for several months. The Arabs likewise preserve grapes by hanging them up in their cellars, and eat them almost through the whole year. Two leagues northward from Sana is a plain named Rodda, which is overspread with gardens, and watered by a number of rivulets. This place bears a great resemblance to the neighborhood of Damascus. But Sana, which some ancient authors compare to Damascus, stands on a rising ground, with nothing like florid vegetation about it. After long rains, indeed, a small rivulet runs through the city; but all the ground is dry through the rest of the year. However, by aqueducts from Mount Nikkum, the town and castle of Sana are, at all times, supplied with abundance of excellent fresh water.

[After a week's stay, the travellers set out on their return, the Imâm sending each of them on their departure a complete suit of clothes. He also sent a letter to the Emir of Mocha, bidding him to pay them two hundred crowns as a farewell present. They reached Mocha, and sailed thence for Bombay. The last of Niebuhr's companions died in India, after which he returned by way of Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, finally reaching Denmark in 1767. His journey may be said to have inaugurated the era of intelligent scientific exploration.]

IN THE CAPITAL OF NEDJED.

WILLIAM G. PALGRAVE.

[We have told, from Palgrave's writings, the story of the desert in its unmitigated severity. To this lifeless world of sand are sharply contrasted the extensive cultivated regions of Arabia, which for ages have lain in the heart of this desert realm almost unknown to the world, and were first made known to modern Europeans by the fearless traveller above named. Favored by an Oriental cast of features, a thorough knowledge of the Arabic language and literature, and a familiarity with the habits of the people gained by years of residence in the East, Palgrave safely traversed realms where a knowledge of his Christian belief would have brought him certain death. After a period of residence in various oases, he entered the great district of Nedjed, and journeyed to its capital city, Ri'ad, the stronghold of the fanatical Mohammedan sect of Wahabees. The approach to this city is thus picturesquely described.]

For about an hour we proceeded southward, through barren and undulating ground, unable to see over the country to any distance. At last we attained a rising eminence, and crossing it, came at once in full view of Ri'ad, the main object of our long journey,—the capital of Nedjed and half Arabia, its very heart of hearts.

Before us stretched a wild open valley, and in its foreground, immediately below the pebbly slope on whose summit we stood, lay the capital, large and square, crowned by high towers and strong walls of defence, a mass of roofs and terraces, where overtopping all frowned the huge but irregular pile of Feysul's royal castle, and hard by it rose the scarce less conspicuous palace, built and inhabited by his eldest son, 'Abdallah. Other edifices, too, of remarkable appearance broke here and there through the maze of

gray roof-tops, but their object and in-dwellers were yet to learn.

All around for full three miles over the surrounding plain, but more especially to the west and south, waved a sea of palm-trees above green fields and well-watered gardens; while the singing, droning sound of the water-wheels reached us even where we had halted, at a quarter of a mile or more from the nearest town-walls. On the opposite side southward, the valley opened out into the great and even more fertile plains of Yemamah, thickly dotted with groves and villages, among which the large town of Manfoohah, hardly inferior in size to Ri'ad itself, might be clearly distinguished.

Farther in the background ranged the blue hills, the ragged Sierra of Yemamah, compared some thirteen hundred years since, by 'Amroo-ebn-Kelthoom, the Shomerite, to drawn swords in battle array; and behind them was concealed the immeasurable Desert of the South, or Dahna. On the west the valley closes in and narrows in its upward windings towards Derey'eeyah, while to the south-west the low mounds of Aflaj are the division between it and Wady Dowasir. Due east in the distance a long blue line marks the farthest heights of Toweyk, and shuts out from view the low ground of Hasa and the shores of the Persian Gulf.

In all the countries which I have visited, and they are many, seldom has it been mine to survey a landscape equal to this in beauty and in historical meaning, rich and full alike to eye and mind. But should any of my readers have ever approached Damascus from the side of the Anti-Lebanon, and surveyed the Ghootah from the heights above Mazzeh, they may thence form an approximate idea of the valley of Ri'ad when viewed from the north. Only this is wider and more varied, and the circle of vision here em-

braces vaster plains and bolder mountains; while the mixture of tropical aridity and luxuriant verdure, of crowded population and desert tracts, is one that Arabia alone can present, and in comparison with which Syria seems tame, and Italy monotonous.

[Palgrave was permitted to reside in Ri'ad under the assumed character of a physician, many patients of note coming to him. He made the most of his opportunities for observation. The following is what he has to tell of the famous Mocha coffee.]

Be it known, by way of prelude, that coffee though one in name is manifold in fact; nor is every kind of berry entitled to the high qualifications too indiscriminately bestowed on the comprehensive genus. The best coffee, let cavillers say what they will, is that of the Yemen, commonly entitled "Mokha," from the main place of exportation. Now, I should be sorry to incur a lawsuit for libel or defamation from our wholesale or retail salesmen; but were the particle NOT prefixed to the countless labels in London shop-windows that bear the name of the Red Sea haven, they would have a more truthful import than what at present they convey.

Very little, so little indeed as to be quite inappreciable, of the Mocha or Yemen berry ever finds its way westward of Constantinople. Arabia itself, Syria, and Egypt consume fully two-thirds, and the remainder is almost exclusively absorbed by Turkish and Armenian œsophagi. Nor do these last get for their limited share the best or the purest. Before reaching the harbors of Alexandria, Jaffa, Beyrout, etc., for further exportation, the Mokhan bales have been, while yet on their way, sifted and resifted, grain by grain, and whatever they may have contained of the hard, rounded, half-transparent, greenish-brown berry, the only one really worth roasting and pounding, has been

carefully picked out by experienced fingers; and it is the less generous residue of flattened, opaque, and whitish grains which alone, or almost alone, goes on board the shipping.

So constant is this selecting process, that a gradation regular as the degrees on a map may be observed in the quality of Mokha, that is, Yemen, coffee even within the limits of Arabia itself, in proportion as one approaches to or recedes from Wadi Nejran and the neighborhood of Mecca, the first stages of the radiating mart. I have myself been times out of number an eye-witness of this sifting; the operation is performed with the utmost seriousness and scrupulous exactness, reminding me of the diligence ascribed to American diamond-searchers, when scrutinizing the torrent sands for their minute but precious treasure.

The berry, thus qualified for foreign use, quits its native land on three main lines of export,—that of the Red Sea, that of the inner Hedjaz, and that of Kaseem. The terminus of the first line is Egypt, of the second Syria, of the third Nedjed and Shomer. Hence Egypt and Syria are, of all countries without the frontiers of Arabia, the best supplied with its specific produce, though under the restrictions already stated; and through Alexandria or the Syrian seaports, Constantinople and the North obtain their diminished share. But this last stage of transport seldom conveys the genuine article, except by the intervention of private arrangements and personal friendship or interest.

Where mere sale and traffic are concerned, substitution of an inferior quality, or an adulteration almost equivalent to substitution, frequently takes place in the different storehouses of the coast, till whatever Mokha-marked coffee leaves them for Europe and the West is often no more like the real offspring of the Yemen plant than the log-

wood preparations of a London fourth-rate retail wine-seller resemble the pure libations of an Oporto vineyard.

The second species of coffee, by some preferred to that of Yemen, but in my poor opinion inferior to it, is the growth of Abyssinia; its berry is larger, and of a somewhat different and a less heating flavor. It is, however, an excellent species; and whenever the rich land that bears it shall be permitted by man to enjoy the benefits of her natural fertility, it will probably become an object of extensive cultivation and commerce. With this stops, at least in European opinion and taste, the list of coffee, and begins the list of beans.

While we were yet in the Djowf, I described with sufficient minuteness how the berry is prepared for actual use;* nor is the process any way varied in Nedjed or other Arab lands. But in Nedjed an additional spicing of saffron, cloves, and the like, is still more common; a fact which is easily explained by the want of what stimulus tobacco affords elsewhere. A second consequence of non-smoking among the Arabs is the increased strength of their coffee decoctions in Nedjed, and the prodigious frequency of their use; to which we must add the larger "finjans," or coffee-cups, here in fashion. So sure are men, when debarred of one pleasure or excitement, to make it up by another.

[Palgrave gives the following picturesque description of the Wahabee capital:]

We wrap our head-gear, like true Arabs, round our chins, put on our grave-looking black cloaks, take each a long stick in hand, and thread the narrow streets inter-

* This is done very much as elsewhere, by roasting, pounding, and then boiling the coffee berry.

mediate between our house and the market-place at a funeral pace, and speaking in an undertone. Those whom we meet salute us, or we salute them; be it known that the lesser number should always be the first to salute the greater, he who rides him who walks, he who walks him who stands, the stander the sitter, and so forth; but never should a man salute a woman: difference of age or even of rank between men does not enter into the general rules touching the priority of salutation. If those whom we have accosted happen to be acquaintances or patients, or should they belong to the latitudinarian school, our salutation is duly returned. But if, by ill fortune, they appertain to the strict and high orthodox party, an under-look with a half-scowl in silence is their only answer to our greeting. Whereat we smile, Malvolio-like, and pass on.

At last we reach the market-place; it is full of women and peasants, selling exactly what we want to buy, besides meat, fire-wood, milk, etc.; around are customers, come on errands like our own. We single out a tempting basket of dates, and begin haggling with the unbeautiful Phyllis, seated beside her rural store. We find the price too high. "By Him who protects Feysul," answers she, "I am the loser at that price." We insist. "By Him who shall grant Feysul a long life, I cannot bate it," she replies. We have nothing to oppose to such tremendous asseverations, and accede or pass on, as the case may be.

Half of the shops, namely, those containing grocery, household articles of use, shoemakers' stalls, and smithies, are already open and busily thronged. For the capital of a strongly centralized empire is always full of strangers, come will they nill they on their several affairs. But around the butchers' shops awaits the greatest human and canine crowd: my readers, I doubt not, know that the only licensed scavengers throughout the East are the dogs.

Nedjeans are great flesh-eaters, and no wonder, considering the cheapness of meat (a fine fat sheep costs at most five shillings, often less) and the keenness of mountaineer appetites. I wish that the police regulations of the city would enforce a little more cleanliness about these numerous shambles; every refuse is left to cumber the ground at scarce two yards' distance. But dogs and dry air much alleviate the nuisance,—a remark I made before at Ha'yel and Bereydah; it holds true for all Central Arabia.

[The quarter of the city inhabited by the most orthodox Wahabees is thus described.]

Mosques of primitive simplicity and ample space,—where the great dogma, not however confined to Ri'ad, that "we are exactly in the right, and every one else is in the wrong," is daily inculcated to crowds of auditors, overjoyed to find Paradise all theirs and none's but theirs,—smaller oratories of Musallas, wells for ablution, and Kaabah-directed niches adorn every corner, and fill up every interval of house or orchard. The streets of this quarter are open, and the air healthy, so that the invisible blessing is seconded by sensible and visible privileges of Providence. Think not, gentle reader, that I am indulging in gratuitous or self-invented irony; I am only rendering expression for expression, and almost word for word, the talk of true Wahabees, when describing the model quarter of their model city. This section of the town is spacious and well-peopled, and flourishes, the citadel of national and religious intolerance, pious pride, and genuine Wahabeeism.

Round the whole town run the walls, varying from twenty to thirty feet in height; they are strong, in good repair, and defended by a deep trench and embankment. Beyond them are the gardens, much similar to those of

Kaseem, both in arrangement and produce, despite the difference of latitude, here compensated by a higher ground level. But immediately to the south, in Yemamah, the eye remarks a change in the vegetation to a more tropical aspect.

[Palgrave obtained permission to visit the royal stables, where the finest specimens of the famous Nedjed breed of horses are kept. Of these he gives the following interesting description.]

The stables are situated some way out of the town, to the northeast, a little to the left of the road which we had followed at our first arrival, and not far from the gardens of 'Abd-er-Rahman the Wahabee. They cover a large square space, about one hundred and fifty yards each way, and are open in the centre, with a long shed running round the inner walls; under this covering the horses, about three hundred in number when I saw them, are picketed during the night; in the daytime they may stretch their legs at pleasure within the central court-yard. The greater number were accordingly loose; a few, however, were tied up at their stalls; some, but not many, had horse-cloths over them. The heavy dews which fall in Wady Haneefah do not permit their remaining with impunity in the open night air; I was told also that a northerly wind will occasionally injure the animals here, no less than the land wind does now and then their brethren in India. About half the royal stud was present before me, the rest were out at grass; Feysul's entire muster is reckoned at six hundred, or rather more.

No Arab dreams of tying up a horse by the neck; a tether replaces the halter, and one of the animal's hind legs is encircled about the pastern by a light iron ring, furnished with a padlock, and connected with an iron chain of two feet or thereabouts in length, ending in a rope,

which is fastened to the ground at some distance by an iron peg; such is the customary method. But should the animal be restless and troublesome, a foreleg is put under similar restraint. It is well known that in Arabia horses are much less frequently vicious or refractory than in Europe, and this is the reason why geldings are here so rare, though not unknown. No particular prejudice, that I could discover, exists against the operation itself; only it is seldom performed, because not otherwise necessary, and tending, of course, to diminish the value of the animal.

But to return to the horses now before us: never had I seen or imagined so lovely a collection. Their stature was indeed somewhat low; I do not think that any came fully up to fifteen hands; fourteen appeared to me about their average, but they were so exquisitely well shaped that want of greater size seemed hardly, if at all, a defect. Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, "go raving mad about it;" a little, a very little, saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness without any weakness; a head broad above and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of "drinking from a pint-pot," did pint-pots exist in Nedjed; a most intelligent and yet a singularly gentle look, full eye, sharp thorn-like little ear, legs fore and hind that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out at a perfect arch; coats smooth, shining, and light, the mane long, but not overgrown nor heavy, and an air and step that seemed to say, "Look at me, am I not pretty?" their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry.

The prevailing color was chestnut or gray; a light bay, an iron color, white or black, were less common; full bay,

flea-bitten or piebald, none. But if asked what are, after all, the specially distinctive points of the Nedjee horse, I should reply the slope of the shoulder, the extreme cleanness of the shank, and the full, rounded haunch, though every other part, too, has a perfection and a harmony unwitnessed (at least by my eyes) anywhere else.

Nedjee horses are especially esteemed for great speed and endurance of fatigue; indeed, in this latter quality, none come up to them. To pass twenty-four hours on the road without drink and without flagging is certainly something; but to keep up the same abstinence and labor conjoined under the burning Arabian sky for forty-eight hours at a stretch is, I believe, peculiar to the animals of the breed. Besides, they have a delicacy, I cannot say of mouth, for it is common to ride them without bit or bridle, but of feeling and obedience to the knee and thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, far surpassing whatever the most elaborate manège gives a European horse, though furnished with snaffle, curb, and all.

I often mounted them at the invitation of their owners, and without saddle, rein, or stirrup, set them off at full gallop, wheeled them round, brought them up in mid career at a dead halt, and that without the least difficulty or the smallest want of correspondence between the horse's movements and my own will; the rider on their back really feels himself the man-half of a centaur, not a distinct being.

[Eventually Palgrave's residence in Ri'ad grew perilous through the enmity of Abdallah, son of Feysul, the reigning monarch, for the reason that the physician refused to furnish him poison with which to dispose of his brother. It became necessary to escape secretly from the city.]

Our plan for the future was soon formed. A day or two we were yet to remain in Ri'ad, lest haste should seem to

imply fear, and thereby encourage pursuit. But during that period we would avoid the palace, out-walks in gardens or after nightfall, and keep at home as much as possible. Meanwhile, Aboo-'Eysa was to get his dromedaries ready, and put them in a court-yard immediately adjoining the house, to be laden at a moment's notice.

A band of travellers was to leave Ri'ad for Hasa a few days later. Aboo-'Eysa gave out publicly that he would accompany them to Hofhoof, while we were supposed to intend following the northern or Sedeyr track, by which the Na'ib, after many reciprocal farewells and assurances of lasting friendship, should we ever meet again, had lately departed. Mobeyreek, a black servant in Aboo-'Eysa's pay, occupied himself diligently in feeding up the camels for their long march with clover and vetches, both abundant here; and we continued our medical avocations, but quietly, and without much leaving the house.

During the afternoon of the 24th we brought three of Aboo-'Eysa's camels into our court-yard, shut the outer door, packed, and laded. We then awaited the moment of evening prayer; it came, and the voice of the Mu'eddineen summoned all good Wahabees, the men of the town-guard not excepted, to the different mosques. When about ten minutes had gone by, and all might be supposed at their prayers, we opened our door. Mobeyreek gave a glance up and down the street to ascertain that no one was in sight, and we led out the camels. Aboo-'Eysa accompanied us. Avoiding the larger thoroughfares, we took our way by by-lanes and side-passages towards a small town-gate, the nearest to our house, and opening on the north. A late comer fell in with us on his way to the Mesjid, and as he passed summoned us also to the public service. But Aboo-'Eysa unhesitatingly replied, "We have this moment come from prayers," and our interlocutor, fearing to be

himself too late and thus to fall under reprehension and punishment, rushed off to the nearest oratory, leaving the road clear. Nobody was in watch at the gate. We crossed its threshold, turned southeast, and under the rapid twilight reached a range of small hillocks, behind which we sheltered ourselves till the stars came out, and the "wing of night," to quote Arab poets, spread black over town and country.

[Aboo-'Eysa returned to the city, so as to escape suspicion of being involved in the flight, the travellers arranging to meet him, on his departure with the caravan, at a selected spot.]

After winding here and there, we reached the spot assigned by Aboo-'Eysa for our hiding-place. It was a small sandy depth, lying some way off the beaten track, amid hillocks and brushwood, and without water; of this latter article we had taken enough in the goat-skins to last us for three days. Here we halted, and made up our minds to patience and expectation.

Two days passed drearily enough. We could not but long for our guide's arrival, nor be wholly without fear on more than one score. Once or twice a stray peasant stumbled on us, and was much surprised at our encampment in so droughty a locality. Sometimes leaving our dromedaries crouching down, and concealed among the shrubs, we wandered up the valley, climbed the high chalky cliffs of Toweyk, to gain a distant glimpse of the blue sierra of Hareek in the far south, and the white ranges of Toweyk north and east. Or we dodged the numerous nor over-shy herds of gazelles, not for any desire of catching them, but simply to pass the time and distract the mind weary of conjecture. So the hours went by, till the third day brought closer expectation and anxiety, still increasing while the sun declined, and at last went down;

yet nobody appeared. But just as darkness closed in, and we were sitting in a dispirited group beside our little fire, for the night air blew chill, Aboo-'Eysa came suddenly up, and all was changed for question and answer, for cheerfulness and laughter.

[There was no evidence of pursuit, and the fugitives reached the cultivated district of Hasa without molestation. We shall conclude with Palgrave's description of the Arabian women.]

My fair readers will be pleased to learn that the veil and other restraints inflicted on the gentle sex by Islamitic rigorism, not to say worse, are much less universal, and more easily dispensed with, in Hasa; while in addition, the ladies of the land enjoy a remarkable share of those natural gifts which no institutions, and even no cosmetics, can confer,—namely, beauty of face and elegance of form. Might I venture on the delicate and somewhat invidious task of constructing a "beauty-scale" for Arabia, and for Arabia alone, the Bedouin women would, on this kalometer, be represented by zero, or at most 1°; a degree higher would represent the female sex of Nedjed; above them rank the women of Shomer, who are in their turn surmounted by those of Djowf. The fifth or sixth degree symbolizes the fair ones of Hasa; the seventh those of Katar; and lastly, by a sudden rise of ten degrees at least, the seventeenth or eighteenth would denote the pre-eminent beauties of Oman.

Arab poets occasionally languish after the charmers of Hedjaz; I never saw any one to charm me, but then I only skirted the province. All bear witness to the absence of female loveliness in Yemen; and I should much doubt whether the mulatto races and dusky complexions of Hadramaut have much to vaunt of. But in Hasa a decided improvement on this important point is agreeably

evident to the traveller arriving from Nedjed, and he will be yet further delighted on finding his Calypsos much more conversible, and having much more, too, in their conversation than those he left behind him in Sedeyr and 'Aared.

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA AND MEDINA.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

[Captain Burton, whose discovery of the great lake Tanganyika, in Central Africa, we have elsewhere chronicled, preceded his African explorations by a daring and successful journey to Mecca and Medina in the disguise of a Moslem pilgrim. This journey took place forty years after that of Burckhardt,—elsewhere given,—but is told in more lively and graphic language, and supplies deficiencies in the older narrative. We therefore give some extracts from Burton's work. Burton studied the Mohammedan requisites thoroughly, joined a society of dervishes under the name of Shekh Abdullah, and professed to be an Afghan by birth. Thus prepared, he took passage from Suez for Djidda, the port of Mecca, July 1, 1853. His narrative continues as follows:]

IMMENSE was the confusion on the eventful day of our departure. Suppose us standing on the beach, on the morning of a fiery July day, carefully watching our hurriedly-packed goods and chattels, surrounded by a mob of idlers who are not too proud to pick up waifs and strays, while pilgrims rush about apparently mad, and friends are weeping, acquaintances vociferating adieux, boatmen demanding fees, shopmen claiming debts, women shrieking and talking with inconceivable power, children crying,—in short, for an hour or so we were in the thick of a human storm. To confound confusion, the boatmen have moored their skiff half a dozen yards away from the

shore, lest the porters should be unable to make more than double their fare from the pilgrims.

[While crossing to the Arabian shore, the pilgrims are accustomed to repeat the following prayer, which is a good example of Moslem invocation:]

O Allah, O Exalted, O Almighty, O All-pitiful, O All-powerful, thou art my God, and sufficeth to me the knowledge of it! Glorified be the Lord my Lord, and glorified be the faith my faith! Thou givest victory to whom thou pleasest, and thou art the glorious, the merciful! We pray thee for safety in our goings-forth and in our standings-still, in our words and our designs, in our dangers of temptation and doubts, and the secret designs of our hearts. Subject unto us this sea, even as thou didst subject the deep to Moses, and as thou didst subject the fire to Abraham, and as thou didst subject the iron to David, and as thou didst subject the wind, and the devils, and genii, and mankind to Solomon, and as thou didst subject the moon and El-Burak to Mohammed, upon whom be Allah's mercy and His blessing! And subject unto us all the seas in earth and heaven, in the visible and in thine invisible worlds, the sea of this life, and the sea of futurity. O thou who reignest over everything, and unto whom all things return, Khyar! Khyar!

[It was Burton's secret purpose to reach Mecca by way of Medina, and on reaching Yembo he joined the pilgrims bound for the latter city. The route lay over a desert region.]

We travelled through a country fantastic in its desolation,—a mass of huge hills, barren plains, and desert vales. Even the sturdy acacias here failed, and in some places the camel-grass could not find earth enough to take root in. The road wound among mountains, rocks, and hills of

granite, over broken ground, flanked by huge blocks and boulders, piled up as if man's art had aided nature to disfigure herself. Vast clefts seemed like scars on the hideous face of earth; here they widened into dark caves, there they were choked up with glistening drift sand. Not a bird or a beast was to be seen or heard; their presence would have argued the vicinity of water, and though my companions opined that Bedouins were lurking among the rocks, I decided that these Bedouins were the creatures of their fears. Above, a sky like polished blue steel, with a tremendous blaze of yellow light, glared upon us, without the thinnest veil of mist or cloud. The distant prospect, indeed, was more attractive than the near view, because it borrowed a bright azure tinge from the intervening atmosphere; but the jagged peaks and the perpendicular streaks of shadow down the flanks of the mountainous background showed that no change for the better was yet in store for us.

[After a deep rest from their fatigue they set out on the most dangerous portion of the route.]

We travelled that night up a dry river-course in an easterly direction, and at early dawn found ourselves in an ill-famed gorge, called *Shuab el-Hadj* (the "Pilgrim's Pass"). The loudest talkers became silent as we neared it, and their countenances showed apprehension written in legible characters. Presently, from the high, precipitous cliff on our left, thin blue curls of smoke—somehow or other they caught every eye—rose in the air, and instantly afterwards rang the loud, sharp cracks of the hill-men's matchlocks, echoed by the rocks on the right. My shugduf had been broken by the camel's falling during the night, so I called out to Mansúr that we had better splice the frame-work with a bit of rope; he looked up, saw me laughing, and with an ejaculation of disgust disappeared. A number of

Bedouins were to be seen swarming like hornets over the crests of the rocks, boys as well as men carrying huge weapons, and climbing with the agility of cats. They took up comfortable places in the cut-throat eminence, and began firing upon us with perfect convenience to themselves.

The height of the hills and the glare of the rising sun prevented my seeing objects very distinctly, but my companions pointed out to me places where the rock had been scarped and a kind of breastwork of rough stones—the Sangah of Afghanistan—piled up as a defence, and a rest for the long barrel of the matchlock. It was useless to challenge the Bedouins to come down and fight us upon the plain like men; and it was equally unprofitable for our escort to fire upon a foe ensconced behind stones. We had, therefore, nothing to do but to blaze away as much powder and to veil ourselves in as much smoke as possible; the result of the affair was that we lost twelve men, besides camels and other beasts of burden. Though the bandits showed no symptoms of bravery, and confined themselves to slaughtering the enemy from their hill-top, my companions seemed to consider this questionable affair a most gallant exploit.

[After two more days of severe travel they came in sight of the city of Medina.]

Half an hour after leaving the Wady el-Akik, or "Blessed Valley," we came to a huge flight of steps, roughly cut in a long, broad line of black, scoriaceous basalt. This is called the *Mudarraj*, or flight of steps over the western ridge of the so-called El-Harratain; it is holy ground, for the Prophet spoke well of it. Arrived at the top, we passed through a lane of black scoria, with steep banks on both sides, and, after a few minutes, a full view of the city suddenly opened on us. We halted our beasts as if by

word of command. All of us descended, in imitation of the pious of old, and sat down, jaded and hungry as we were, to feast our eyes with a view of the Holy City. The prayer was, "O Allah! this is the *Haram* (sanctuary) of the Prophet; make it to us a protection from hell fire, and a refuge from eternal punishment! O, open the gates of thy mercy, and let us pass through them to the land of joy!"

As we looked eastward, the sun arose out of the horizon of low hills, blurred and dotted with small tufted trees, which gained a giant stature from the morning mists, and the earth was stained with gold and purple. Before us lay a spacious plain, bounded in front by the undulating ground of Nedjed; on the left was a grim barrier of rocks, the celebrated Mount Ohod, with a clump of verdure and a white dome or two nestling at its base. Rightward, broad streaks of lilac-colored mists were thick with gathered dew, there pierced and thinned by the morning rays, stretched over the date-groves and the gardens of Kuba, which stood out in emerald-green from the dull tawny surface of the plain. Below, at the distance of about two miles, lay El Medina; at first sight it appeared a large place, but a closer inspection proved the impression to be an erroneous one.

[Burton thus describes the Prophet's mosque:]

Passing through muddy streets—they had been freshly watered before evening-time—I came suddenly upon the mosque. Like that at Mecca, the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy *enceinte*, others separated by a lane compared with which the road around St. Paul's is a Vatican square. There is no outer front, no general aspect of the Prophet's mosque; consequently, as a building it has neither beauty nor dignity. And entering the Bab el-Rahmah—the Gate of Pity

—by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not like the Meccan mosque, grand and simple, the expression of a single sublime idea; the longer I looked at it the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendor.

[He thus describes his manner of spending the day while residing in Medina:]

At dawn we arose, washed, prayed, and broke our fast upon a crust of stale bread, before smoking a pipe and drinking a cup of coffee. Then it was time to dress, to mount, and to visit the Haram in one of the holy places outside the city. Returning before the sun became intolerable, we sat together, and with conversation, shishas and chibouques, coffee and cold water perfumed with mastich-smoke, we whiled away the time till our *ariston*, an early dinner which appeared at the primitive hour of eleven A.M. The meal was served in the *majlis* on a large copper tray, sent from the upper apartments. Ejaculating "Bismillah" —the Moslem grace—we all sat round it, and dipped equal hands in the dishes set before us. We had usually unleavened bread, different kinds of meat and vegetable stews, and at the end of the first course plain boiled rice, eaten with spoons; then came the fruits, fresh dates, grapes, and pomegranates.

After dinner I used invariably to find some excuse—such as the habit of a "Kaylúlah" (mid-day siesta), or the being a "Saudawi" or person of melancholy temperament—to have a rug spread in the dark passage, and there to lie reading, dozing, smoking, or writing, all through the worst part of the day, from noon to sunset. Then came the hour

for receiving and paying visits. The evening prayers ensued, either at home or in the Haram, followed by our supper, another substantial meal like the dinner, but more plentiful of bread, meat, vegetables, rice, and fruits. In the evening we sometimes dressed in common clothes and went to the café; sometimes, on festive occasions, we indulged in a late supper of sweetmeats, pomegranates, and dried fruits. Usually we sat upon mattresses spread upon the ground in the open air at the Shekh's door, receiving evening visits, chatting, telling stories, and making merry, till each, as he felt the approach of the drowsy god, sank down into his proper place and fell asleep.

[The caravan from Damascus arriving, and starting soon after for Mecca, Burton and his companions joined it. The route taken was the short desert road, instead of the longer coast road. One day's experience will serve as an example.]

This day's march was peculiarly Arabia. It was a desert peopled only with echoes,—a place of death for what little there is to die in it,—a wilderness, where, to use my companion's phrase, there is nothing but He (Allah). Nature, scalped, flayed, discovered her anatomy to the gazer's eye. The horizon was a sea of mirage; gigantic sand-columns whirled over the plain; and on both sides of our road were huge piles of bare rock, standing detached upon the surface of sand and clay. Here they appeared in oval lumps, heaped up with a semblance of symmetry; there a single boulder stood, with its narrow foundation based upon a pedestal of low, dome-shaped rock. All are of a pink coarse-grained granite, which flakes off in large crusts under the influence of the atmosphere.

[A few days afterwards they were attacked by a fierce tribe of Bedouins, whom, however, they soon put to flight. Burton thus describes his part in the affray:]

At the beginning of the skirmish I had primed my pistols, and sat with them ready for use. But soon seeing that there was nothing to be done, and wishing to make an impression, —nowhere does Bobadil now "go down" but in the East,— I called aloud for my supper. Shekh Nur, exanimate with fear, could not move. The boy Mohammed ejaculated only an "Oh, sir!" and the people around exclaimed in disgust, "By Allah! he eats!" Shekh Abdullah, the Meccan, being a man of spirit, was amused by the spectacle. "Are these Afghan manners, Effendim?" he inquired from the shugduf behind me. "Yes," I replied aloud, "in my country we always dine before an attack of robbers, because that gentry is in the habit of sending men to bed supperless." The Shekh laughed aloud, but those around him looked offended.

[After midnight of the next day they came within sight of Mecca. Burton was roused by a general excitement in the caravan. "Mecca! Mecca!" cried some voices; "The Sanctuary, O the Sanctuary!" exclaimed others, and all burst into loud cries of "*Labeyk!*" not unfrequently broken by sobs. A short distance farther, and they entered the northern suburb. After an hour or two of sleep they rose at dawn, in order to perform the ceremonies of arrival. After having bathed, they walked in their pilgrim garb to the *Beit Allah*, or "House of God."]

There at last it lay, the bourne of my long and weary pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The mirage medium of fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty as in Greece and Italy, no barbaric gorgeousness as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique, and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that, of all the worshippers who clung weeping

to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Hadji from the far north. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride.

[Burton's account of the visit to the famous Black Stone is curious and amusing.]

For a long time I stood looking in despair at the swarming crowd of Bedouin and other pilgrims that besieged it. But the boy Mohammed was equal to the occasion. During our circuit he had displayed a fiery zeal against heresy and schism, by foully abusing every Persian in his path; and the inopportune introduction of hard words into his prayers made the latter a strange patchwork. He might, for instance, be repeating "and I take refuge with thee from ignominy in this world," when, "O thou rejected one, son of the rejected!" would be the interpolation addressed to some long-bearded Khorasani,—"and in that to come—O hog and brother of a hoggess!" And so he continued till I wondered that no one dared to turn and rend him.

After vainly addressing the pilgrims, of whom nothing could be seen but a mosaic of occiputs and shoulder-blades, the boy Mohammed collected about half a dozen stalwart Meccans, with whose assistance, by sheer strength, we wedged our way into the thin and light-legged crowd. The Bedouins turned round upon us like wildcats, but they had no daggers. The season being autumn, they had not swelled themselves with milk for six months; and they had become such living mummies that I could

have managed single-handed half a dozen of them. After thus reaching the stone, despite popular indignation, testified by impatient shouts, we monopolized the use of it for at least ten minutes. Whilst kissing it and rubbing hands and forehead upon it I narrowly observed it, and came away persuaded that it is a big aërolite.

[On September 12 the pilgrims set out for Mount Arafat, passing the traditional tomb of Adam on their way. We have already given Burckhardt's description of the ceremonies here.]

Arafat is about a six hours' march, or twelve miles, on the Taif road, due east of Mecca. We arrived there in a shorter time, but our weary camels, during the last third of the way, frequently threw themselves upon the ground. Human beings suffered more. Between Muna and Arafat I saw no less than five men fall down and die upon the highway; exhausted and moribund, they had dragged themselves out to give up the ghost where it departs to instant beatitude. The spectacle showed how easy it is to die in these latitudes; each man suddenly staggered, fell as if shot, and, after a brief convulsion, lay still as marble. The corpses were carefully taken up, and carelessly buried that same evening, in a vacant space among the crowds encamped upon the Arafat plain.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the view the mountain affords of the blue peaks behind, and the vast encampment scattered over the barren yellow plain below. On the north lay the regularly pitched camp of the guards that defend the unarmed pilgrims. To the eastward was the Scherif's encampment with the bright mahmals and the gilt knobs of the grander pavilions; whilst, on the southern and western sides, the tents of the vulgar crowded the ground, disposed in dowars, or circles, for penning cattle.

After many calculations, I estimated the number to be not less than fifty thousand of all ages and sexes.

[After the sermon on Arafat, the ceremony of "stoning the Great Devil" is performed: The "Shaytan el-Kabir" is a dwarf buttress of rude masonry, about eight feet high by two and a half broad, placed against a rough wall of stones.]

As the ceremony of "Ramy," or Lapidation, must be performed on the first day by all pilgrims between sunrise and sunset, and as the fiend was malicious enough to appear in a rugged pass, the crowd makes the place dangerous. On one side of the road, which is not forty feet broad, stood a row of shops belonging principally to barbers. On the other side is the rugged wall of the pillar, with a *chevaux-de-frise* of Bedouins and naked boys. The narrow space was crowded with pilgrims, all struggling like drowning men to approach as near as possible to the Devil; it would have been easy to run over the heads of the mass. Among them were horsemen with rearing chargers. Bedouins on wild camels, and grandees on mules and asses, with outrunners, were breaking a way by assault and battery.

I had read Ali Bey's self-felicitations upon escaping this place with "only two wounds in the left leg," and had duly provided myself with a hidden dagger. The precaution was not useless. Scarcely had my donkey entered the crowd than he was overthrown by a dromedary, and I found myself under the stamping and roaring beast's stomach. By a judicious use of the knife I avoided being trampled upon, and lost no time in escaping from a place so ignobly dangerous. Finding an opening at last, we approached within about five cubits of the place, and holding each stone between the thumb and forefinger of the ring hand, cast it at the pillar, exclaiming, "In the name of

Allah, and Allah is Almighty, I do this in hatred of the Fiend and to his shame."

The seven stones being duly thrown, we retired, and, entering the barber's booth, took our places upon one of the earthen benches around it. This was the time to remove the *ihram*, or pilgrim's garb, and to return to *ihlal*, the normal state of El Islam. The barber shaved our heads, and, after trimming our beards and cutting our nails, made us repeat these words: "I purpose loosening my ihram according to the practice of the Prophet, whom may Allah bless and preserve! O Allah, make unto me in every hair, a light, a purity, and a generous reward! In the name of Allah, and Allah is Almighty!" At the conclusion of his labor the barber politely addressed to us a "Naiman,"—"Pleasure to you!" To which we as ceremoniously replied, "Allah give thee pleasure!"

[In conclusion we give Burton's description of a sermon in the great mosque of Mecca.]

After returning to the city from the sacrifice of sheep in the valley of Muna, we bathed, and when noon drew nigh we repaired to the Haram for the purpose of hearing the sermon. Descending to the cloisters below the Bab el-Ziyadah, I stood wonderstruck by the scene before me. The vast quadrangle was crowded with worshippers sitting in long rows, and everywhere facing the central black tower: the showy colors of their dresses were not to be surpassed by a garden of the most brilliant flowers, and such diversity of detail would probably not be seen massed together in any other building upon earth. The women, a dull and sombre-looking group, sat apart in their peculiar place. The Pasha stood on the roof of Zem Zem, surrounded by guards in Nizam uniform. Where the principal ulema stationed themselves the crowd was thicker;

and in the more auspicious spots naught was to be seen but a pavement of heads and shoulders.

Nothing seemed to move but a few dervishes, who, censer in hand, sidled through the rows and received the unsolicited alms of the faithful. Apparently in the midst, and raised above the crowd by the tall, pointed pulpit, whose gilt spire flamed in the sun, sat the preacher, an old man with snowy beard. The style of head-dress called *taylasan* covered his turban, which was white as his robes, and a short staff supported his left hand.

Presently he arose, took the staff in his right hand, pronounced a few inaudible words, and sat down again on one of the lower steps, whilst a Muezzin, at the foot of the pulpit, recited the call to sermon. Then the old man stood up and began to preach. As the majestic figure began to exert itself there was a deep silence. Presently a general "Amin" was intoned by the crowd at the conclusion of some long sentence. And at last, towards the end of the sermon, every third or fourth word was followed by the simultaneous rise and fall of thousands of voices.

I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands, but never—nowhere—aught so solemn, so impressive, as this spectacle.

A SHIPWRECK ON THE COAST OF OMAN.

WILLIAM G. PALGRAVE.

[We have already given two selections from the works of Palgrave, but cannot resist the desire to give a third, in view of the exciting interest of the conclusion of his story of Arabian travel, which came perilously near being cut short by death in the waters of the Arabian Sea. The narrative of the shipwreck and narrow escape which ended his journey is vividly told. It had been his purpose to complete his

journey by an exploration of the province of Oman, and for this purpose he took ship from the harbor of Sohar for Muscat, to avoid some nine days of land travel. What followed we give in his words.]

TOWARDS evening a light southwesterly breeze sprang up, and we spread our sails, hoping by their aid, though the wind was not precisely from the right quarter, to find our way, after some tacking and wearing, into Muscat harbor. But the breeze rapidly grew till it became a strong gale, and in half an hour's time it was a downright storm, baffling all nautical manœuvres. One of our sails was blown to rags, the others were with difficulty got in, and when night closed we were driving under bare poles before a fierce southwester over a raging sea, while the sky, though unclouded, was veiled from view by a general haze, such as often accompanies a high storm. The passengers were frightened, but the sailors and I rather enjoyed the adventure, knowing that we were by this time far off the coast, clear of all rocks, and, in short, anticipating nothing worse than a day or two extra at sea before getting round to Muscat.

The moon rose—she was in her third quarter—and showed us a weltering waste of waters, where we were scudding entirely alone; some other vessels which had been in sight at sunset had now totally disappeared. The passengers, and Yoosef among the number, dismayed by the mad roll of the ship, no longer steadied by a stitch of canvas, by the dashing of the waves, and all the confusion of a storm, sat huddled below in the aft cabin, while the helmsman, the captain, and myself held on to the ropes of the quarter, and so kept our places as best we might; the Sonnees with the Nedjeans recited verses out of the Koran; the Omanee sailors laughed, or tried to laugh, for some of them, too, began to think the matter serious; no one,

however, anticipated the sudden catastrophe near at hand.

It may have been, to judge by the height of the moon above the horizon, about ten of the night, or a little earlier, when we remarked that the ship, instead of bounding and tossing over the waves as before, began to drive low in the water, with a heavy lurch of a peculiar character. One of the sailors approached the captain and whispered in his ear; in reply the captain directed them to sound the hold. Two men went to work, and found the lower part of the vessel full of water. Hastily they removed some side boardings, and saw a large stream pouring into the hole from sternwards; a plank had started.

The captain rose in despair full length, and called out, "Irmoo!" ("Throw overboard!"), hoping that lightening the ship of her cargo might yet save her. In a moment the hatchways amidships were removed, and all hands were busy to execute the last and desperate duty. But no more than three bales had been cast into the deep, when a ripple of blue, phosphoric light crossed the main-deck; the sea was already above board. No chance remained. "Ikhamoo!" ("Plunge for it!"), shouted the captain, and set the example by leaping himself amid the waves. All this passed in less than a minute; there was no time for deliberation, or attempt to save anything.

How to get clear of the whirl which must follow the ship's going down was my first thought. I clambered at once on the quarter-deck, which was yet some feet raised above the triumph of the lashing waves, invoked Him who can save by sea as well as by land, and dived head foremost as far as I could. After a few vigorous strokes out, I turned my face back towards the ship, whence a wail of despair had been the last sound I had heard.

Then I saw amid the raging waters the top of the mizzen-mast just before it disappeared below with a spiral movement, while I was yet looking at it. Six men—five passengers and one sailor—had gone down with the vessel. A minute later, and boards, mats, and spars were floating here and there amid the breakers, while the heads of the surviving swimmers now showed themselves, now disappeared, in the moongleam and shadow.

So rapidly had all this taken place that I had not a moment for so much as to throw off a single article of dress; though the buffeting of the waves soon eased me of turban and girdle. Nor had I even leisure for a thought of deliberate fear; though I confess that an indescribable thrill of horror, which had come over me when the blue glimmer of the water first rippled over the deck, though scarce noticed at the time, haunted me for months after. But at the actual moment, the struggle for life left no freedom for backward-looking considerations, and I was already making for a piece of timber that floated not far off, when, on looking around more carefully, I descried at some distance the ship's boat; she had been dragged after us thus far at a long tow, Arab fashion, though who had cut her rope before the ship foundered was what no one of us could ever discover. She had now drifted some sixty yards off, and was dancing like an empty nut-shell on the ocean.

Being, like the Spanish sailors in "Don Juan," well aware "That a tight boat will live in a rough sea, Unless with breakers close beneath her lee," I gave up the plank, and struck out for the new hope of safety. By the time I had reached her, three of the crew had already established themselves there before me; they lent me a hand to clamber in; others now came up, and before long nine men, besides the lad, nephew of the captain, were in her, closely packed. So soon as I found myself in this ark of respite,

though not of safety, I bethought me of Yoosef, whom I had not seen since the moment of our wreck. He was not along with us; but while, scarce hoping, I shouted out his name over the waters to give him a chance of a signal, "Here I am, master, God be praised!" answered the dripping head; and we hauled him in to take his fortune with the rest.

We were now twelve,—namely, the captain, his nephew, the pilot, and four of the crew; the remaining five consisted of one of the passengers from 'Okdah,—for the other had gone down in the ship,—the runaway scapegrace of Manfoohah, and a native of Soroeyk, besides Yoosef and myself. Three others at this moment came swimming up, and wished to enter, but the boat, calculated to contain eight or nine at most, was already overloaded, especially for so mad a sea, and to admit a new burden was out of the question. However, the poor fellows got hold of a spare yard-arm, which had floated up from the sunken vessel. This we made fast to the boat's stern by a rope, and thus took the three in tow clinging to it, two passengers and a sailor.

Four oars were stowed in the boat, and her rudder, unshipped, lay in the bottom, along with a small iron anchor and an extra plank or two. The anchor was without delay heaved overboard by the pilot and myself as a superfluous weight, and so were the planks. Meanwhile, some of the sailors prepared to do as much for the passengers, observing, not without a certain show of reason on their side, that with so many on board, there could be remarkably little hope of ever reaching shore; that the boat was after all the sailors' right, and the rest might manage on the beam astern as best they could.

Fortunately, during the voyage I had become a particular friend of the captain and pilot, besides earning the special

good-will of a merry, sturdy young seaman now in the boat. So I addressed myself to them first, and then to all the crew, and declared the expulsory proposition to be utterly unjust, wicked, and not fit for discussion, and then, to cut short reply, I proceeded, aided by the pilot, who seconded me manfully throughout, to distribute the oars among the sailors; as indeed it was high time to do, in order to steady the boat, over which every wave now broke, threatening to send us to the bottom after her old companion. The captain took post at the rudder, while the pilot and myself set to baling out the water partly with a leathern bucket which one of the crew had kept the presence of mind to bring with him from the ship (holding the handle between his teeth no less cleverly than Cæsar did his sword off the Alexandrian Pharos), and partly with a large scoop belonging to the boat; both implements were in constant requisition, since every bucketful or scoopful of water thrown out was by the next wave repaid with usury, so fiercely did the storm rage around.

The Sonnee of Djebel-'Okdah sat up in the boat repeating verses of the Koran; the captain's nephew showed extraordinary spirit for a boy of his age; the sailors managed their oars with much skill and courage, keeping us carefully athwart the roll of the sea; the rest, and I am sorry to say Yoosef for one, were so terribly frightened that they had completely lost their wits, and lay like dead men amid the water in the boat's bottom, neither raising a head nor saying a word.

Indeed, our position, though not wholly without a gleam of hope, seemed very nearly desperate. We were in an open, overloaded boat, her movements yet further embarrassed by the beam in tow, far out at sea,—so far as to be quite beyond view of the coast, though the high shore hereabouts can be seen at a long distance, even by moon-

light,—with a howling wind, every moment on the increase, and tearing waves like huge monsters coming on as though with purpose to swallow us up. What reasonable chance had we of ever reaching land? All depended on the steerage and on the balance and support afforded by the oars; and even more still on the providence of Him who made the deep; nor indeed could I get myself to think that He had brought me thus far to let me drown, just at the end of my journey, and in so very unsatisfactory a way, too; for had we then gone down, what news of the events off Sowadah would ever have reached home? Or when? So that, altogether, I felt confident of getting somehow or another on shore, though by what means I did not exactly know.

The Mahometans on board (they were two)—so at least, poor fellows, their demeanor seemed to show—prayed as best they might; the Biadeeyah mostly kept silence, or exchanged a few words relative to the management of the boat, while the young sailor already mentioned cracked jokes as coolly as though he had been in his cottage on shore, making the rest laugh in spite of themselves, and thus keeping up their spirits,—the best thing just then to be done, for to lose heart would have been to lose all.

From an idea that so learned a man (in Arab estimation) as I ought, among other acquirements, to be better acquainted with the chart than any one else, and perhaps, too, because I seemed to be less thrown out of my reckonings than most of our party, all referred to me for the direction of our hazardous course. By the stars, a few of which were dimly visible between mist and moonlight, I guessed the whereabouts of shore. It lay almost due south; but the hurricane had now veered and blew from between west and north; hence we were obliged to follow a southeasterly line, in order to avoid the sudden destruction of giving a broadside to the waves. Once sure of this

point, I made the men keep our boat's head steady on the tack just explained, and for a long hour we pulled on, baling out the water every moment, and encouraging each other to keep up good heart; that land could not be far off. At last I saw, by the milky moonlight, a rock which I remembered sighting on the previous afternoon; it was the Rock of Djeyn, an outlying point of the Sowadah group, and now at some distance on our leeboard. "Courage!" I cried out, "there is Djeyn." "Say it again, say it again; God bless you!" they all exclaimed, as though the repetition of the good news would make it of yet better augury; but I perceived that none of them had his senses enough about him to see the black peak, which now loomed distant over the sea. "Is it near?" asked he of Djebel-'Okdah. "Close by," I answered, with a slight inaccuracy, which the duty of cheering the crew might, I hope, excuse. "Pull away, we shall soon pass it." But in my own individual thought I much doubted the while whether we ever should, so rapidly did the boat fill from the spray around, while a moment's mis-steerage would have sent us all to the bottom.

Another hour of struggle; it was past midnight or thereabouts, and the storm, instead of abating, blew stronger and stronger. A passenger, one of the three on the beam astern, felt too numb and wearied out to retain his hold by the spar any longer; he left it and, swimming with a desperate effort up to the boat, begged in God's name to be taken in. Some were for granting his request, others for denying; at last two sailors, moved with pity, laid hold of his arms where he clung to the boat's side and helped him in. We were now thirteen together, and the boat rode lower down in the water, and with more danger than ever; it was literally a hand's breadth between life and death.

Soon after, another, Ibraheem by name, and also a passenger, made a similar attempt to gain admittance. To comply would have been sheer madness, but the poor wretch clung to the gunwale and struggled to clamber over, till the nearest of the crew, after vainly entreating him to quit hold and return to the beam, saying, "It is your only chance of life, you must keep to it," loosened his grasp by main force, and flung him back into the sea, where he disappeared forever. "Has Ibraheem reached you?" called out the captain to the sailor now alone astride of the spar. "Ibraheem is drowned," came the answer across the waves. "Is drowned," all repeated in an undertone, adding, "and we, too, shall soon be drowned also." For, in fact, such seemed the only probable end of all our endeavors. For the storm redoubled in violence; the baling could no longer keep up with the rate at which the waves entered; the boat became waterlogged; the water poured in, hissing, on every side; she was sinking, and we were yet far out in the open sea.

"Ikhamoo!" ("Plunge for it!") a second time shouted the captain. "Plunge who may, I will stay by the boat so long as she stays by me," thought I, and kept my place. Yoosef, fortunately for him, was lying like a corpse, past fear or motion; but four of our party, one a sailor, the other three passengers, thinking that all hope of the boat was now over, and that nothing remained them but the spar, or Heaven knows what, jumped into the sea. Their loss saved the remainder; the boat lightened and righted for a moment; the pilot and I baled away desperately; she rose clear once more of the water; those in her were now nine in all,—eight men and a boy, the captain's nephew.

Meanwhile, the sea was running mountains, and during the paroxysm of struggle, while the boat pitched heavily, the cord attached from her stern to the beam snapped

asunder. One man was on the spar; yet a minute or so the moonlight showed us the heads of the five swimmers as they strove to regain the boat. Had they done it we were all lost; then a huge wave separated them from us. "May God have mercy on the poor drowning men!" exclaimed the captain. Their bodies were washed ashore off Seeb three or four days later. We now remained sole survivors, if indeed we were to prove so.

Our men rowed hard, and the night wore on; at last the coast came in full view. Before us was a high black rock jutting out into the foaming sea, whence it rose sheer, like the wall of a fortress; at some distance on the left a peculiar glimmer and a long white line of breakers assured me of the existence of an even and sandy beach. The three sailors now at the oars, and the man of 'Okdah, who had taken the place of the fourth, grown reckless by long toil under the momentary expectation of death, and longing to see an end anyhow to this protracted misery, were for pushing the boat on the rocks, because the nearest land, and thus having it all over as soon as possible. This would have been certain destruction. The captain and pilot, well-nigh stupefied by what they had undergone, offered no opposition. I saw that a vigorous effort must be made, so I laid hold of them both, shook them to arouse their attention, and bade them take heed to what the rowers were about, adding that it was sheer suicide, and that our only hope of life was to bear up for the sandy creek, which I pointed out to them at a short distance.

Thus awakened from their lethargy, they started up and joined me in expostulating with the sailors. But the men doggedly answered that they could hold out no more; that whatever land was nearest they would make for it, come what might, and with this they pulled on straight towards the cliff.

The captain hastily thrust the rudder into the pilot's hand, and springing on one of the sailors, pushed him from the bench and seized his oar, while I did the same to another on the opposite side, and we now got the boat's head round towards the bay. The refractory sailors, ashamed of their own faintheartedness, begged pardon, and promised to act henceforth according to our orders. We gave them back their oars, very glad to see a strife so dangerous, especially at such a moment, soon at an end, and the men pulled for the left, though full half an hour's rowing yet remained between us and the breakers, and the course which we had to hold was more hazardous than before, because it laid the boat almost parallel with the sweep of the water. But half an hour, yet I thought we should never come opposite the desired spot.

At last we neared it, and then a new danger appeared. The first row of breakers, rolling like a cataract, was still far off shore, at least a hundred yards, and between it and the beach appeared a white yeast of raging waters, evidently ten or twelve feet deep, through which, weary as we all were, and benumbed with the night chill and the unceasing splash of the spray over us, I felt it to be very doubtful whether we should have strength to struggle. But there was no avoiding it, and when we drew near the long white line, which glittered like a witchfire in the night, I called out to Yoosef and the lad, both of whom lay plunged in death-like stupor, to rise and get ready for the hard swim now inevitable. They stood up, the sailors laid aside their oars, and a moment after the curling wave capsized the boat, and sent her down as though she had been struck by a cannon-shot, while we remained to fight for our lives in the sea.

Confident in my own swimming powers, but doubtful how far those of Yoosef might reach, I at once turned to

look for him, and, seeing him close by me in the water, I caught hold of him, telling him to hold fast and I would help him to land. But with much presence of mind he thrust back my grasp, exclaiming, "Save yourself, I am a good swimmer, never fear for me!" The captain and the young sailor laid hold of the boy, the captain's nephew, one on either side, and struck out with him for the shore. It was a desperate effort; every wave overwhelmed us in its burst and carried us back in its eddy, while I drank much more salt water than was at all desirable. At last, after some minutes long as hours, I touched land, and scrambled up the sandy beach as though the avenger of blood had been behind me. One by one the rest came ashore,—some stark naked, having cast off or lost their remaining clothes in the whirling eddies; others yet retaining some part of their dress. Every one looked around to see whether his companions arrived, and when all nine stood together on the beach, all cast themselves prostrate on the sands to thank Heaven for a new lease of life granted after much danger and so many comrades lost.

Then rising, they ran to embrace each other, laughed, cried, sobbed, danced. I never saw men so completely unnerved as they on this first moment of sudden safety. One grasped the ground with his hands, crying out, "Is this really land we are on?" Another said, "And where are our companions?" A third, "God have mercy on the dead; let us now thank Him for our own lives!" A fourth stood bewildered; all their long and hard-stretched self-possession gave way. Yoosef had lost his last rag of dress; I had, fortunately, yet on two long shirts (one is still by me) reaching down to the feet, Arab fashion. I now gave my companion one, keeping the other for myself; my red skull-cap had also held firm on my head, so that I was as well off or better than any. "We may count

this day for the day of our birth; it is a new life after death," said the young Omanee sailor. "There have been others praying for us at home, and for their sake God has saved us," added the pilot, thinking of his family and children. "True; and more so, perhaps, than you know of," replied I, remembering some yet farther distant.

While we were thus conversing, and beginning to look around and wonder on what part of the coast we had landed, the distant sound of a gun was heard on the right. "That must be the morning gun of Seeb," said the captain. Seeb, being a fortified town, and often a royal residence, has the privilege of a garrison and artillery; now, from the whereabouts of our wreck, opposite Sowadah, we could not be very far thence. We were yet discussing this point, when another gun made itself heard from inland. "That must be from the palace at Bathat-Farzah" (the valley of Farzah), said another. "Thoweynee is certainly there, for the palace guns never fire except when the Sultan is in residence with his court."

It was now the first glimmer of doubtful dawn, and the wind sweeping furiously along the beach rendered some shelter necessary; for we were dripping and chilled to the bone. So we crept to leeward of a cluster of bushes, and there each dug out for himself a long trench in the sand; and after having thus put ourselves in some degree under cover, we waited for the morning, which seemed as though it would never come. At last the moonlight faded away, and the sun rose, though his rays did not reach us quite so soon as we should have desired, for the creek where we had landed was bordered on either side by high hills, shutting out the horizon. These hills ended in precipices towards the sea; on the left was the very rock on which the despairing impatience of the crew had almost driven us the night before; it looked

horrible. The wind yet blew high, and we were shivering with cold in our scanty clothing. Those who, like myself, had come on shore with more than what was absolutely necessary for decency, had shared it with those who had nothing.

When the sunbeams at last struck over the hill-side on the right, we hastened to warm ourselves and to dry our apparel,—a task speedily performed with so slender a wardrobe. Next we reconnoitred the position, with which some of the crew found themselves to be not wholly unacquainted. It was a little to the east of Seeb; but between us and that town was a high and broad range of rocks, on which our naked feet had no great disposition to venture; on the west we were hemmed in by a corresponding barrier. But landwards the valley ran up sandy between the hills, and in that direction appeared an easier path, leading ultimately, so the sailors averred, to the Sultan's country palace,—the same whence we had heard the night gun, nor could it be very far off. Once at the palace, all reckoned on the well-known liberality of Thoweynee for obtaining assistance.

Thither we resolved to go; yet before setting out we turned back to look once more on the sea, still raging in mad fury. Not a trace of our saviour boat appeared, not a sail in sight, though the day before (a day that now seemed a year ago) there had been many. Ten large vessels, part belonging to the Persian coast, part to the Omanee, had gone down besides our own, close to the Sowadah rocks, that very night; three, as I afterwards learned, perished with every soul on board; from one alone the entire crew escaped; the rest lost, some more, some less; we had, at any rate, companions in misfortune. Gazing on the ocean, every one made aloud the ordinary resolution of shipwrecked sailors never to attempt the faithless element

again; a resolution kept, I doubt not, as steadily as most such,—that is, for a fortnight or three weeks.

[It will suffice to say, in conclusion, that the shipwrecked party were hospitably received by the Sultan, but that Palgrave was attacked by typhus fever, and forced to give up his projected journey through Oman. On his recovery he returned to Syria, whence he had set out.]

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

[A record of travels would be highly incomplete were there not included a description of Jerusalem, that city to which the feet of pilgrims have been for ages turned, and around which the thoughts of so many "true believers" cluster. Yet in selecting such a description we suffer from an embarrassment of riches. It has been so abundantly described that choice becomes very difficult, particularly as we are obliged to tell the story in fair completeness within the brief space we can devote to it. The selection given is from Eliot Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross," the work of a distinguished writer, and which has been very popular. The writer was born in Ireland in 1810, and lost his life in the wreck of the ship "Amazon" in 1852. He was the author of various works of history, biography, and fiction. Our account begins where the travellers approached Jerusalem, coming from Jaffa.]

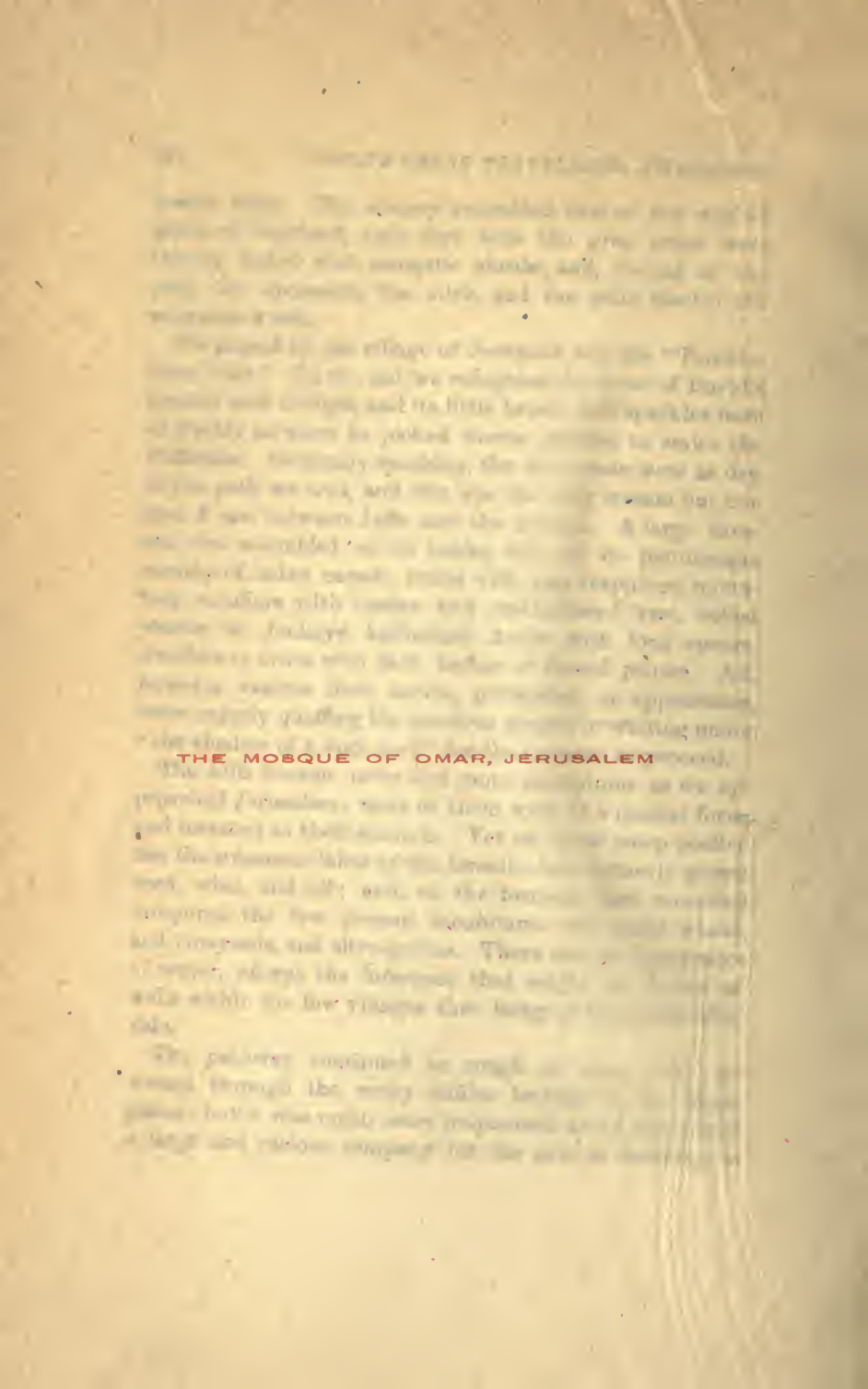
HENCEFORTH our path necessitated one perpetual climb, scramble, or slide: slippery rocks, yawning into deep fissures, or so round and smooth as to render firm footing impossible, constituted the only road. Yet this has been, for four thousand years, the highway between Jerusalem and the western plains that border on the sea. Chariots never could have been used here, and it would be impossible for cavalry to act, or even to advance against a

hostile force. The scenery resembled that of the wildest glens of Scotland, only that here the gray crags were thickly tufted with aromatic shrubs, and, instead of the pine, the sycamore, the olive, and the palm shaded the mountain's side.

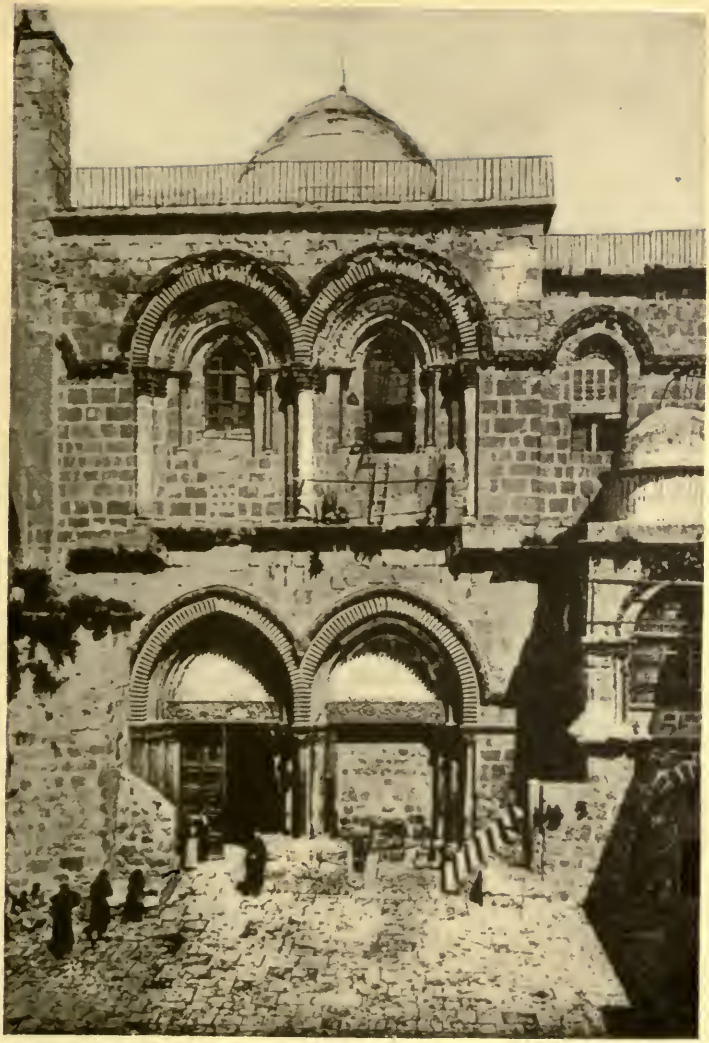
We passed by the village of Jeremiah and the "Terebinthine Vale." In the last we recognize the scene of David's combat with Goliath, and its little brook still sparkles here as freshly as when he picked thence pebbles to smite the Philistine. Generally speaking, the river-beds were as dry as the path we trod, and this was the only stream but one that I saw between Jaffa and the Jordan. A large caravan was assembled on its banks, with all its picturesque variety of laden camels, mules with gay trappings, mountain cavaliers with turban and embroidered vest, veiled women on donkeys, half-naked Arabs with long spears, dwellers in cities with dark kaftan or furred pelisse. All, however various their nation, profession, or appearance, were eagerly quaffing the precious stream or waiting under "the shadow of a high rock" for the caravan to proceed.

The hills became more and more precipitous as we approached Jerusalem; most of them were of a conical form, and terraced to their summit. Yet on these steep acclivities the strenuous labor of the Israelite had formerly grown corn, wine, and oil; and, on the terraces that remained uninjured, the few present inhabitants still plant wheat, and vineyards, and olive-groves. There was no appearance of water, except the inference that might be drawn of wells within the few villages that hung on the mountains' side.

The pathway continued as rough as ever, while we wound through the rocky defiles leading to the upper plains; but it was much more frequented, and I had joined a large and various company for the sake of listening to



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM



their talk about the city that now absorbed every other interest. At each acclivity we surmounted we were told that the next would reveal to us the object of our destination; and at length, as we emerged upon a wide and sterile plain, the leading pilgrims sank upon their knees, the most contagious shout of enthusiasm I ever heard burst from each traveller, and every man of that large company —Arab, Italian, Greek, and Englishman—exclaimed, each in his own tongue, "El Khuds!" "Gerusalemma!" "Hagiopolis!" "The Holy City!"

It was, indeed, Jerusalem; and had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly and with intenser interest. . . .

Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a most striking one. A brilliant and uncheckered sunshine has something mournful in it when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a tree or green spot is visible; no sign of life breaks the solemn silence; no smile of nature's gladness ever varies the stern scenery around. The flaming, monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realize but too faithfully the prophetic picture, "Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron." To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colorless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque domes swell, intermingled with church turrets and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city, to the left, rises the Mount of Olives; and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a background to the striking picture. . . .

I had always pictured to myself Jerusalem as standing

upon lofty hills and visible from afar. It is, on the contrary, on the edge of the wide platform by which we approached from Jaffa, and is commanded by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Scopas, and other eminences, from which it is divided by the deep and narrow ravines called the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Vale of Hinnom. These ravines meet in the form of a Y, the lower part of which describes the precipitous glen through which the brook Kedron flows in winter to the Dead Sea.

The site of the city is in itself unique. Selected originally from the strength of its position only, it offers none of the features usually to be found surrounding the metropolis of a powerful people. No river nor any stream flows by it; no fertility surrounds it; no commerce seems able to approach its walls; no thoroughfare of nations finds it in the way. It seems to stand apart from the world, exempt from its passions, its ambitions, and even its prosperity. Like the high-priest who once ministered in its temple, it stands solitary and removed from all secular influences, and receives only those who come to worship at its mysteries. All the other cities of the earth are frequented by votaries of gain, science, luxury, or glory; Zion offers only privations to the pilgrim's body, solemn reflections for his thoughts, awe for his soul; her palaces are ruins, her hostels are dreary convents, her chief boast and triumph is a Tomb.

[Entering Jerusalem, our traveller found quarters for the night in the Latin convent of the Terra Santa, the richest and most influential in Palestine. He afterwards removed to a private house, under a host whom he humorously depicts.]

The greater part of the time I passed at Jerusalem I was as solitary as in the desert. In the cool of the morning I used to ride up the Mount of Olives, or explore the

glens and caverns, once the refuge places of the Prophets, now the resort of robbers and outlaws. If I had been reconnoitring for Titus I could not have made myself more familiar with every feature of the doomed city than solitude and curiosity conspired to make me during these frequent rambles. Towards noon I was driven by the heat to take shelter in my apartments, which I shall describe, as affording a specimen of the houses of Jerusalem. I passed only one night in the dreary hospice of the Terra Santa, and the next evening found myself, on my return from a distant ride, the tenant of Abou Habib, in the Via Dolorosa.

He was a portly old Christian, very like Lablache in the garb of Figaro, but that a long robe of brown silk enveloped his person, and a capacious turban his broad brow. He could speak but few words of Italian, and the gesticulations with which he endeavored to express some difficult emotion in Arabic were irresistibly ludicrous. He piqued himself on his cookery, and was continually inventing some new abomination of grease and rice to tempt my appetite. There was a hospitality about the old fellow, notwithstanding his reputed avaricious propensities, that prevented me from ever scrutinizing his bills. If he made the most of his guests in one respect, he also did it in every other.

My servant was quite superseded in the culinary department. As soon as I rose in the morning it was Abou Habib who presented my coffee; when I came in from riding, pipe and coffee were handed by Abou Habib; and in a few moments rissoles in vine-leaves, or pieces of pilau in cucumbers, with a broiled fowl and a flask of Vino d'Oro, were presented by Abou Habib. If I clapped my hands throughout the day, the same portly figure presented itself; if I fell asleep on the divan, I found him fanning

away the flies; at dinner he was at once cook and butler; in the evening he was killing chickens while he whistled a tune, or plucking them as he chanted some unintelligible old song; he even climbed the house-top to offer my pipe, and at length actually took to grooming my horses.

The entrance to this house of hospitality was by a narrow flight of stone steps leading out of the Via Dolorosa; a door opened thence into a court-yard, where my horses were stabled in an enclosure and picketed to the wall by the fetlock; a corridor, in which there were doors leading to a kitchen on one side and sleeping-rooms on the other, connected this outer with an inner court, shaded by a few lemon- and cypress-trees. In this were my apartments, consisting of a sleeping-room and a large wainscoted chamber, surrounded with a divan and diversified with a variety of shelves, presses, and cupboards. Opposite were the sleeping-apartments of my host, his buxom wife, and her blooming sister. These women seemed to lead a life of perfect idleness, for the indefatigable Abou Hahib was all in all, and monopolized all the offices of the establishment, even to dressing, in more senses than one, a young son of his, who was the plague of the household.

My host was civil and humble, even to servility; but the female members of his family appeared to be as free from constraint as they were from forwardness. During a short but severe illness they attended me with the greatest kindness, and afterwards gave me lessons in Arabic, and folding turbans, and other Eastern accomplishments. . . . It was pleasant, when evening fell, as I lay on the divan and looked upon the clear, bright sky, against which the cypresses trembled in the night breeze, to hear the low, sweet, plaintive voices in which these Eastern women sang the songs of their historic land. Hebron was their native

place, and they were Christians, though they had never heard of the Bible, but the name of the Koran was familiar to them.

Their dress in the house consisted of a close-fitting tunic, buttoned from beneath the bosom for some distance down, thence open to allow free motion to their limbs, that were clothed with very full, loose trousers, tied at the ankle, and falling over the slippered foot. The bosom was generally open, or but partly enclosed by the crape garment within; a light turban or a handkerchief of Damascus silk covered the head, from which the rich hair flowed free, or was plaited into two long braids. In the streets the Christian women wear the *yashmak*, or veil across the face, as the Moslems do, but in the house it is entirely laid aside. The women of all religions pass much of their time on the house-tops, peeping through the circular tiles that are built into a wall so as to admit the air yet conceal the inhabitants of each roof.

[From this digression concerning private life in Jerusalem we return to our traveller's description of the city.]

I rode forth to make a circuit of the city, "to walk round about her, and mark well her battlements." Sadly has all been changed since this proud challenge was spoken, yet the walls are still towering and imposing in their effect. They vary in height from twenty to sixty feet, according to the undulations of the ground, and are everywhere in good repair. The columns and architraves, as old at least as the Roman-conquered city, that are worked into these walls instead of ruder stones, bear eloquent testimony to the different nature of their predecessors. A bridle-path leads close to their base all round; the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat yawn suddenly beneath them on the west, south, and north, separating them from

Mount Gihon, the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the Mount of Olives.

These hills are utterly barren, and lonely as fear can make them. Though within gunshot of the city, robberies are here committed with impunity, and few people venture to leave the walls without being well armed and attended. The deep gloom of the Valley of Hinnom; the sterility of all around; the silence and desolation so intense, yet so close to the city; the sort of memory with which I could trace each almost familiar spot, from the Tower of Hippicus to the Hill of Scopas, made this the most interesting excursion I ever undertook. Now we look down upon the Pool and Valley of Gihon from the summit of Mount Zion; now upon the Vale of Hinnom, with the Pool of Siloam, and Aceldama beyond the brook; now over Mount Moriah, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat beneath, and the village of Siloam on the opposite side, scattered along the banks where Kedron used to flow. Then, passing through the Turkish cemetery and over the brook Kedron, we come to the venerable garden of Gethsemane, in which, say the legends, still stand the olive-trees that sheltered Christ.

This garden is only a small grove, occupying perhaps two acres of ground, but it is one of the best authenticated scenes of interest about Jerusalem. From it a steep and rocky path leads to the three summits of the Mount of Olives, on the loftiest of which stands the Church of the Ascension. An Armenian priest admitted me into the sacred enclosure, motioned to a little monk to lead about my horse, and led the way in silence to the roof of the church. From hence is the most interesting, if not the most striking, view in the world.

From such a summit might the great leader of the people have viewed the land which was to be the reward of their desert wanderings. From it is laid bare every

fibre of the great heart of Palestine. The atmosphere is like a crystal lens, and every object in the Holy City is as clear as if it lay within a few yards, instead of a mile's distance. Each battlement upon those war-worn walls, each wild flower that clusters over them; the dogs prowling about the waste places among the ruins and cactus and cypress; the turbaned citizens slowly moving in the streets; all these are recognizable almost as clearly as the prominent features of the city.

The eminence called Mount Moriah lies nearest to our view, just above the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat. The city wall passes over the centre of it, embracing a wide enclosure, studded with cypresses and cedars, in the centre of which stands the magnificent Mosque of Omar. This is of a very light, fantastic architecture, bristling with points, and little spires, and minarets, many of which have gilded crescents that flash and gleam in the sunshine; while the various groups of Moslems, seated on bright carpets, or slowly wandering among the groves, give life and animation to the scene.

The mosque occupies the site of the Temple, and is held holy by the Moslem as the place where Abraham offered Isaac to be a sacrifice. To the left of the mosque enclosure within the walls is a space covered with rubbish and jungles of the prickly pear; then part of the Hill of Zion, and David's Tower. To the right of the enclosure is the Pool of Bethesda, beyond which St. Stephen's Gate affords entrance to the Via Dolorosa, a steep and winding street, along which Christ bore the Cross in his ascent to Calvary. To the right of this street, and towards the north, stands the hill of Acra, on which Salem, the most ancient part of the city, was built, they say, by Melchisedek. This hill is enclosed by the walls of the modern town; but the hill of Bezetha lies yet farther to the

right, and was enclosed within the walls that the Romans stormed. Beyond Bezetha stands the Hill of Scopas, whence from Titus gazed upon Jerusalem the day before its destruction, and wept for the sake of the beautiful city. . . .

Beneath us is the Garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Hinnom with its Tophet, and the Vale of Jehoshaphat with its brook Kedron, which meets the waters of Siloam at the Well of Job. The Tombs of the Kings, of Nehemiah, of Absalom, and of the Judges, lie before us; the caves of the Prophets everywhere pierce the rocks, that have so often resounded to the war-cry of the Chaldean, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Crusader. Beyond the city spreads the Vale of Rephaim, with Bethlehem in the distance; every rock, and hill, and valley that is visible bears some name that has rung in history. And then the utter desolation that everywhere prevails,—as if it was all over with that land, and the "rocks had indeed fallen, and the hills indeed had covered" the mighty, the beautiful, and the brave, who once dwelt there in prosperity and peace. No flocks, no husbandmen, nor any living thing is there, except a group of timid travellers—turbaned figures, and veiled women, and a file of camels—winding along the precipitous pathway under the shadows of the palm-tree.

Descending from the Mount of Olives, I re-entered the city by St. Stephen's Gate, where Turkish soldiers constantly keep guard; turning to the left, I visited the Pool of Bethesda, and then wandered slowly over the Via Dolorosa, in which is pointed out each spot where the Saviour fell under the burden of the Cross, as he bore it to Calvary along this steep and rugged way.

In after-days I impatiently traversed the squalid city, with a monk for my guide, in search of its various localities of traditionary sanctity; but I will not ask the reader to stoop to such a labor. My monkish cicerone pointed out

to me where Dives lived, where Lazarus lay, where the cock crowed or roosted that warned Peter of his crime, and even where the blessed Virgin used to wash her son's linen. It is difficult to speak of such things gravely, and yet I would not have one light feeling or expression intermingled with the solemn subjects of which this chapter attempts to treat. . . .

The character of the city within corresponds with that of the country without. Most of it is very solitary and silent; echo only answers to your horse's tread; and frequent waste places, among which the wild dog prowls, convey an indescribable impression of desolation. It is not these waste places alone that give such an air of loneliness to the city, but many of the streets themselves, dark, dull, and mournful-looking, seem as if the Templars' armed tread was the last to which they had resounded. The bazaars and places of business are confined to one small quarter of the city; everywhere else you generally find yourself alone. No one is even there to point out your way; and you come unexpectedly upon the Pool of Bethesda, or wander among the vaulted ruins of the Hospitallers' courts, without knowing it.

The remains of the ancient city that meet your eye are singularly few; here and there a column is let into the wall, or you find that the massive and uneven pavement is of costly marble; but, except the Pools of Hezekiah and Bethesda, the Tower of Hippicus, and some few other remains, preserved on account of their utility, there is little of art to connect the memory with the past.

The chief place of interest in Jerusalem is the Holy Sepulchre, whose site I believe to be as real as the panorama that the priests have gathered round it must needs be false. You descend, by a narrow lane and a flight of steps, into a small enclosure, where a guard of Turkish soldiers is

stationed to keep peace among the Christians. After paying tribute to this infidel police, you enter into a large circular hall, supported by a colonnade of eighteen pillars, and surrounded by a large dome, in the centre of which is a pavilion containing the Holy Sepulchre. The whole of this church has been so frequently described that I shall only mention that within its walls are collected a panorama of all the events that took place at the crucifixion; the place where Christ was scourged; the hole in the rock where the Cross stood; the fissure where the rock was rent in twain; the place where the soldiers cast lots for the garments; the stone whereon the body was anointed; and, lastly, the grave wherein it was laid.

[This monkish topography has found few believers, the monks themselves, of whom there are at least a thousand in Palestine, being in greater part, if not wholly, "utterly illiterate and unenlightened," while those of different sects manifest towards each other a spirit of hostility the very reverse of Christ-like.]

The warehouse of relics and pilgrim ornaments at the Latin convent is furnished with such a stock as would seem inexhaustible, were it not that these articles are actually a subject of extensive merchandise in Europe, and, like paper currency, acquire all their value by passing through the hands of those spiritual dealers. There are about seven hundred persons employed at Bethlehem in the manufacture of beads, crosses, mother-of-pearl carvings, etc. The monks receive these as raw material; but having been rubbed on the Sepulchre, and having had mass said over them, they assume the value that makes them sought for by the devotees of the south of Europe. . . .

The present population [of Jerusalem] of about twelve thousand souls [now said to be about twenty-five thousand] find a very scanty subsistence, and have no com-

merce whatever to assist them. Alms and pilgrims are the principal, if not the only, sources of wealth. The Jews, Latins, and Greeks are entirely dependent on such resources.

BAALBEC, THE CITY OF THE SUN.

WILLIAM C. PRIME.

From "Tent Life in the Holy Land," copyright, 1857, by Harper & Bros.

[The Prime brothers have all been earnest and intelligent travellers. They are, or were, three in number,—Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, editor of the New York *Observer*, Rev. Edward D. G. Prime, also an editor and proprietor of the above-named paper, and William Cooper Prime, a lawyer and the author of "Boat-Life in Egypt and Nubia" and "Tent-Life in the Holy Land," from the latter of which the present selection is made. We have chosen from his interesting work a description of Baalbec, one of the most remarkable ruins the world possesses.]

FROM Sulghiyeh to Baalbec the road was picturesque and wild. Sometimes we went along precipitous hill-sides, looking down a thousand feet into the ravines, through which loud brawling streams went swiftly towards the Mediterranean, and at others we traced the course of such streams with the hills far above us.

We lunched in a deep, warm, sunny valley, cooling our wine with snow that we had brought from the high ridge of the mountain as we crossed it, such were the changes of climate from hour to hour. Our route lay through the mountains of the Anti-Lebanon range, from which we at length emerged on the great plain that lies between it and the true Lebanon, whose lofty and grand hills, snow-capped and magnificent, now towered in the western sky. As we came out on the plain the grand ruins of Baalbec

were visible before us, and we rode on at a rapid pace towards them.

If all the ruins of ancient Rome that are in and around the modern city were gathered together in one group, they would not equal the extent of the ruins of Baalbec. The remark may seem strange, or even extravagant, but I believe it to be literally true. And yet a mystery hangs about these mighty relics which time will never unfold. Who laid up these vast walls, who carved these stately columns, who walked these halls and worshipped in these temples? is almost as dark a question as who built the pyramids of Sakkara, or who slept in the sarcophagus of Cheops. Standing in the Temple of the Sun, and looking up to the sky through its shattered roof, I asked the question of the blue air that knows so many mysteries, and received the answer of the sky.

Somewhere beyond or this side of the blue—somewhere there are immortals who know it all, whose knees once pressed these marble floors with the devotion of worshippers, whose voices once echoed in these arches in hymns of praise. Altars and worshippers are dust, and the sun, day by day, looks down through the broken roof on the deserted and ruinous fane that they built to his worship, and laughs with his soft summer laugh at the memory of their wind-scattered incense.

And there to-day it seems not strange that men should worship the sun, who, with the same smile, looks down on the ruined temple as he looked down on the temple-builders thousands of years ago.

There is something in the heart of man that worships the immutable more than the invisible. The creature of the day reaches out his arms and longs to embrace that which was born a thousand years ago, and adores that which will last a thousand years to come. But that which

changes not as the years change; that which stands up firm above the shifting sands of the desert of life; that which looks down from a clear sky beyond driving mists; he bows down before that, and of that he begs immortality. For, after all, the innate religion of the human heart, of which so much is written and so much said, is the desire for eternity of existence, which men in a state of nature but guess at and dimly understand. It was not so strange that the men of old times worshipped the sun and stars.

I, too, half worshipped the sky that night, as I sat in my tent-door, under the lofty columns of the Temple of the Sun.

The modern village of Baalbec is situated on the north and east of the great temples, on the level of the plain, above which the latter are elevated. The platform of the temples, which I shall hereafter describe, is bounded on the east by the eastern colonnades of the great Temple of the Sun, which runs along the edge of it, and of which many of the columns and the carved ceiling are now fallen and lying in fragments below, forming an immense mass of ruin. Outside of these our tents were pitched; I had intended to place them within the temple.

As we approached the vast pile and entered the old Saracen wall which surrounded it, I paused in silent wonderment before the ruins. We went in silence around the sustaining wall of the platform on which the ruins stand, looking up at the massive temples that were piled on it. On the north side I found a dark archway, and we all rode into it. It was a long cavern in the platform, built of immense stones, arched overhead; and as we rode into it two or three hundred feet the busts of men looked down on us from the dimly lighted vaults, as if in wonder at this strange entrance of horsemen to their silent abodes.

Returning, we continued around the temple, taking the wall of some fellah's garden at a flying leap on the north-west corner, and so coming down by the other side, where we saw and were astounded by the great stones which have been so frequently described. I had been long familiar with Egyptian grandeur, but I confessed at once that Egypt knew nothing to compare with these. Returning at length to the place at which we had entered the village, I attempted to mount the fallen columns and massive stones, which lay heaped up on the eastern side of the enclosure, and gain access to the temple platform itself. In this I succeeded. The horse Mohammed would go into the second-floor window of a New York house if I rode him at it seriously. He leaped from stone to stone like a cat, and climbed up forty feet of *débris* that I could with great difficulty have accomplished myself. I found a better path down, but not practicable for the loaded mules, and accordingly I directed the men to pitch the tents under the eastern colonnade of the great temple.

Certainly I could not have desired a spot more picturesque. A stream of clear water ran close behind us, and when the moon rose, late at night, and shone on the grand columns and its gray old walls, the scene was sufficiently grand.

I shall not attempt to sketch the supposed history of Heliopolis. That it was a city of early Phœnician origin I think may be taken for granted, from the name Baalbec, and that it was greatly beautified in the days of the Roman emperors may be inferred from the present magnificent ruins that are evidently of that period. Thus much we may safely affirm, but more than this must be conjecture.

If the reader will bear with me a little, I will endeavor to give him such a description of the ruins as will enable him to form some idea of their magnitude, and conjecture

almost as well as those who have visited them the name and character of their founders.

The site of these ruins was originally a plain, extending miles to the north and to the south. They are situated a half-mile from the eastern side of the valley. On this plain a platform has been elevated by building a sustaining wall of immense stone, and arched galleries or passages, as well as arched chambers, on which earth has been heaped and levelled. The platform thus erected is of irregular shape, one part in the main being a large rectangular parcel, and another hexagonal, extending northeastward from the first, and yet another rectangular piece against this. The height of the upper level of the platform from the plain may be thirty feet, sufficient to command a view limited only by the distant mountains of Lebanon.

On this platform were erected numerous splendid temples, courts, chapels, altars, and places of study and of prayer. In the days of its glory it can hardly be doubted that it was, with one exception, the most magnificent temple in the world. Not, indeed, so massive, grand, and imposing as Karnak, but in its airy beauty, the richness of its Corinthian columns, the splendor of its high cornices and friezes, and the light, heaven-aspiring character of all its architecture, it must have been the most brilliant and beautiful of all the places of heathen worship.

Commencing our view with the outside of the platform wall, at the southwest corner, we find the great stones which form the most celebrated feature of Baalbec.

Of these there are just twenty, and, as I have seen hitherto no full and accurate account of these stones, although many imperfect and inaccurate have been published, I shall not apologize for stopping to describe them.

Though they are but twenty very rough stones, they

are, nevertheless, among the most interesting relics of antiquity in the world.

They are in two rows, one on the south side of the great platform and the other on the west. Commencing with the row on the west side, and going southward, I found ten stones, measuring in order as follows (the first one is comparatively small, and I have lost the measurement): the next, 30 feet, then 31, 30.6, 30.6, 32, 30.6, 30, 32.4, 30.6. Each stone is thirteen feet high and ten feet six inches thick. The thickness varies an inch or two.

This wall stands alone, and has never been carried up. There is no structure on it, but the stones are gray and time-worn. A door-way has been cut through one of these stones, which admitted me to the space between it and the sustaining wall of the platform, which is built of bevelled stone. This space is grass-grown and level, and from it I climbed to the top of the wall of large stones. They were smoothly cut, fitting exactly against each other, but at the point of junction of each two stones they were notched on the front in a peculiar manner, and for purposes which I shall hereafter mention. The notch was about four feet long up and down the line of junction, about a foot wide and eight inches deep at the top, running to a point, and out to the edge of the stones at the bottom of the notch.

This row of stones continues to the southwest corner of the platform, which, by a rough wall, is projected so as to rest on the corner-stone and the next one to it, and on these a high sustaining wall is built. The height on this corner of the whole platform must be about forty feet. The corner-stone in continuation of this wall is of the same class as the others, but not so large. It is about thirteen feet each way. But after turning the corner, we find that this stone projects about two feet beyond the line of the

wall above it, and is bevelled or worked off to the face of that wall. Then follow six stones, precisely similar to those we have described, whose entire length is one hundred and eighty-nine feet. But these also project as does the corner-stone, and are worked off from about four feet below their upper sides to the line of the wall above it, instead of having a perpendicular face with the peculiar notches I have described in the others.

But the wall above these last six stones is the wonder of Baalbec and the world. It consists of three stones, exactly covering the six below them. Their length is, therefore, one hundred and eighty-nine feet, and I measured them three times without being able to detect a difference in them, though there may be an inch or two as described by others. The height of these stones, on the face, is thirteen feet, just that of the stones on which they rest, and the depth must be guessed at. In the plans of Casas, which I have before me, it is given at sixteen feet four inches (French, of course), and it may be fairly estimated at fifteen feet.

It is true that on these stones the wall of the platform is continued up. But that wall has manifestly nothing to do with the original design of the layers of this cyclopean structure. There is nothing else in or around Baalbec which bears any relation or resemblance to these stones, or indicates the existence of the same grandeur of design and power of execution.

I say there is nothing like it in or around Baalbec. I am wrong. In the quarry, a half-mile from here, lies a stone sixty-eight feet some inches long, seventeen feet wide, and fourteen feet six inches in thickness. The end of this has not been trimmed off. This done, would reduce it probably to the average length of the three now in position.

There can be no doubt, it seems to me, that this stone

was to be placed in position on the wall at the western side, in continuation of the three on the south, connected with them by a corner-stone. The notches I have spoken of were the commencement of the working down of the upper part of these stones, which were left solid until the large stones were in position on them, when they were to be sloped up to them, as I have described those under the three great stones.

But I apprehend no one can see any indication that the other works at Baalbec are of the same age or by the same persons with these gigantic rocks. The contrast between them and the Roman wall above is greater than between the Roman and the later Saracen walls laid upon them when Baalbec was made a fortress.

Who, then, built these two walls? Who cut these twenty stones, sole memorials of a work which was gigantic in its design beyond any other work on the face of the earth, but abandoned in its very commencement?

I have no doubt that they are of an age long preceding the Roman Empire, an age of giant thoughts, such as planned the Pyramids, or the mighty columns and architecture of Karnak. The Romans found them here, the evidence of an unknown race and a forgotten power, and on them built their gorgeous temples. Storms beat on the airy structures of the Romans, and they stood firm and bright in the succeeding sunshine. But earthquakes came and shook them down, and the works of the giants laughed at the earthquakes, and stood firm while shattered capitals and architraves were rained down on and around them.

In building their platform the Romans, or whoever continued the works at Baalbec, used the south wall, but preferred not to use the western, leaving it exposed, and, apparently, useless, running their wall about twenty feet inside of it. This wall is of bevelled stone, and may be of

more ancient date than the Roman temples. Of this it is impossible, at present, to affirm anything. I confess that my subsequent examination of the galleries and chambers under the platform led me to think that the immediate predecessors of the Romans were men of intermediate power, more like the hewers of the twenty stones, but not nearly so great in their ideas.

On the highest part of the platform, in the southwest corner of it, stood a grand temple, of which only six columns, supporting part of the architrave, now remain. These columns are each seven feet six inches in diameter at the base, and are alone left of seventy that formed the peristyle of a temple of the most elegant Corinthian style. They are visible throughout the extent of the plain of Baalbec, over which the temple must have shone with great brilliancy. The floor of this temple appears to have been terraced up towards the south side, as it ascends in that direction, and the pavement remains. It is a remarkable fact that, under the temple, the platform has, so far as now known, no chambers or galleries. An excavation would, doubtless, open interesting rooms. I tried various methods of obtaining access, but all in vain, though I am satisfied that such exist, and, doubtless, judging from such as I found elsewhere, of great splendor.

In front of this temple was a large quadrangular court, surrounded by exquisite little semicircular temples, all gorgeously carved in florid Corinthian, and each having five dead windows or recesses for statues, and small semicircular seats or niches under them. The latter are strangely and beautifully carved; one has an eagle among stars forming the top, another a winged globe; many have scallop-shells, beautifully cut.

This quadrangle was filled with various buildings, of which the ruins lie in it. It opens into a hexagonal court

also surrounded with niches for statues, and this into a grand portico, flanked by two square towers, of which the ancient form is totally lost by the Saracen changes. I presume that the grand steps to the temple led up from the plain here, but they are now gone, nor is there any trace of them.

Returning to the great temple, and descending to a lower level of the platform, on the east, we came to the great Temple of the Sun, the walls of which are still standing.

It had a peristyle of thirty-six columns, plain shafts with elegant Corinthian capitals, and four inner columns fluted, making forty in all. These are mostly fallen and broken to pieces, but on the northwest side nine remain standing, and support the ceiling of the peristyle. This ceiling is composed of immense stones, elaborately carved in compartments, with fruits, flowers, and busts of gods and goddesses.

Entering the temple by a hole in the Saracen wall that closes it, we find a grand door-way which was square, the top being trilithic, two stones resting on the pilasters or side posts, the middle one keyed in between these. This middle stone has been shaken from its position, and the outer two, opening a little, have let it slip down, but it is caught by the width of its upper part, and thus hangs, threatening destruction to whoever passes under it. On the under side of this stone is carved an eagle, whose wings, or the tips of them, are left on the other stones. The tips touch two cupids, one of which scaled off when the eagle fell. The other was battered by the early Christians, whose vandalish propensities are so noticeable in Egyptian temples. The eagle's bill holds a wreath and bundle of flowers. Within, the temple is battered and bruised, and defaced with the names of hundreds of modern travellers. Still it is gorgeous, and was glorious. The carving of the

RUINS OF TEMPLE AT BAALBEC

oak-leaves and acorns, of the delicate bead-work, and of the intricate and innumerable patterns and ornaments, surpasses all the work in stone that I have seen elsewhere. Wreaths, festoons, and garlands are wrought all over the walls with the utmost skill and taste.

On the east side of this temple there are yet standing four of the columns which support a very perfect specimen of the frieze, but no description can convey an idea of the elaborate nature of it. Bulls' and lions' heads alternate with oak-leaves and grapes, and various other patterns.

The top of this architrave is disfigured by a rude stone wall, piled on it by the Saracens, the object of which I am at a loss to guess at.

There are many other ruins of buildings on the great platform and connected with it, but I pass from them to the vaults below. I postponed an examination of these until the third day of our visit, having devoted a part of the previous day to finding an entrance under the great temple, which I have already stated was without result.

There are three great galleries under the platform. Two running from north to south, and one connecting the two. Besides these, there are a large number of chambers, all built in the same massive style. The lower rows of stones are very large,—much larger than anything seen in the Roman structures above ground. The arches are, in many cases, evidently built on a plan quite different from that which was adopted in laying these stones.

The only room of special beauty to which I obtained access appeared never to have been visited before by any traveller. Walking up the eastern gallery, I observed a sort of window, into which I mounted by Whitely's shoulders. It was all dark. I lighted a piece of paper with a match and threw it in. It fell ten feet, and showed me a hard

floor for an instant, on which I jumped, without stopping to calculate how I should get back again.

I lit a candle, and found on the ground a considerable quantity of straws, blown in through the hole at which I had entered. Gathering these together, I called Whitely and Moreright to come in. They came as I had, helping each other. Then I touched my candle to the pile, and it flashed up brilliantly, long enough to show us a lofty square chamber with arched ceiling elaborately carved in the style of the ceiling of the peristyle of the Temple of the Sun. There were places for statues on the side-walls, and a doorway that once opened to the outer ground, but now closed with large stone, probably in Saracen times. Thus much I saw and the fire vanished. We helped each other out, and walked up and down these vast subterranean halls for nearly two hours before we were called away.

The eastern gallery opened up at its extremity directly into the platform near the smaller temple, and appears to have been used for processions. Frequent busts appear in the key-stones of the arch, but all of them are so much defaced as to be unrecognizable.

I have not pretended to give a full account of the Roman ruins in Baalbec. Enough is accomplished if I have given the reader a general idea of their grandeur and extent.

DAMASCUS, THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Few travellers have been so successful in eliciting the poetry from nature, and investing the beauties of scenery with a charm derived from the mind of the observer, as Bayard Taylor, one of the most favorite of modern travellers. Aside from his notable works of European

travel, he made journeys of exploration in Africa and Asia, the story of which is told in three volumes, of which we have here to do with the second, "The Lands of the Saracen; or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain." From this work we select an account of his visit to Damascus, and of the famous approach to that most ancient of Oriental cities.]

IN the morning we left the baggage to take care of itself and rode on to Damascus as fast as our tired horses could carry us. The plain, at first barren and stony, became enlivened with vineyards and fields of wheat as we advanced. Arabs were everywhere at work, ploughing and directing the watercourses. The belt of living green, the bower in which the great city, the Queen of the Orient, hides her beauty, drew nearer and nearer, stretching out a crescent of foliage for miles on either hand that gradually narrowed and received us into its cool and fragrant heart. We sank into a sea of olive-, pomegranate-, orange-, plum-, apricot-, walnut-, and plane-trees, and were lost. The sun sparkled in the rolling surface above; but we swam through the green depths below his reach, and thus, drifted on through miles of shade, entered the city. . . .

Damascus is considered by many travellers as the best remaining type of an Oriental city. Constantinople is semi-European; Cairo is fast becoming so; but Damascus, away from the highways of commerce, seated alone between the Lebanon and the Syrian Desert, still retains, in its outward aspect and in the character of its inhabitants, all the pride and fancy and fanaticism of the times of the Caliphs. With this judgment, in general terms, I agree; but not to its ascendency in every respect over Cairo.

True, when you behold Damascus from the Salahiyeh, the last slope of the Anti-Lebanon, it is the realization of all that you have dreamed of Oriental splendor,—the world has no picture more dazzling. It is Beauty carried to the

Sublime, as I have felt when overlooking some boundless forest of palms within the tropics. From the hill, whose ridges heave behind you till in the south they rise to the snowy head of Mount Hermon, the great Syrian plain stretches away to the Euphrates, broken at distances of ten and fifteen miles by two detached mountain-chains. In a terrible gorge at your side the river Barrada, the ancient Pharpar, forces its way to the plain, and its waters, divided into twelve different channels, make all between you and those blue island hills of the desert one great garden, the boundaries of which your vision can barely distinguish. Its longest diameter cannot be less than twenty miles. You look down upon a world of foliage, and fruit, and blossoms, whose hue, by contrast with the barren mountains and the yellow rim of the desert which encloses it, seems brighter than all other gardens in the world. Through its centre, following the course of the river, lies Damascus; a line of white walls, topped with domes and towers and tall minarets, winding away for miles through the green sea. Nothing less than a city of palaces, whose walls are marble and whose doors are ivory and pearl, could keep up the enchantment of that distant view.

We rode on for an hour through the gardens before entering the gate. The fruit-trees, of whatever variety,—walnut, olive, apricot, or fig,—were the noblest of their kind. Roses and pomegranates in bloom starred the dark foliage, and the scented jasmine overhung the walls. But as we approached the city the view was obscured by high mud walls on either side of the road, and we only caught glimpses now and then of the fragrant wilderness.

The first street we entered was low and mean, the houses of clay. Following this, we came to an uncovered bazaar with rude shops on either side protected by mats stretched

in front and supported by poles. Here all kinds of common stuffs and utensils were sold, and the street was filled with crowds of Fellahs and Desert Arabs. Two large sycamores shaded it, and the Seraglio of the Pasha of Damascus, a plain two-story building, faced the entrance of the main bazaar, which branched off into the city.

We turned into this, and after passing through several small bazaars stocked with dried fruits, pipes and pipe-bowls, groceries, and all the primitive wares of the East, reached a large passage covered with a steep wooden roof, and entirely occupied by venders of silk-stuffs. Out of this we passed through another, devoted to saddles and bridles; then another, full of spices, and at last reached the grand bazaar, where all the richest stuffs of Europe and the East were displayed in the shops.

We rode slowly along through the cool twilight, crossed here and there by long pencils of white light, falling through apertures in the roof, and illuminating the gay turbans and silk caftans of the lazy merchants. But out of this bazaar, at intervals, opened the grand gate of a khan, giving us a view of its marble court, its fountains, and the dark arches of its store-rooms; or the door of a mosque, with its mosaic floor and pillared corridor. The interminable lines of bazaars, with their atmospheres of spice and fruit and fragrant tobacco; the hushed tread of the slippered crowds; the plash of falling fountains and the bubbling of innumerable narghilehs; the picturesque merchants and their customers, no longer in the big trousers of Egypt, but the long caftans and abas of Syria; the absence of Frank faces and dresses,—in all these there was the true spirit of the Orient, and, so far, we were charmed with Damascus.

At the hotel in the Soog el-Haràb, or Frank quarter, the illusion was not dissipated. It had once been the home of

some rich merchant. The court into which we were ushered is paved with marble, with a great stone basin, surrounded with vases of flowering plants, in the centre. Two large lemon-trees shade the entrance, and a vine, climbing to the top of the house, makes a leafy arbor over the flat roof. The walls of the house are painted in horizontal bars of blue, white, orange, and white,—a gay grotesqueness of style which does not offend the eye under an Eastern sun. On the southern side of the court is the *liwan*, an arrangement for which the houses of Damascus are noted. It is a vaulted apartment twenty feet high, entirely open towards the court, except a fine-pointed arch at the top, decorated with encaustic ornaments of the most brilliant colors. In front, a tessellated pavement of marble leads to the doors of the chambers on each side. Beyond this is a raised floor covered with matting, and along the farther end a divan, whose piled cushions are the most tempting trap ever set to catch a lazy man. Although not naturally indolent, I find it impossible to resist the fascination of this lounge. Leaning back, cross-legged, against the cushions, with the inseparable pipe in one's hand, the view of the court, the water-basin, the flowers and lemon-trees, the servants and dragomen going back and forth, or smoking their narghilehs in the shade,—all, framed in the beautiful arched entrance, is so perfectly Oriental, so true a tableau from the times of good old Haroun al-Raschid, that one is surprised to find how many hours have slipped away while he has been silently enjoying it.

Opposite the *liwan* is a large room paved with marble, with a handsome fountain in the centre. It is the finest in the hotel, and now occupied by Lord Dalkeith and his friends. Our own room is on the upper floor, and is so rich in decorations that I have not yet finished the study

of them. Along the side, looking down on the court, we have a mosaic floor of white, red, black, and yellow marble. Above this is raised a second floor, carpeted and furnished in European style. The walls for the height of ten feet are covered with wooden panelling, painted with arabesque devices in the gayest colors, and along the top there is a series of Arabic inscriptions in gold. There are a number of niches or open closets in the walls, whose arched tops are adorned with pendent wooden ornaments resembling stalactites, and at the corners of the room the heavy gilded and painted cornice drops into similar grotesque incrustations. A space of bare white wall intervenes between this cornice and the ceiling, which is formed of slim poplar logs, laid side by side, and so covered with paint and with scales and stripes and net-work devices in gold and silver, that one would take them to be clothed with the skins of the magic serpents that guard the Valley of Diamonds. My most satisfactory remembrance of Damascus will be this room.

My walks through the city have been almost wholly confined to the bazaars, which are of immense extent. One can walk for many miles without going beyond the cover of their peaked wooden roofs, and in all this round will find no two precisely alike. One is devoted entirely to soap, another to tobacco, through which you cough and sneeze your way to the bazaar of spices, and delightedly inhale its perfumed air. Then there is the bazaar of sweetmeats; of vegetables; of red slippers; of shawls and caftans; of bakers and ovens; of wooden ware; of jewelry, —a great stone building, covered with vaulted passages; of Aleppo silks; of Baghdad carpets; of Indian stuffs; of coffee; and so on through a seemingly endless variety.

As I have already remarked, along the line of the bazaars are many khans, the resort of merchants from all parts of Turkey and Persia, and even India. They are large,

stately buildings, and some of them have superb gate-ways of sculptured marble. The interior courts are paved with stone, with fountains in the centre, and many are covered with domes, resting on massive pillars. The largest has a roof of nine domes, supported by four grand pillars, which enclose a fountain. The mosques, into which no Christian is allowed to enter, are in general inferior to those of Cairo, but their outer courts are always paved with marble, adorned with fountains, and surrounded by light and elegant corridors. The grand mosque is an imposing edifice, and is said to occupy the site of a former Christian church.

Another pleasant feature of the city is its coffee-shops, which abound in the bazaars and on the outskirts of the gardens, beside the running streams. Those in the bazaars are spacious rooms with vaulted ceilings, divans running around the four walls, and fountains in the centre. During the afternoon they are nearly always filled with Turks, Armenians, and Persians, smoking the narghileh, or water-pipe, which is the universal custom in Damascus. The Persian tobacco, brought here by the caravans from Baghdad, is renowned for this kind of smoking. The most popular coffee-shop is near the citadel, on the banks and over the surface of the Pharpar. It is a rough wooden building, with a roof of straw mats, but the sight and sound of the rushing waters as they shoot away with arrowy swiftness under your feet, the shade of the trees that line the bank, and the cool breeze that always visits the spot, beguile you into a second pipe ere you are aware.

"*El mà, wa el khódra, wa el widj el hàssan*,—water, verdure, and a beautiful face," says an Arab proverb, "are three things which delight the heart," and the Syrians avow that all three are to be found in Damascus. Not

only on the three Sundays of each week, but every day, in the gardens about the city, you may see whole families (and if Jews or Christians, many groups of families) spending the day in the shade, beside the beautiful waters. There are several gardens fitted up purposely for these picnics, with kiosks, fountains, and pleasant seats under the trees. You bring your pipes, your provisions, and the like with you, but servants are in attendance to furnish fire and water and coffee, for which, on leaving, you give a small gratuity. Of all the Damascines I have yet seen, there is not one but declares his city to be the Garden of the World, the Pearl of the Orient, and thanks God and the Prophet for having permitted him to be born and to live in it.

But except the bazaars, the khans, and the baths, of which there are several most luxurious establishments, the city itself is neither so rich nor so purely Saracenic in its architecture as Cairo. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses, which are never more than two low stories in height, are built of sun-dried bricks, coated with plaster. I miss the solid piles of stone, the elegant door-ways, and, above all, the exquisite hanging balconies of carved wood which meet one in the old streets of Cairo. Damascus is the representative of all that is gay, brilliant, and picturesque in Oriental life; but for stately magnificence, Cairo, and, I suspect, Baghdad, is its superior.

We visited the other day the houses of some of the richest Jews and Christians. Old Abou-Ibrahim, the Jewish servant of the hotel, accompanied and introduced us. It is customary for travellers to make these visits, and the families, far from being annoyed, are flattered by it. The exteriors of the houses are mean; but after threading a narrow passage, we emerged into a court rivalling in profusion of ornament and rich contrast of colors one's early idea of the Palace of Aladdin. The floors and fountains

are all of marble mosaic; the arches of the *liwan* glitter with gold, and the walls bewilder the eye with the intricacy of their adornments.

In the first house we were received by the family in a room of precious marbles, with niches in the walls resembling grottoes of silver stalactites. The cushions of the divan were of the richest silk, and a chandelier of Bohemian crystal hung from the ceiling. Silver narghilehs were brought to us, and coffee was served in heavy silver *zerfs*. The lady of the house was a rather corpulent lady of about thirty-five, and wore a semi-European robe of embroidered silk and lace, with full trousers gathered at the ankles, and yellow slippers. Her black hair was braided, and fastened at the end with golden ornaments, and the light scarf twisted around her head blazed with diamonds. The lids of her large eyes were stained with *kohl*, and her eyebrows were plucked out and shaved away so as to leave only a thin, arched line, as if drawn with a pencil, above each eye. Her daughter, a girl of fifteen, who bore the genuine Hebrew name of Rachel, had even bigger and blacker eyes than her mother; but her forehead was low, her mouth large, and the expression of her face exceedingly stupid. The father of the family was a middle-aged man, with a well-bred air, and talked with an Oriental politeness which was very refreshing. An English lady, who was of our party, said to him, through me, that if she possessed such a house she would be willing to remain in Damascus. "Why does she leave, then?" he immediately answered; "this is her house, and everything that is in it." Speaking of visiting Jerusalem, he asked me whether it was not a more beautiful city than Damascus. "It is not more beautiful," I said, "but it is more holy," an expression which the whole company received with great satisfaction. . . .

The last visit we paid was to the dwelling of a Maronite,

the richest Christian in Damascus. The house resembled those we had already seen, except that, having been recently built, it was in better condition, and exhibited better taste in the ornaments. No one but the lady was allowed to enter the female apartments, the rest of us being entertained by the proprietor, a man of fifty, and without exception the handsomest and most dignified person of that age I have ever seen. He was a king without a throne, and fascinated me completely by the noble elegance of his manner. In any country but the Orient I should have pronounced him incapable of an unworthy thought; here, he may be exactly the reverse.

Although Damascus is considered the oldest city in the world, the date of its foundation going beyond tradition, there are very few relics of antiquity in or near it. In the bazaar were three large pillars, supporting half the pediment, which are said to have belonged to the Christian Church of St. John, but, if so, that church must have been originally a Roman temple. Part of the Roman walls and one of the city gates remain; and we saw the spot where, according to tradition, Saul was let down from the wall in a basket. There are two localities pointed out as the scene of his conversion, which, from his own account, occurred near the city. I visited a subterranean chapel claimed by the Latin monks to be the cellar of the house of Ananias, in which the apostle was concealed. The cellar is, undoubtedly, of great antiquity; but as the whole quarter was for many centuries inhabited wholly by Turks, it would be curious to know how the monks ascertained which was the house of Ananias. As for the "street called Straight," it would be difficult at present to find any in Damascus corresponding to that epithet.

The famous Damascus blades, so renowned in the time of the Crusaders, are made here no longer. The art has

been lost for three or four centuries. Yet genuine old swords, of the true steel, are occasionally to be found. They are readily distinguished from modern imitations by their clear and silvery ring when struck, and by the finely watered appearance of the blade, produced by its having been first made of woven wire, and then worked over and over again until it attained the requisite temper.

A droll Turk, who is the *shekh ed-dellàl*, or Chief of the Auctioneers, and is nicknamed Abou-Anteeka (the Father of the Antiques), has a large collection of sabres, daggers, pieces of mail, shields, pipes, rings, seals, and other ancient articles. He demands enormous prices, but generally takes about one-third of what he first asks. I have spent several hours in his curiosity shop bargaining for turquoise rings, carbuncles, Persian amulets, and Circassian daggers. While looking over some old swords the other day, I noticed one of exquisite temper, but with a shorter blade than usual. The point had apparently been snapped off in fight, but owing to the excellence of the sword, or the owner's affection for it, the steel had been carefully shaped into a new point. Abou-Anteeka asked five hundred piastres, and I, who had taken a particular fancy to possess it, offered him two hundred in an indifferent way, and then laid it aside to examine other articles. After his refusal to accept my offer I said nothing more, and was leaving the shop, when the old fellow called me back, saying, "You have forgotten your sword,"—which I thereupon took at my own price.

I have shown it to Mr. Wood, the British consul, who pronounced it an extremely fine specimen of Damascus steel; and, on reading the inscription enamelled on the blade, ascertained that it was made in the year of the Hegira 181, which corresponds to A.D. 798. This was during the caliphate of Haroun al-Raschid, and who knows

but the sword may have once flashed in the presence of that great and glorious sovereign,—nay, been drawn by his own hand! Who knows but that the Milan armor of the Crusaders may have shivered its point on the field of Askalon! I kiss the veined azure of thy blade, O Sword of Haroun! I hang the crimson cords of thy scabbard upon my shoulder, and thou shalt henceforth clank in silver music at my side, singing to my ear, and mine alone, thy chants of battle, thy rejoicing songs of slaughter!

THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN.

J. L. PORTER.

[The world is widely strewn with the ruins of man's works of architecture. Throughout the Old World, and in many parts of the New, shattered walls, heaps of *débris*, shapeless mounds, tell where man lived and labored in the far past, vainly trusting that the work of his hands would endure forever. Only in one land which we can recall do his works endure as he left them, only in one realm can we find cities, deserted two or three thousand years ago, with habitations fit to dwell in still. This is the land of "Og, King of Bashan, of the remnant of the giants," whose iron bed was nine cubits long and four cubits broad. This historic land, in the far past, was densely peopled. In Argob, one of its provinces, Jair, a chief of the tribe of Manasseh, took sixty great cities "fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, besides unwalled towns a great many." This realm of Manasseh, in Eastern Palestine, has been little visited by travellers. Its fertile soil is now deserted, its enduring cities are not dwelt in, its luxuriant pastures are trodden only by wandering Arabs. Yet it is amply worth visiting, and we give from the narrative of Rev. J. L. Porter a brief account of some of its marvels.]

THE ancient cities and even the villages of Western Palestine have been almost annihilated; with the exception

of Jerusalem, Hebron, and two or three others, not one stone has been left upon another. In some places we can scarcely discover the spot where a noted city stood, so complete has been the desolation. Even in Jerusalem itself only a very few vestiges of the ancient buildings remain; the Tower of David, portions of the wall of the Temple area, and one or two other fragments,—just enough to form the subject of dispute among antiquaries.

The state of Bashan is totally different: it is literally crowded with towns and large villages; and, though the vast majority of them are deserted, *they are not ruined.* I have more than once entered a *deserted city* in the evening, taken possession of a comfortable house, and spent the night in peace. Many of the houses in the ancient cities of Bashan are as perfect as if only finished yesterday. The walls are sound, the roofs unbroken, the doors, and even the window-shutters, in their places. Let not my readers think that I am transcribing a passage from the "Arabian Nights." I am relating sober facts; I am simply telling what I have seen, and what I purpose more fully to describe.

"But how," you ask me, "can we account for the preservation of ordinary dwellings in a land of ruins? If one of our modern English cities were deserted for a millennium there would scarcely be a fragment of a wall standing." The reply is easy enough. The houses of Bashan are not ordinary houses. Their walls are from five to eight feet thick, built of large squared blocks of basalt; the roofs are formed of slabs of the same material, hewn like planks, and reaching from wall to wall; the very doors and window-shutters are of stone, hung upon pivots projecting above and below. Some of these ancient cities have from two to five hundred houses still perfect, but not a man to dwell in them. On one occasion, from the battlements of

the Castle of Salcah, I counted some thirty towns and villages, dotting the surface of the vast plain, many of them almost as perfect as when they were built, and yet for more than five centuries there has not been a single inhabitant in one of them.

[When we remember that these habitations were probably erected before the Mosaic invasion of Palestine by the Israelites, and that the later inhabitants but dwelt in the houses erected by the old "giants" of Bashan, the wonder grows. More than three thousand years old, yet in order to be dwelt in to-day! There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world. Bashan has stood in the way of invading hordes, and has been many times swept over by armies of Assyrians, Turks, and other races. Its inhabitants have vanished, but its dwellings remain, proof against fire or decay, and ready to be moved into and occupied by the people who in the future shall come to till again the productive fields of this once strikingly fertile land. But we must let our traveller proceed with his narrative.]

On a bright and balmy morning in February a party of seven cavaliers defiled from the East Gate of Damascus, rode for half an hour among the orchards that skirt the old city, and then, turning to the left, struck out, along a broad beaten path through the open fields, in a southeasterly direction. The leader was a wild-looking figure. His dress was a red cotton tunic or shirt, fastened round the waist by a broad leathern girdle. Over it was a loose jacket of sheepskin, the wool inside. His feet and legs were bare. On his head was a flame-colored handkerchief, fastened above by a coronet of black camel's hair, which left the ends and long fringe to flow over his shoulders. He was mounted on an active, shaggy pony, with a pad for a saddle and a hair halter for a bridle. Before him, across the back of his little steed, he carried a long rifle, his only weapon. Immediately behind him, on powerful Arab horses, were three men in Western costume: one of

these was the writer. Next came an Arab, who acted as dragoman, or rather courier, and two servants on stout hacks brought up the rear.

On gaining the beaten track, our guide struck into a sharp canter. The great city was soon left far behind, and on turning we could see its tall white minarets shooting up from the sombre foliage and thrown into bold relief by the dark background of Anti-Lebanon. The plain spread out on each side, smooth as a lake, covered with the delicate green of the young grain. Here and there were long belts and large clumps of dusky olives, from the midst of which rose the gray towers of a mosque or the white dome of a saint's tomb. On the south the plain was shut in by a ridge of bare, black hills, appropriately named Jebel-el-Aswad, "the Black Mountains;" while away on the west, in the distance, Hermon rose in all its majesty, a pyramid of spotless snow. From whatever point one sees it, there are few landscapes in the world which, for richness and soft, enchanting beauty, can be compared with the plain of Damascus.

After riding about seven miles, during which we passed straggling groups of men,—some on foot, some on horses and donkeys, and some on camels, most of them dressed like our guide, and all hurrying on in the same direction as ourselves,—we reached the eastern extremity of the Black Mountains, and found ourselves on the sides of a narrow green vale, through the centre of which flows the river Pharpar. A bridge here spans the stream; and beyond it, in the rich meadows, the *Hauran* caravan was being marshalled.

Up to this point the road is safe, and may be travelled almost at any time; but on crossing the Awaj we enter the domains of the Bedawin, whose law is the sword, and whose right is might. Our farther progress was liable to

be disputed at any moment. The attacks of the Bedawin, when made, are sudden and impetuous; and resistance, to be effectual, must be prompt and decided. During the winter season this eastern route is in general pretty secure, as the Arab tribes have their encampments far distant on the banks of the Euphrates, or in the interior of the desert; but the war between the Druses and the government, which had just been concluded, had drawn these daring marauders from their customary haunts, and they endured the rain and snow of the Syrian frontier in the hope of plunder.

All seemed fully aware of this, and appeared to feel, here as elsewhere, that the hand of the Ishmaelite is against every man. Consequently stragglers hurried up and fell into the ranks; bales and packages on mules and camels were rearranged and more carefully adjusted; muskets and pistols were examined, and cartridges got into a state of readiness; armed men were placed in something like order along the sides of the file of animals; and a few horsemen were sent on in front, to scour the neighboring hills and the skirts of the great plain beyond, so as to prevent surprise. A number of Druses who here joined the caravan, and who were easily distinguished by their snow-white turbans and bold, manly bearing, appeared to take the chief direction in these warlike preparations, though, as the caravan was mainly made up of Christians, one of these, called Musa, was the nominal leader. It was a strange and exciting scene, and one would have thought that an attempt to reduce such a refractory and heterogeneous multitude of men and animals to anything like order would be absolutely useless. Some of the camels and donkeys, breaking loose, scattered their loads over the plain, and spread confusion all around them; others growled, kicked, and brayed; drivers shouted and gesticulated; men

and boys ran through the crowd, asking for missing brothers and companions; horsemen galloped from group to group, entreating and threatening by turns. At length, however, the order was given to march. It passed along from front to rear, and the next moment every sound was hushed; the very beasts seemed to comprehend its meaning, for they fell quietly into their places, and the long files, now four and five abreast, began to move over the grassy plain with a stillness that was almost painful.

[Leaving the fertile valley of the Pharpar, the caravan entered a dreary region. After two hours they reached a green meadow, and saw, far extending before them, the plain of Bashan,—desolate and forsaken, but with abundant promise of fertility in its soil. As they advanced they saw in the distance a black line, which rose until it appeared a cyclopean wall. This was the Lejah, a vast field of basalt in the middle of the plain of Bashan, with an elevation of some thirty feet above the plain. Night was now at hand.]

The sun went down, and the short twilight was made still shorter by heavy clouds which drifted across the face of the sky. A thick rain began to fall, which made the prospect of a night march or a bivouac equally unpleasant. Still I rode on through the darkness, striving to dispel gloomy forebodings by the stirring memory of Bashan's ancient glory, and the thought that I was now treading its soil and on my way to the great cities founded and inhabited four thousand years ago by the giant Rephaim. Before the darkness set in, Musa had pointed out to me the towers of three or four of these cities rising above the rocky barrier of the Lejah. How I strained my eyes in vain to pierce the deepening gloom! Now I knew that some of them must be close at hand. The sharp ring of my horse's feet on pavement startled me. This was followed by painful stumbling over loose stones, and the twisting of his limbs among jagged rocks. The sky was black

overhead, the ground black beneath; the rain was drifting in my face, so that nothing could be seen.

A halt was called; and it was with no little pleasure that I heard the order given for the caravan to rest till the moon rose. "Is there any spot," I asked of an Arab at my side, "where we could get shelter from the rain?"—"There is a house ready for you," he answered. "A house! Is there a house here?"—"Hundreds of them. This is the town of Burâk."

We were conducted up a rugged winding path, which seemed, so far as we could make out in the dark and by the motion of our horses, to be something like a ruinous staircase. At length the dark outline of high walls began to appear against the sky, and presently we entered a paved street. Here we were told to dismount and give our horses to the servants. An Arab struck a light, and, inviting us to follow, passed through a low, gloomy door into a spacious chamber.

I looked with no little interest round the apartment of which we had taken such unceremonious possession; but the light was so dim, and the walls, roof, and floor so black, that I could make out nothing satisfactorily. Getting a torch from one of the servants, I lighted it and proceeded to examine the mysterious mansion; for, though drenched with rain and wearied with a twelve hours' ride, I could not rest. I felt an excitement such as I never before had experienced. I could scarcely believe in the reality of what I saw and what I heard from my guides in reply to eager questions.

The house seemed to have undergone little change from the time its old master had left it; and yet the thick nitrous crust on its floor showed that it had been deserted for long ages. The walls were perfect, nearly five feet thick, built of large blocks of hewn stones, without lime or cement of any kind. The roof was formed of large slabs of the same

black basalt, lying as regularly, and jointed as closely, as if the workmen had only just completed them. They measured twelve feet in length, eighteen inches in breadth, and six inches in thickness. The ends rested on a plain stone cornice, projecting about a foot from each side-wall. The chamber was twenty feet long, twelve wide, and ten high. The outer door was a slab of stone, four and a half feet high, four wide, and eight inches thick. It hung on pivots formed of projecting parts of the slab, working in sockets in the lintel and threshold; and, though so massive, I was able to open and shut it with ease.

At one end of the room was a small window with a stone shutter. An inner door, also of stone, but of finer workmanship, and not quite so heavy as the other, admitted to a chamber of the same size and appearance. From it a much larger door communicated with a third chamber, to which there was a descent by a flight of stone steps. This was a spacious hall, equal in width to the two rooms, and about twenty-five feet long by twenty high. A semicircular arch was thrown across it, supporting the stone roof; and a gate so large that camels could pass in and out opened on the street. The gate was of stone, and it appeared to have been open for ages. Here our horses were comfortably installed.

Such were the internal arrangements of this strange old mansion. It had only one story; and its simple, massive style of architecture gave evidence of a very remote antiquity. On a large stone which formed the lintel of the gate-way there was a Greek inscription; but it was so high up, and my light so faint, that I was unable to decipher it, though I could see that the letters were of the oldest type. It is probably the same which was copied by Burckhardt, and which bears a date apparently equivalent to the year B.C. 306.

Owing to the darkness of the night and the shortness of our stay, I was unable to ascertain from personal observation either the extent of Burâk or the general character of its buildings; but the men who gathered around me, when I returned to my chamber, had often visited it. They said the houses were all like the one we occupied, only some smaller, and a few larger, and that there were no great buildings. Burâk stands on the northeast corner of the Lejah, and was thus one of the frontier towns of ancient Argob. It is built upon rocks, and encompassed by rocks so wild and rugged as to render it a natural fortress.

After a few hours' rest the order for march was again given. We found our horses at the door, and, mounting at one, we followed Musa. The rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and the moon shone brightly, half revealing the savage features of the environs of Burâk. I can never forget that scene. Huge masses of shapeless rocks rose up here and there, among and around the houses, to the height of fifteen and twenty feet, their summits jagged and their sides all shattered. Between them were pits and yawning fissures, as many feet in depth; while the flat surfaces of naked rock were thickly strewn with huge boulders of basalt. The narrow, tortuous road by which Musa led us out was in places carried over chasms, and in places cut through cliffs. An ancient aqueduct ran alongside of it, which in former days conveyed a supply of water from a neighboring winter stream to the tanks and reservoirs from which the town gets its present name, Burâk ("the tanks"). . . .

[These aqueducts, common in eastern Syria,] appear to have been constructed as follows: a shaft was sunk to the depth of from ten to twenty feet, at a spot where it was supposed water might be found; then a tunnel was excavated on the level of the bottom of the shaft, and in the

direction of the town to be supplied. At the distance of about one hundred yards another shaft was sunk, connecting the tunnel with the surface; and so the work was carried on until it was brought close to the city, where a great reservoir was made. Some of these aqueducts are nearly twenty miles in length; and even if no living spring should exist along their whole course, they soon collect in the rainy season sufficient surface water to supply the largest reservoirs. Springs are rare in Bashan. It is a thirsty land; but cisterns of enormous dimensions—some open, others covered—are seen in every city and village. . . .

Scrambling through, or rather over, a ruinous gate-way, we entered the city of Bathanyeh. A wide street lay before us, the pavement perfect, the houses on each side standing, streets and lanes branching off to the right and left. There was something inexpressibly mournful in riding along that silent street, and looking in through half-open doors to one after another of those desolate houses, with the rank grass and weeds in their courts, and the brambles growing in festoons over the door-ways, and branches of trees shooting through the gaping rents in the old walls. The ring of our horses' feet on the pavement awakened the echoes of the city and startled many a strange tenant. Owls flapped their wings round the gray towers; daws shrieked as they flew away from the house-tops; foxes ran in and out among the shattered dwellings, and two jackals rushed from an open door and scampered off along the street before us. . . .

One of the houses in which I rested for a time might almost be termed a palace. A spacious gate-way, with massive folding doors of stone, opened from the street into a large court. On the left was a square tower some forty feet in height. Round the court, and opening into it, were the apartments, all in perfect preservation; and yet the

place does not seem to have been inhabited for centuries. Greek inscriptions on the principal buildings prove that they existed at the commencement of our era; and in the whole town I did not see a solitary trace of Mohammedan occupation, so that it has probably been deserted for at least a thousand years.

[Many of the cities of Bashan appear to have been occupied in Greek and Roman, and some of them in Mohammedan, times, and they possess many evidences of this occupation. Our author describes numbers of them, but we must confine ourselves to a few selections from his narrative.]

Salcah is one of the most remarkable cities in Palestine. It has been long deserted; and yet, as nearly as I could estimate, *five hundred* of its houses are still standing, and from three to four hundred families might settle in it at any moment without laying a stone or expending an hour's labor on repairs. The circumference of the town and castle together is about three miles. Besides the castle, a number of square towers, like the belfries of churches, and a few mosques appear to be the only public buildings. . . .

The *castle* occupies the summit of a steep conical hill, which rises to the height of some three hundred feet, and is the southern point of the mountain range of Bashan. Round the base of the hill is a deep moat, and another still deeper encircles the walls of the fortress. The building is a patchwork of various periods and nations. The foundations are Jewish, if not earlier; Roman rustic masonry appears about them; and over all is lighter Saracenic work, with beautifully interlaced inscriptions. The exterior walls are not much defaced, but the interior is one confused mass of ruins.

The view from the top is wide and wonderfully interesting. It embraces the whole southern slope of the moun-

tains, which, though rocky, are covered from bottom to top with artificial terraces and fields divided by stone fences. . . . Wherever I turned my eyes, towns and villages were seen. . . . On the section of the plain between south and east I counted *fourteen* towns, all of them, so far as I could see with my telescope, habitable like Salcah, but *entirely deserted.* From this one spot I saw *upwards of thirty* deserted towns. . . . Not only is the country—plain and hill-side alike—chequered with fenced fields, but groves of fig-trees are here and there seen, and terraced vineyards still clothe the sides of some of the hills. These are neglected and wild, but *not fruitless.* Mahmood tells us that they produce great quantities of figs and grapes, which are rifled year after year by the Bedawin in their periodical raids. Nowhere on earth is there such a melancholy example of tyranny, rapacity, and misrule as here. Fields, pastures, vineyards, houses, villages, cities,—all alike deserted and waste. Even the few inhabitants that have hid themselves among the rocky fastnesses and mountain defiles drag out a miserable existence, oppressed by robbers of the desert on the one hand and robbers of the government on the other. . . .

I could not but remark, while wandering through the streets and lanes [of the city of Kureiyeh,—the Biblical Kerioth], that the private houses bear the marks of the most remote antiquity. The few towers and temples, which inscriptions show to have been erected in the first centuries of the Christian era, are modern in comparison with the colossal walls and massive stone doors of the private houses. The simplicity of their style, their low roofs, the ponderous blocks of roughly-hewn stone with which they are built, the great thickness of the walls, and the heavy slabs which form the ceilings,—all point to a period far earlier than the Roman age, and probably even

antecedent to the conquest of the country by the Israelites. Moses makes special mention of the strong cities of Bashan, and speaks of their high walls and gates. He tells us, too, in the same connection, that Bashan was called *the land of the giants* (or Rephaim); leaving us to conclude that the cities were built by giants.

Now the houses of Kerioth and other towns of Bashan appear to be just such dwellings as a race of giants would build. The walls, the roofs, but especially the ponderous gates, doors, and bars, are in every way characteristic of a period when architecture was in its infancy, when giants were masons, and when strength and security were the grand requisites. I measured a door in Kerioth: it was nine feet high, four and a half feet wide, and ten inches thick,—one solid slab of stone. I saw the folding doors of another town in the mountains still larger and heavier. Time produces little effect on such buildings as these. The heavy stone slabs of the roofs resting on the massive walls make the structure as firm as if built of solid masonry; and the black basalt used is almost as hard as iron. . . . [These houses] are, I believe, the only specimens in the world of the ordinary private dwellings of remote antiquity. The monuments designed by the genius and reared by the wealth of imperial Rome are fast moulder-ing to ruin in this land; temples, palaces, tombs, fortresses, are all shattered, or prostrate in the dust; but the simple, massive houses of the Rephaim are in many cases as perfect as if only completed yesterday.

THE WONDERS OF NINEVEH.

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD.

[Layard, the antiquarian to whom the world is so deeply indebted for his labors at Nineveh, was of English origin, but born in Paris in 1817. He visited Asia in 1840, and a few years afterwards made his celebrated discoveries at the site of the Assyrian capital. The story of his excavations was admirably told in his "Nineveh and its Remains." He returned in 1849 and made further excavations, described in a subsequent work. He was afterwards a member of Parliament, ambassador to Spain and to Constantinople, etc. The first excavations at Mosul, the site of Nineveh, had been made by M. Botta, the French consul, in 1842, and it was his partial success that induced Layard to enter upon the labor of excavation. The work of Botta had been on the mound of Khorsabad. Layard determined to attempt that of Nimroud. Leaving Mosul on the pretence that he was going on a boar-hunt, he proceeded to Nimroud, engaged some Arabs, and went to work. An ancient chamber was quickly excavated.]

In the rubbish near the bottom of this chamber I found several ivory ornaments, on which were traces of gilding; among them was the figure of a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian crux ansata, part of a crouching sphinx, and flowers designed with great taste and elegance. Awad, who had his own suspicions of the object of my search, which he could scarcely persuade himself was limited to mere stones, carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold-leaf he could find in the rubbish; and, calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper.

"O Bey," said he, "Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer.

Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses, and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the pasha." The sheikh was much surprised, and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover.

[The story that gold had been found, however, reached Mosul, and the suspicious pasha obliged Layard to discontinue his work. A new governor was appointed in January, 1846, who gave him full permission to continue his labors. They were recommenced with energy, and many interesting inscriptions and sculptures soon discovered.]

On all these figures paint could be faintly distinguished, particularly on the hair, beard, eyes, and sandals. The slabs on which they were sculptured had sustained no injury, and could be without difficulty packed and moved to any distance. There could no longer be any doubt that they formed part of a chamber, and that to explore it completely I had only to continue along the wall, now partly uncovered.

On the morning following these discoveries I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them; "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins, I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks.

While Awad advanced, and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of the figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I at once saw that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

While I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode

to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried out together, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!" It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone.

"This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred. I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before nightfall reached the object of my search about twelve feet distant.

[The figures, when uncovered, proved to be a pair of winged human-headed lions, the human shape extending to the waist.]

In one hand each figure carried a goat or stag, and in the other, which hung down by the side, a branch with three flowers. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber of which the lions previously described were the southern portal. I completely uncovered the latter, and found them to be entire. They were about twelve feet in height and the same number in length. The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form. Expanded wings sprung from the shoulder and spread over the back; a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircled the loins. These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation; the most minute lines in the detail of the wings

and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness. Not a character was wanting in the inscriptions.

[Many more chambers were subsequently opened, the most important of the sculptures being carefully packed, floated on rafts down the Tigris, and shipped to England.]

On Christmas-day I had the satisfaction of seeing a raft, bearing twenty-three cases, in one of which was the obelisk [a profusely sculptured and inscribed shaft of black marble, seven feet high], floating down the river. I watched them until they were out of sight, and then galloped into Mosul to enjoy the festivities of the season, with the few Europeans whom duty or business had collected in this remote corner of the globe.

The northwest palace was naturally the most interesting portion of the ruins, and to it were principally directed my researches. I had satisfied myself beyond a doubt that it was the most ancient building yet explored in Assyria. Not having been exposed to a conflagration like other edifices, the sculptures, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions which it contained were still admirably preserved. When the excavations were resumed after Christmas, eight chambers had been discovered. There were now so many outlets and entrances that I had no trouble in finding new rooms and halls,—one chamber leading into another. By the end of the month of April I had explored almost the whole building, and had opened twenty-eight chambers cased with alabaster slabs. . . .

By the middle of May I had finished my work at Nimroud. My house was dismantled. The doors and windows, which had been temporarily fitted up, were taken out, and, with the little furniture that had been collected together, were placed on the backs of donkeys and camels to be carried to the town. The Arabs struck their tents and

commenced their march. I remained behind until every one had left, and then turned my back upon the deserted village. We were the last to quit the plains of Nimroud; and, indeed, nearly the whole country to the south of Mosul, as far as the Zab, became, after our departure, a wilderness.

[In 1849, Layard returned to Nineveh, in the interests of the British Museum, which had profited so greatly from the results of his former work. He now began a thorough excavation of the mound of Kouyunjik, and also resumed the explorations at Nimroud.]

By the end of November several entire chambers had been excavated at Kouyunjik, and many bas-reliefs of great interest had been discovered. The four sides of a hall had now been explored. In the centre of each was a grand entrance, guarded by colossal human-headed bulls. This magnificent hall was no less than one hundred and twenty-four feet in length by ninety in breadth, the longest sides being those to the north and south. It appears to have formed a centre, around which the principal chambers in this part of the palace were grouped. Its walls had been completely covered with the more elaborate and highly-finished sculptures. Unfortunately, all the bas-reliefs, as well as the gigantic monsters at the entrance, had suffered more or less from the fire which had destroyed the edifice; but enough of them still remained to show the subject, and even to enable me in many places to restore it entirely.

There can be no doubt that the king represented as superintending the building of the mounds and the placing of the colossal halls is Sennacherib himself, and that the sculptures celebrate the building at Nineveh of the great palace and its adjacent temples described in the inscriptions as the work of this monarch. The bas-reliefs were accompanied in most instances by short epigraphs in the

cuneiform characters, containing a description of the subject with the name of the city to which the sculptures were brought. The great inscriptions on the bulls at the entrances to Kouyunjik record, it would seem, not only historical events, but, with great minuteness, the manner in which the edifice itself was erected, its general plan, and the various materials employed in decorating the hall, chambers, and roofs. When completely deciphered they will perhaps enable us to restore, with some confidence, both the general plan and elevation of the building.

[The discoveries here were great, including six human figures of gigantic proportions, while at Nimroud two copper vessels were found, filled with small articles of art and utility. In this vicinity were heaped household utensils, arms, iron instruments, glass bowls, and articles in bronze and ivory. The royal throne stood in a corner of this chamber.]

Although it was utterly impossible, from the complete state of decay of the materials, to preserve any part of it entire, I was able, by carefully removing the earth, to ascertain that it resembled in shape the chair of state of the king as seen in the sculptures of Kouyunjik and Khorsabad, and particularly that represented in the bas-reliefs already described, of Sennacherib receiving the captives and spoil after the conquest of the city of Lachish. With the exception of the legs, which appear to have been partly of ivory, it was of wood, cased or overlaid with bronze, as the throne of Solomon was of ivory overlaid with gold.

By the 28th of January the colossal lions forming the portal to the great hall in the northwest palace of Nimroud were ready to be dragged to the river-bank. The walls and their sculptured panelling had been removed from both sides of them, and they stood isolated in the midst of the ruins. We rode one calm cloudless night to

the mound, to look on them for the last time before they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at her full, and as we drew nigh to the edge of the deep wall of earth rising around them, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of the human heads, and driving before it the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms.

One by one the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before us. I shall never forget that night, or the emotions which these venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more and they were to stand no longer where they had stood unscathed amidst the wrecks of man and his works for ages. It seemed almost sacrilege to tear them from their old haunts to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them; for they had guarded the palace in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin.

Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, who had ridden with us to the mound, was troubled with no such reflections. He gazed listlessly at the grim images, wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards his tents. We scarcely heeded his going, but stood speechless in the deserted portal, until the shadows again began to creep over its hoary guardians.

[Among the discoveries made, the most important was the opening of two small chambers at Kouyunjik which contained the remains of the royal library. Tablets of baked clay, some entire, but principally broken into fragments, lay on the floor to the height of a foot or more. They were covered with inscriptions in the cuneiform character.]

These documents appear to be of various kinds. Many are historical records of wars, and distant expeditions undertaken by the Assyrians; some seem to be royal decrees,

and are stamped with the name of a king, the son of Essarhaddon; others again, divided into parallel columns by horizontal lines, contain lists of the gods, and probably a register of offerings made in their temples. On one Dr. Hincks has detected a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressed by certain alphabetical signs, according to various modes of using them,—a most important discovery; on another, apparently a list of the sacred days in each month; and on a third, what seems to be a calendar.

The adjoining chambers contained similar relics, but in far smaller numbers. Many cases were filled with these tablets before I left Assyria, and a vast number of them have been found, I understand, since my departure. A large collection of them is already deposited in the British Museum. We cannot overrate their value. They furnish us with materials for the complete decipherment of the cuneiform character, for restoring the language and history of Assyria, and for inquiring into the customs, sciences, and, we may perhaps even add, literature of its people. The documents that have thus been discovered at Nineveh probably exceed all that have yet been afforded by the monuments of Egypt.

[These documents have, indeed, proved of inestimable value. Many of them have been read since the date of Layard's publications, and they have in considerable measure restored to us the history and literature of Assyria and Babylonia. During the winter, Layard spent some time amid the extensive ruins of Babylon, and made some excavations, but with no important result. By the spring of 1852 the funds appropriated for his excavations were so nearly exhausted, and the hope of important finds so reduced, that he ceased his labors, and left Mosul on his return to Europe, April 28, 1852.]

THE PALACE AND JEWELS OF THE SHAH.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

[The author of the following selection left London in 1875 for a tour through Russia and Persia. The results of this journey are given in his work, "Through Persia by Caravan," a well-told story of acute and intelligent observation. He has written, also, "From the Levant" and other works of travel. We give here a description of the main audience-hall of the Shah, in the palace at Teheran, a room of about sixty by twenty-five feet in dimensions, open at the sides, its roof, of mingled Swiss and Chinese character, supported by richly-gilded twisted columns, the ceiling set with facets of looking-glass. Near the entrance is a very large picture, containing a portrait of the Emperor of Austria.]

IT is at the opposite end of this saloon that the "Shadow of God" sits on his heels, or stands to receive the envoys of Europe. But the Shah's movable throne was not occupying the central niche. There, in that place of honor, we were permitted to gaze upon one of the characteristic feats, perhaps the greatest art-work, of his majesty's long reign. This is an eighteen-inch globe, covered with jewels from the North Pole to the extremities of the tripod in which this gemmed sphere is placed. The story goes that his majesty bought—more probably accepted, at all events was in possession of—a heap of jewels for which he could find no immediate purpose. Nothing could add to the lustre of his crown of diamonds, which is surmounted by the largest ruby we have ever seen, including those of her majesty and the Emperors of Germany and Russia. He had the "Sea of Light," a diamond but little inferior to the British Koh-i-noor, the "Mountain of Light." He had coats embroidered with diamonds, with emeralds, with

rubies, with pearls, and with garnets; he had jewelled swords and daggers without number; so, possibly because his imperial mind was turned towards travel, the Shah ordered this globe to be constructed, covered with gems,—the overspreading sea to be of emeralds, and the kingdoms of the world to be distinguished by jewels of different color. The Englishman notes with pride and gratification that England flashes in diamonds; and a Frenchman may share the feeling, for France glitters illustrious as the British isles, being set out in the same most costly gems. The dominion of the Shah's great neighbor, the brand-new Empress of India, is marked with amethysts; while torrid Africa blazes against the literally emerald sea, a whole continent of rubies.

Near the globe, side by side with a French couch, worth perhaps a hundred francs, stands the Shah's throne, which is, of course, arranged for sitting after the manner of the country. It occupies a space almost as large as Mr. Spurgeon's or Mr. Ward Beecher's pulpit; for the occupants of this throne are fond of space, and occasionally have a kalian of wonderful dimensions with them upon the splendid carpet, which is fringed with thousands of pearls. The embroidered bolster upon which the Shah rests his back or arm is sewn with pearls. Behind his majesty's head is a "sun," all glittering with jewels, supported at the corners with birds in plumage of the same most expensive material.

On the other side of the niche in which the globe stands there is a table grimy with dust and extremely incongruous, the top inlaid with the beautiful work of Florence, and a model, in Sienna marble, of the Arch of Titus, both gifts from his Holiness, the infallible Pope. Near these presents, in a recess, and in a very common wooden frame, is a portrait of the late Sir Henry Havelock; and

not far off a time-piece with "running water" and a nodding peacock, a gift from the defunct East India Company in the days when Shahs received such toys as pleased them, and were not considered eligible as knights of the great orders of European courts.

At a short distance is another and a much older hall, still more exposed to public view. In this pavilion, which is built to cover and give increased dignity to the ancient throne of the Shah, the arrangements are wholly Persian. The marble floor is raised not more than three feet above the pavement of a large oblong court-yard, up the broad paths of which the sons of Iran throng to make salaam before their monarch. The Shah sits in the motionless majesty of an Oriental potentate, upon a high throne built of the alabaster-like greenish marble of Yezd, the platform being supported upon animals having the same queer resemblance to lions which is noticed in the supporters of the great fountain of the Alhambra at Granada. . . .

The ceiling of this old reception-hall in the Shah's palace at Teheran is fashioned in stalactites, like the ceilings in the ruins of the famous Oriental palace in Spain, and then covered with pieces of looking-glass, which, if the work were not bad and the glass were cleaned, would have a very glittering effect. In this pavilion, the background of which is hung with a few pictures in frames of looking-glass, including a portrait of a singularly handsome young Englishman, formerly attached to the British legation, the Shah reclines upon the marble platform of his throne, on those very great occasions when the hundred and fifty yards of the enclosure before it are filled with a moving crowd of his subjects, to whom he is the impersonation of law and authority. For their reverent homage he makes no sign of gratification or acknowledgment. The "proper thing" for his majesty to do, when thus exhibiting himself in

solemn state, is to regard their expressions of loyalty and devotion as something far beneath his notice; and probably the imperial gaze passing over their heads is now and then fixed upon the coarse mosaic on the wall at the end of the court-yard, showing how Rustem, the "Arthur," the legendary hero, of Persia, destroyed the White Devil,—an encounter, it should be remembered, of authenticity as respectable as that of St. George and the familiar Dragon which is stamped upon so many of the current coins of England. . . .

From the great halls of state the commander-in-chief, the minister of commerce, and other Persian grandees led our party to an orange house, through the centre of which ran the stream of clear water I have noticed before as passing beneath the saloon of the gilded columns. On the marble pavement beside this running water there were chairs and couches arranged, upon which his highness invited us to be seated. Snowy sherbet and warm tea were then served, and afterwards we proceeded to a more homely saloon than those we had seen. The architecture of this room, a succession of arcades, again carried our thoughts to Spain, in its resemblance to the mosque, now the cathedral, of Cordova. It was a large oblong apartment, the walls colored green, with raised decorations in white plaster, the room containing three rows of arches. On the walls were a great many pictures very irregularly hung. . . . At one end of the room was an object in strange contrast with the trumpery by which it was surrounded. This was an awkward, ugly chair of state studded with jewels, having a footstool, before which stood a cat-like representation of a lion, each eye a single emerald, and the body rugged with a coating of other precious stones. It was so entirely in keeping with the mixture we had everywhere observed, that the stand upon

which this chair was placed should be studded with white-headed German nails worth about twopence a dozen! . . .

In another room we saw the imperial jewels, which, by special command of his highness the Sipar Salar, were laid out upon tables for our inspection. I fancy that no sovereign in Europe has a regalia of equal value. The Shah is especially rich in diamonds of large, but not the very largest, size. He has a great number of which the surface is as large as a silver sixpence. The imperial crown is topped with a ruby which is probably the largest in the world. The "Sea of Light," a flat, ill-cut diamond, mounted in a semi-barbaric ornament, is inferior to the great jewel worn by the Empress of India.

The display of the Shah's riches in precious stones included, of necessity, the exhibition of several coats, the fronts of which are studded and embroidered with jewels. Several of these became well known during the Shah's tour, when they were shown to the admiring gaze of European cities. There, too, was the wonderful aigrette, which the Shah's brow sustained during the grandest of the London entertainments, and beside these garments lay a number of jewelled swords and daggers. From the dazzling spectacle of this display we passed again to the orange house, where coffee and pipes were served, after which we took leave of the Shah's ministers.

The Shah is of the Kajar tribe,—a dynasty yet young, the annals of which have been marked by great cruelties. . . . The Shah himself is not unpopular, and is believed to have at heart the welfare of his subjects. Persians frequently speak of him as in personal character the best among the governing men of the country, and they are never shy in talking of their rulers. If there is any tempering in the Persian despotism, it is that of abuse of all who surround the despot. His majesty recently issued an

order that a "Box of Justice" should be fixed in a prominent place in all the large towns for the reception of petitions, which were to be forwarded direct to himself. But the oppressors found means to thwart this innocent plan by setting a watch over the boxes and upon those who wished to forward petitions.

[In truth, the people are plundered freely by the officials, even the poorest of the peasants having to pay dearly for the privilege of living. The small money-lenders are usually soldiers, and the debtor well knows that any default in payment will be followed by a plunder of all he has worth taking.]

There is a parade every morning in Teheran. It takes place in a dusty enclosure near the meidan, or principal square. We were present on several occasions at these parades, where European drill-instructors vainly labored. The Persian soldiers are fine in physique, though they look more awkward, I fancy, even than Japanese in European hats, tunics, and trousers. In England one is apt to think that militiamen display every possible awkwardness in wearing an infantry hat and scarlet tunic, but the Persian soldiers beat the rawest of our militiamen. Some wear the hat on the back of their heads like a fez, others at the side; with some it falls over their eyes. Their drill is wretched. Their officers are probably the worst part of the force. This is the special weakness and inferiority of all Oriental armies. I saw a Persian officer box the ears of a private on the parade-ground, rushing into the ranks to execute this summary punishment.

There is a reason for the deficiency of the rank and file in drill. No soldier comes to parade who can obtain work in the city. The consequence is that the *personnel* of each skeleton regiment is changed every morning, and the unhappy drill-instructor has never before him the same body of men. But this immunity from service must be paid for,

and the absent privates devote a portion of their earnings to their officers, who, from their colonel to the corporal, divide the fund contributed in respect of this temporary desertion.

[Such is the general character of despotic government. Peculation exists everywhere, public service of all kinds is wretched, and the despot usually remains in absolute ignorance of, or helpless acquiescence in, this disregard of his orders and interests.]

Every evening in Ramadan, of which there remained some days after our arrival in Teheran, the Sipar Salar entertained a regiment at dinner. The repast was served by candle-light in the straight street between the gate of the citadel and the taziah. Two lines of thick felt (*nummud*) were laid equidistant from the centre of the street, leaving about a yard of the bare road between them. Shortly before the gun-fire, his highness's guests were seated in long files upon the felt. After the gun had boomed permission, huge dishes, one to every four soldiers, each piled high with rice and stewed meat, were placed in the centre of the road, and were at once hidden from view by the overhanging heads of the hungry men, every one hard at work with his fingers. Under such circumstances, the nearer the mouth can be brought to the dish the larger is the share which can be pushed into it. Close over each dish four heads were laid together, and not a word was uttered till the platters were empty.

For the officers there was spread a white cloth between the carpets, and a little adornment was attempted in the way of bouquets placed between the lighted candles, which were protected by Russian bell-glasses, and shone like glow-worms down the long street. In company with a member of the British legation, I was looking on, when Jehungur Khan, the adjutant-general of the Persian army, one of the stoutest and most courteous men in the country, asked

us to join the soldiers in the fruit and tea which followed the pillau. We sat down, doing all we could to get rid of our legs, which had an awkward, natural tendency to cross the dining-table. My immediate neighbors were officers of the Shah's irregular cavalry, gentlemen wearing turbans almost as broad as their shoulders, and with a very Bashi-bazoukish look.

At that time a story was in circulation with reference to this Jehungur Khan, which is very possibly untrue, but, being accepted by many as correct, is curiously illustrative of Persian government. It was said that one of the courtiers who owed him a grudge had told the Shah that he (the adjutant-general) had saved eight thousand tomans out of a work in hand, and that he wished to present them to his majesty. The king of kings is much addicted to presents, and, as usual, graciously signified his willingness to accept, and Jehungur Khan had to produce the money, which he had *not* saved. . . .

In the quarter of the town near the legations there are several walled gardens, and one of these is devoted to zoology. We were about to apply for admission, when an Englishman recommended us to remain outside. The caging of the few beasts, he said, was quite uncertain. The lion was sometimes observed taking an airing, roaming where he pleased within the walls, and the bear had been seen from outside climbing a plane-tree. One is named the Shah's "English" garden, and from this his majesty lately received, with much effusion, a bunch of radishes as a present from his English gardener.

If it were not for these gardens the appearance of Teheran would indeed be miserable. We mounted upon one of the highest houses, from which we could overlook the city. Parallelograms of mud varied with cupolas of mud, representing the roofs of the houses, are the general fea-

tures, the long succession of mud roofs being now and then broken by the taller plane-trees and the cypresses of a garden. But the landscape is charming, and even the Himalayas do not present grander elevations than may be seen from Teheran; the loftiest peak of the Elburz Mountains in sight being that of Demavend, an extinct volcano, the top of which is not less than eighteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. The conical summit of this high mountain is covered with perpetual snow, and some of the peaks near Demavend are not of much inferior altitude. . . .

At the house of every European of position in Teheran there is a permanent guard of soldiers, who hurriedly forsake their pipe, or game of cards upon the dust, to present arms upon the arrival of any visitor. The doors of these houses are generally open throughout the day; and as Persians regard an open door as an invitation to enter, and the rooms are never locked, and rarely closed with anything more obstructive than a cotton curtain, it is necessary there should be some guard in the door-way. Europeans talk much of the dishonesty of Persians, but our experience did not confirm the bad opinion. Our suite of rooms in this mud-built house, which had formerly belonged to the French envoy, opened upon a large, square garden enclosed by a mud wall, ruined and broken down in three or four places, by which any one might enter. Our doors and windows had no fastenings, and by either it was never difficult to enter the rooms from the garden. On the other side was a court-yard, with a fountain and a few trees in the centre; and this, except for the soldiers and servants, who lay about in the passages connecting it with the crowded street, was quite open. Yet we never suffered any loss from theft. . . .

To my mind the most interesting part of Teheran is to

be found in the bazaars, which the Europeans of the legations very rarely enter, and their ladies never. The men appear to regard the shoving about to which one must more or less submit in the narrow ways of the bazaars as a serious infringement upon the dignity of their position, and the ladies consider a visit to the bazaars as simply impossible. The sight of an unveiled woman has no doubt a tendency to make Persians use language which cannot but be taken as insulting; and if Englishmen in their company are acquainted with Persian slang, they are likely enough to have a quarrel or two on hand in passing through a bazaar. Ignorance of the vernacular has unquestionably some advantages in Persia.

A long enclosure separates the buildings of the palace from the bazaar. There are in this open space two large tanks, at which camels, horses, mules, and men are always drinking. Upon a high stand a very long, huge cannon is placed, which is said to have been captured in India and brought as a trophy from Delhi; but this is probably untrue.

THE TOMBS AND PALACES OF CLASSIC PERSIA.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

[Any account of Persia seems to necessitate some attention to the relics of classic Persia, of which modern Persia is but the base shadow, some description of those striking ruins which are all that remain to show what Persia was in her pride, and to throw into still stronger relief the degradation into which she has fallen. From Arthur Arnold's "Through Persia by Caravan" we select a description of these remarkable architectural remains.]

AT Murghaub we approach the grandest relics of the time when Persia was the great empire of Cyrus, of Da-

rius, and of Xerxes. At three hours' ride from the village the plain is fringed with low hills, among which stands, close by the path from Ispahan to Shiraz, the tomb of Cyrus. Near this we had seen rising from the snow all that remains of his city of Passargadæ, where the inscription "I am Cyrus, the King, the Achæmenian," may be read more than once upon the ruins. It is partly from the proximity of these unquestionably genuine ruins, and also from the dignity and obviously funereal character of this massive mausoleum, that it has become accepted as the original resting-place of the body of the great king. . . .

We dismounted at the tomb of Cyrus, and walked about in the snow, while Kazem made a fire, preparatory to the manufacture of an omelet. As a rule Oriental monuments owe much to the grandeur of their situation; and this is no exception. They are set in solitude; they have a surrounding of space which is all their own. When the thought of the traveller is arrested by so vast a retrospect, he becomes more impressed by the natural grandeur of the desert; and there seems to be a hush, a natural silence in the air, which moves around these ancient monuments as if Nature herself were paying homage at these shrines of departed greatness. For more than two thousand four hundred years this tomb has defied the levelling hand of Time; and another period of not less duration may apparently be sustained without further injury.

The tomb was originally surrounded by columns, set probably in a double row, with a covered space between. But none are left standing. Most of the columns have disappeared entirely; some are prostrate; and of only a few is there a broken fragment remaining in position. These columns were not colossal, probably not more than eighteen feet high; and the space enclosed is hardly more than a

hundred and fifty feet across. In the centre of this space stands the tomb, approached by a pyramid of steps, about forty-five feet square at the base. These steps, the rise of each being two feet, are composed of large blocks of marble, the color of which has darkened to a yellowish brown. Upon a platform about eighteen feet from the ground, and twenty feet square, stands the tomb,—a small, solid, unadorned building, composed of a few blocks and huge slabs of marble; the whole being scarcely more than fifteen feet high from the platform to the peak of the marble roof. In shape it exactly resembles a child's "Noah's Ark," with the boat arrangement cut off. At one end there is a low, massive door-way, through which, if the remains of Cyrus really rested there, they were carried, to be deposited upon the floor of this little temple. By all writers, including our own Professor Rawlinson, this is accepted as the resting-place of the great king; and it is believed that his body was placed here in a golden coffin. . . .

I have never seen in any Mohammedan people an exhibition of the slightest desire for the protection of the great historic monuments of which they have been or are possessed. The pashas of Stamboul looked on unconcerned while the marbles of ancient Greece were burned to make lime for building cattle-sheds. Were it in ruins, they would as soon burn the stones of Santa Sophia as the timbers of an old man-of-war; and for the Persians, these great ruins, which should be the pride and most sacred treasure of their country, are nothing more than useless heaps of tumbled stone. If any man needed lime in the neighborhood, or stone to build a caravanserai, he would probably use the stones of Cyrus's tomb or the columns of the Hall of Darius; and these invaluable records and memorials of a period concerning which very much more than our present knowledge might be gathered by excavation and research

upon the spot, are regarded with no more concern or attention than the bones of a dead camel.

[From this location the travellers pursued the road to Shiraz, which led past the ruins of the ancient city of Persepolis.]

The natural formation of the country in the neighborhood of these illustrious ruins is very suggestive and imposing. Journeying from Ispahan, the plain, at one end of which stand the remains of Persepolis, is approached through a vast natural gate-way, in which run the road and the river Pulvar, and of which the pillars are strangely shaped, and the many-colored mountains of the hardest limestone. The table-rock, or mountain, on the right is very remarkable; and in this entrance, which is too wide to be called a gorge, are found the massive ruins of the city of Istakr, which one has not patience to examine carefully when so near to the far more interesting remains of Persepolis. At Istakr the road winds to the left round the bold spur of the mountains which forms the background of Persepolis.

On approaching the ruins of the halls and temples and tombs of Darius and his descendants, the traveller, recalling perhaps to mind all he has seen at Baalbec, at Pæstum, and upon the Athenian Acropolis, will surely be struck with a sense of disappointment, because there is here no outline of ancient hall or temple, no realizable structure in which he can place the form of Darius or Xerxes. There is nothing more than remains of the temples of Jupiter in Athens and in Rome,—a few solitary or connected columns and the massive stones of some part of an ancient hall or propylæum. The distant aspect of the ruins of Persepolis will fall below anticipation as much as the results of their examination in detail will exceed expectation. In fact, the most interesting ruins in the world, because they are covered

and adorned with eloquent records of the past, these stones are not arranged for a *coup-d'œil.*

The mule-path passes close to the side of the mountain from which the platform of Persepolis is projected into the plain of Merodasht. Through this plain runs the river which in classic times was called Araxes, afterwards known as Bundamir, or Bendemeer, as Moore has called it in "Lalla Rookh." Standing upon the platform of Persepolis, the view across the river is uninterrupted for more than twenty miles. The extreme height of this platform where it faces the plain is about forty-five feet, its length from north to south about fifteen hundred feet, and the mean depth from east to west about eight hundred feet.

The grandest work at Persepolis is in connection with this platform. The masonry of the supporting walls of the platform is irregular, the blocks, mostly of huge size, presenting angles of every degree. The surface of this immense work is as true and sound as it was two thousand years ago. But it is not in this that the glory of this platform rests. At its greatest height the platform is ascended from the plain by a staircase which, for the magnificence of its proportions and the beauty of its construction, deserves to have been regarded as one of the wonders of the world. The staircase at Persepolis has had no equal in ancient or modern times. Compared with this, a work probably of the time of Darius, the marble stairs which lead to the Parthenon are insignificant, and the imperial steps in the Roman Coliseum barbarous. A regiment of cavalry, ten abreast, could ride easily up the double flight of the Persepolitan staircase. The steps, which appear to be composed of the hardest syenite, are twenty-two feet wide; each step rises only three and a half inches, and has a tread of fifteen inches. In some places the blocks of the masonry in the staircase are so

large that three or four steps have been hewed out of the same piece of stone.

We little thought when, in spite of the timid counsels of Mr. Erskine, then British minister at Athens, we passed a day upon the Plain of Marathon, that a few years afterwards we should stand among the ruins of the Hall of Darius, to which he probably returned after that unsuccessful expedition against the Greek; or that when we stood in sight of that splendid landscape, near where

> "A king stood on the rocky brow
> That looks o'er sea-girt Salamis,"

we should afterwards enter the magnificent ruin of the Propylæum of this Hall of Xerxes at Persepolis. It is this building which stood at the top of the grand staircase, and the most massive of the ruins upon the platform of Persepolis are those of this edifice. Upon the piers there are inscriptions in cuneiform letters, which as clearly as the winged bulls above these writings testify the relationship between the Assyrians of Nineveh and the Medes of Persepolis. The inscription is the same on each pier, and is written in three languages. It has been translated by Sir Henry Rawlinson into the following:

"The great god, Ahura-mazda (Ormazd); he it is who has given (made) this world, who has given mankind, who has made Xerxes king, both king of the people and lawgiver of the people. I am Xerxes the king, the great king, the king of kings, the king of the many peopled countries, the supporter also of the great world, the son of King Darius the Achæmenian. Says Xerxes the king, by the grace of Ormazd I have made this gate of entrance (or this public portal); there is many another noble work besides (or in) this Persepolis which I have executed, and which my father has executed. Whatsoever noble works

are to be seen, we have executed all of them by the grace of Ormazd. Says Xerxes the king, may Ormazd protect me and my empire. Both that which has been executed by me and that which has been executed by my father, may Ormazd protect it."

This is repeated twelve times in all; and, looking upon the original with Sir Henry's translation in one's mind, it is surprising how so much can be conveyed in so few letters. Not much more than a fourth of the space which would be required for this inscription in English is occupied by the cuneiform letters. . . .

Upon the inner sides of the massive stones of this "public portal" are sculptured in low-relief the massive forms of winged bulls, some with human, others with bovine, heads. The largest of these quadrupeds have the human head, covered with a tiara, and on the shoulders wings, similar in all points to those which Mr. Layard introduced to the world from Nineveh.

Upon the vast platform at Persepolis there are remains of at least five important buildings,—four lying to the right of the Propylæum of Xerxes, and no two of them being precisely upon the same level. The first of these important buildings is the Propylæum; and near that a staircase (as elegant in construction, though much smaller than the grand flights of stairs rising from the plain to the platform) leads to the level of the building known as the Great Hall of Xerxes. This name "Hall" is given in ignorance of its real object or designation. . . .

We can see that the columns which supported the portico of the Great Hall of Xerxes were of marble. Those which remain are crowned with capitals composed of two bulls' heads, placed neck to neck, forming an excellent rest for the entablature. These columns are fluted, and have upon their pedestals that ornamentation which was so long

considered a Greek invention,—the honeysuckle, with the bud of the lotus; in fact, the decoration known everywhere as "the Greek honeysuckle."

In the north portion of this Great Hall there is yet more striking evidence of the debt which the perfection of architecture in Greece owes to Persia, to Assyria, and possibly to Egypt. In the capitals of these columns there is an elongated or double volute, almost identical in figure with that which is seen upon the later buildings of Greece; while upon the walls of door-ways there are sculptures, truly Oriental, of kings on thrones or on foot, attended by slaves holding the parasol of state, or the fly-chaser, equally an emblem of royal dignity. By the Persians this hall is called "Chehil Minar," or "Forty Columns," which is, in fact, a common name for any columned building of grand dimensions in Persia. The shabby old pavilion at Ispahan, with twenty tall columns of wood, set with grimy mirrors, is called "Chehil Minar". . . .

The angular sides of the staircase leading to the Great Hall of Xerxes are filled in with very powerful sculptures in low-relief, in which an animal of enormous strength, with much resemblance to a lion, has fixed its teeth and claws into the hind-quarters of a bull, which fills the higher angle of the space by rearing and turning its uplifted head in helpless anguish from its devourer. . . . It is noticeable in the buildings of Persepolis, as compared with the Parthenon, that there is nothing resembling the continuous action displayed in the processions upon the frieze of the Greek building. At Persepolis, upon the sides of the staircase and in other places, there are processions; but, as a rule, one figure is exactly like the next; there is no connected action. The modern ornamentation of Teheran is like that of Persepolis in this respect: a soldier occupies a panel, another soldier of the same pattern is seen in the next, and so on.

The greatest of the buildings of Persepolis, the ruins of which are known as those of "the Hall of a Hundred Columns," stood behind the Great Hall of Xerxes. The bases of the columns and parts of the outer walls remain. We can trace the regular positions of the columns, but cannot decide whether, being of wood, they have perished; or, being of stone, have been carried off for the adornment of some mosque or palace. They were certainly not very large. The area covered by this building was considerable; but neither this nor any of the buildings of Persepolis could have had anything like the grand proportions of the Temple of Jupiter at Athens. . . .

The floor of the Hall of a Hundred Columns is, for the most part, buried deep under rubbish, the washings of ages from the neighboring mountains. Against the stoutest blocks of the richly sculptured walls this detritus lies undisturbed, concealing sometimes the legs of a winged bull, at others the lower garments of a king, and how much besides which the passing traveller cannot see nor guess. What new lights for history, what treasures of antiquity, may be lying within two or three feet of the surface in these neglected ruins! In the walls of this hall there are deep recesses or niches, the likeness of which is invariably met with in every modern Persian home.

That portion of the platform farthest from the great staircase and the Propylæum of Xerxes is occupied, first, with the Palace of Darius, and, last, with the Palace of Xerxes, and in the far background, in the side of the mountain, originally approached by steps, is the tomb of Darius. Above the small door-way, which lets into a cave hewed from the solid rock, the face of the mountain is smoothed and sculptured. In the foreground of this work of ancient art is the crowned figure of the king, and at the opposite end, on the same level, an altar with fire burning

on it. Above this altar is the round full orb of the sun; and, hovering in mid-air, between the sun and the monarch, is [in Professor Rawlinson's opinion] the emblematic resemblance of Ahura-mazda, the "good" god of the Medes, the Ormazd of the inscriptions of Xerxes. The figure is that of a man crowned and robed like King Darius, his feet unsupported, his body passed through a ring, which connects a pair of vast wings. . . .

It was only in obedience to the setting sun, the god of the builders of Persepolis, that we reluctantly turned our backs upon the tomb of Darius and descended by the grand staircase to the plain. May the sun shine upon that, the noblest work of Persepolis, in all its present completeness, until it shall be in the East as it is in the West, and there shall be no more fear of ignorance accomplishing the ruin of the finest ascent ever made by human hands. . . .

It is probable that [formerly] the plain across which we rode towards the stream of the river Araxes, or Bendemeer, was not treeless, arid, and waste as at present. We have, indeed, good evidence that there, as in so many other places, Persia has gone backward in production. Chardin, the French traveller, to whom the world has been so much indebted for its knowledge of Persia, says of this plain of Merodasht, that it is "*fertile, riche, abondante, belle et délicieuse.*" When we passed over it in the present year it produced nothing but a few scrubby thorns, nibbled by the goats of the village of Kinara, to which our steps were directed.

NAUTCH DANCERS AND HINDOO ACTORS.

ANNA HARRIETTE LEONOWENS.

[Few writers have described more attractively life in the East than Mrs. Leonowens, whose unusual experience as governess at the court of Siam gave her unwonted opportunities for the study of life and manners in that region. Her works include "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," "The Romance of the Harem," and "Life and Travel in India," from the last named of which we select a description of the home entertainments of the rich in Bombay. The travellers had been invited to the house of one Baboo Ram Chunder, a wealthy Hindoo, and were received in a spacious pavilion, with a fountain and garden in the centre.]

THE pavilion itself was decorated in the Oriental style, hung with kinkaub (or gold-wrought) curtains and peacocks' feathers; the floors were inlaid with mosaics of brilliant colors; the roofs and pillars were decorated with rich gold mouldings; and the whole would have been very effective but for the *mélange* of European ornaments that were disposed around on the walls, tables, and shelves,—clocks, antique pictures, statues, celestial and terrestrial globes, and a profusion of common glassware of the most brilliant colors.

Ram Chunder, a young man not over thirty, with remarkably courteous manners, with that refinement and delicacy which are the distinguishing characteristics of a high-bred Hindoo, rose and bowed before us, touching his forehead with his folded hands, and then placed us on his right hand. In person he was rather stout, with peculiarly fine eyes and a benevolent expression of countenance, though he was darker in complexion than most of the Brahmans. His dress on this occasion was unusually rich

and strikingly picturesque. He wore trousers of a deep crimson satin; over this a long white muslin *angraka*, or tunic, reaching almost to the knees; over this again he wore a short vest of purple velvet embroidered with gold braid. A scarf of finest cashmere was bound around his waist, in the folds of which there shone the jewelled hilt of a dagger. On his head was a white turban of stupendous size encircled with a string of large pearls; on his feet were European stockings and a pair of antique Indian slippers embroidered with many-colored silks and fine seed-pearls.

Thus attired, he was a gorgeous figure, and, like a true high-born Hindoo, he sat quietly in his place, except that every now and then he rose and bowed with folded hands to each guest as he entered and pointed out their places, reseating himself quietly and simply. There was no sign of bustle or expectation, nor any conversation to speak of. In the course of the evening about twenty native and two or three European gentlemen were assembled in the pavilion. The Europeans were on the right, the native gentlemen on the left, and Ram Chunder in the centre. No native ladies were visible, but from the sounds of female voices behind the curtain it was evident they were not far off.

Richly-dressed native pages, stationed at the back of each guest, waved to and fro perfumed punkahs of peacock and ostrich feathers. After the usual ceremony of passing around to the guests sherbet in golden cups and *pauv suparee*, or betel-leaf and the areca-nut done up in gold-leaf, the performance began.

A herald dressed like a Hindoo angel, with wings, tail, and beak of a bird and the body of a young boy, announced with a peculiar cry, half natural and half bird-like, the presence of the Rajpoot athletes, and in stepped some ten men, their daggers gleaming in the dim light of the pavil-

ion, which flickered on the gravelled space in front and barely lighted the surrounding garden, in the centre of which stood a fountain. The Rajpoots were in the prime of life, displaying great symmetry of form and development of muscular power. Their heads were closely shaven, with the exception of a long lock of hair bound in a knot at the top of their heads; their dress consisted of a pair of red silk drawers descending half-way to the knee and bound tightly around the waist with a scarf of many colors.

The wrestlers advanced, performing a sort of war-dance; they disposed of their daggers by putting them in their topknots; they then salââmed before the audience and began the contest. Each slapped violently the inside of his arms and thighs; then, at a given signal, each seized his opponent by the waist. One placed his forehead against the other's breast; they then struggled, twisted, and tossed each other about, showing great skill and adroitness in keeping their feet and warding off blows. Suddenly, with a peculiar jerk, one of the wrestlers almost at the same moment dashed his opponent to the ground, and, drawing forth his dagger, stood flourishing it over the fallen victim. At this juncture a strain of music wild but tender swept from the farther end of the pavilion, seemingly given forth to arrest the premeditated thrust of the exultant victor.

They listen with heads slightly turned to one side; presently their grim, blood-thirsty expressions give place to looks of delight and wonder. All at once their faces break into smiles; simultaneously they drop their uplifted daggers, release their knees from the breasts of their prostrate foes, stoop, and taking a little earth from the gravelled walk, scatter it over their heads as a sign that the victor himself is vanquished, salââm to the spectators, and retire amid deafening shouts of applause.

After this the musicians struck up some lively Hindoo

airs, and at length the heavy curtains from one side of the pavilion curled up like a lotus flower at sunset, and there appeared a long line of girls advancing in a measured step and keeping time to the music. They stood on a platform almost facing us. Some of them were extraordinarily beautiful, one girl in particular. The face was of the purest oval, the features regular, the eyes large, dark, and almond-shaped, the complexion pale olive, with a slight blush of the most delicate pink on the cheeks, and the mouth was half pouting and almost infantile in its round curves, but with an expression of dejection and sorrow lingering about the corners that told better than words of weariness of the life to which she was doomed. For my part, it was difficult for me to remove my eyes from that pensive and beautiful face. Every now and then I found myself trying to picture her strange life, wondering who she was and how her parents could ever have had the heart to doom her to such a profession.

The Nautchnees, or dancing-girls, of whom there were no less than eighteen, were all dressed in that exquisite Oriental costume peculiar to them, each one in a different shade or in distinct colors, but so carefully chosen that this mass of color harmonized with wonderful effect. First, they wore bright-colored silk vests and drawers that fitted tightly to the body and revealed a part of the neck, arms, and legs; a full, transparent petticoat attached low down almost on the hips, leaving an uncovered margin all around the form from the waist of the bodice to where the skirt was secured on the hips; over this a saree of some gauze-like texture bound tightly over the whole person, the whole so draped as to encircle the figure like a halo at every point, and, finally, thrown over the head and drooping over the face in a most bewitching veil. The hair was combed smoothly back and tied in a knot behind,

while on the forehead, ears, neck, arms, wrists, ankles, and toes were a profusion of dazzling ornaments.

With head modestly inclined, downcast eyes, and clasped hands, they stood silent for some little time in strong relief against a wall fretted with fantastic Oriental carvings. The herald again gave the signal for the music to strike up. A burst of wild Oriental melody flooded the pavilion, and all at once the Nautchnees started to their feet. Poised on tiptoe, with arms raised aloft over their heads, they began to whirl and float and glide about in a maze of rhythmic movement, fluttering and quivering and waving before us like aspen-leaves moved by a strong breeze. It must have cost them years of labor to have arrived at such ease and precision of movement. The dance was a miracle of art, and all the more fascinating because of the rare beauty of the performers.

Then came the cup-dance, which was performed by the lovely girl who had so captivated my fancy. She advanced with slow and solemn step to the centre of the platform, and taking up a tier of four or five cups fitting close into one another, she placed this tier on her head and immediately began to move her arms, head, and feet in such gently undulating waves that one imagined the cups, which were all the time balanced on her head, were floating about her person, and seemingly everywhere except where she so dexterously poised and maintained them. This dance was concluded by a cup being filled with sherbet and placed in the middle of the platform. Removing the cups from her head, the dancer, her eyes glowing, her breast heaving, swept towards the filled cup as if drawn to it by some spell, round and round, now approaching, now retreating, till finally, as if unable to resist the enchantment, she gave one long sweep around it, and, clasping her arms tightly behind her, lay full length upon the

pavement, and, taking up with her lips the brimming cup, drained its contents without spilling a drop. Then, putting it down empty, she rose with the utmost grace and bowed her head before us, her arms still firmly clasped behind her. The grace, beauty, and elegance of her movements were incomparable; the spectators were too deeply interested even to applaud her. She retired amid a profound and significant silence to her place.

Presently a tall, slim, graceful girl took her place on the platform with a gay smile on her face. An attendant fastened on her head a wicker wheel about three feet in diameter; it was bound firmly to the crown of her head, and all around it were cords placed at equal distances, each having a slipknot secured by means of a glass bead. In her left hand she held a basket of eggs. When the music struck up once more she took an egg, inserted it into a knot, and gave it a peculiarly energetic little jerk, which somehow fastened it firmly in its place. As soon as all the eggs were thus firmly bound in the slipknots round the wheel on her head, she gave a rapid whirl, sent them flying around, while she preserved the movement with her feet, keeping time to the music. Away she whirled, the eggs revolving round her. The slightest false movement would bring them together in a general crash. After continuing this about a quarter of an hour, she seized a cord with a swift but sure grasp, detached from it the inserted egg, managing the slipknot with marvellous dexterity, dancing all the while, till every egg was detached and placed in her basket, after which she advanced, and, kneeling before us, begged us to examine the eggs whether real or fictitious. Of course the eggs were real, and she was almost overwhelmed with shouts of "Khoup! khoup! Matjaka! matjaka!"—"Fine! fine! beautiful!" And then the Nautchnees vanished from the pavilion.

During the interval that followed the pages went round with *goulab-dhanees*, or bottles with rose-water, to sprinkle the guests.

Suddenly the cry of the herald announced a new scene. The heavy curtain slowly folded up, and a long line of male actors, superbly attired as Oriental kings and princes from different parts of the East, entered and took their places on the divans ranged along the farther end of the pavilion. Ram Chunder approached us and informed me that the piece about to be represented was a pure Hindoo drama, a beautiful episode from the Sanskrit epic *Mahâbhârata*, called "Nalopakyanama," or the "Story of Nala."

After the kings and princes had seated themselves, in came a string of attendants arrayed in gold and gleaming armor, who took their places behind the royal personages on the divans. Then came twelve maidens attired in cloth of gold and fantastic head-gear belonging to the ancient Vedic period. Each of these girls had a cithern in her hands; they disposed themselves on seats to the left of the pavilion. After these a shrill cry of many voices announced the gods Indra, Agni, Varuna, and Yama, and in stalked four men splendidly robed, bearing gold wands, with serpents coiling around them, in their hands, and lotus-shaped crowns richly jewelled on their heads. Their raiment was one blaze of tinsel and glass jewels, made to shine with all the brilliancy of real gems.

Then came the hero Nala, with faded flowers on his tiara, dust on his garments, and looking picturesque enough with his bright scarf thrown across his shoulders, but travel-stained and very commonplace in the presence of so much gold and finery.

[Damayanti, the matchless beauty whom Nala loved, had been sought as a queen by each of the four gods. She had invited all her suitors to be present, that she might, according to custom, make public

choice of a husband. She had promised Nala to choose him in the presence of the gods themselves. But the curtain fell, and when it rose again there were five Nalas instead of one, the gods having transformed themselves to bewilder the poor maiden, and perhaps force her to choose one of them for her future husband.]

The music at this point rose and fell, now vibrating in low, tender accents, and anon rising in wild, startling emphasis of expression. At this moment the curtain parted, and there stood the cup-dancer with her quiet but entrancing beauty. Calmly she entered, looking down and meditating, as we were told, on the object of her affections. Her dress was exquisite of its kind and character; I never saw its counterpart on a Nautchnee before or after. It was a long gown without sleeves, falling from her shoulders to her feet, open at the throat, exposing a part of the neck and breast and the whole arm from the shoulder. It was very full, but of the most delicate texture, revealing the whole outline of a very lovely form. A bright border of variegated silk ran down the front and round the hem of this ancient Vedic garment, and it was fastened at the waist by a rich silk scarf. Her hair fell back, flowing down to her feet; on her head was a curious crown of an antique pattern, and over it all was thrown a long veil that streamed on the floor, and was of such a transparent texture that it looked like woven sunbeams.

Such was the impersonation of the Vedic beauty Damayanti. When she reached the centre of the circular pavilion, she lifted her eyes, and, seeing five Nalas instead of one, started backward, clasped her lovely arms on her bosom, and, rocking herself gently to and fro, moaned, "Alas! alas! there are five Nalas, all so like my own true sinless chief. How shall I discover the one to whom alone I have pledged my undying love?"

At this juncture the music ceased, and a deep silence fell

upon the audience. Every eye was riveted on that lovely creature seemingly overcome with the tide of sorrow and uncertainty that swept over her. Suddenly pausing in her moan, she turned up her fine eyes to the sky, and with some new inward light dawning as it were upon her troubled soul, said audibly, "To the gods alone I will trust. If they are indeed gods they will not deceive a poor mortal woman like me."

Then, quivering and trembling, with flushed cheeks and lustrous eyes, she folded her hands and knelt in reverence before the gods and prayed aloud, and said, "O ye gods, as in word or thought I swerve not from my love and faith to Nala, so I here adjure you to resume your immortal forms and reveal to me my Nala, that I may in your holy presence choose him for my pure and sinless husband."

Kneeling there with her face turned up, her hands folded, the outlines of her beautiful form made even more lovely by the half-softened halo of light shed over her from above, she seemed like some beautiful vision, and not a thing of flesh and blood. I never witnessed anything more truly exquisite and tender in its simple womanhood than this rendering of the beautiful Vedic character of Damayanti.

Again the voices of the musicians were heard interpreting for us the thoughts and feelings of the gods: "We are filled with wonder at her steadfast love and peerless beauty," etc. Once more the curtain is dropped, and presently it folds up again, revealing the forms of the four bright gods as at first in all the splendor of their robes, crowned and flashing with jewels, and fragrant with the garlands of fresh flowers that hang around their necks.

Damayanti rose from her bended knees. With pleased and childlike wonder she gazed at the gods one moment, then turned to her own true Nala, who stood before her in striking contrast to the gods, with moisture on his brow,

dust on his garments, soiled head-dress, and faded garland. But on recognizing him as the true Nala, she folded her hands in sudden rapture and gave a cry of joy; then, removing from her own neck her garland of mohgree-flowers, moved with quiet grace towards her lover, knelt and kissed the hem of his dusty robe, arose and threw around his neck her own fresh, radiant wreath of flowers, saying, "So I choose for my lord and husband Nishádah's noble king."

At this speech a sound of wild sorrow burst from the rejected suitors, but the gods shouted, "Well done! well done!" Then the happy Nala, turning to the blushing Damayanti, said, "Since, O maiden, you have chosen me for your husband in the presence of the gods, know this, that I will ever be your faithful lover, delight in your words, your looks, your thoughts, and so long as this soul inhabits this body, so long as the moon turns to the sun, till the sun grows cold and ceases to shine, so long shall I be thine, and thine only."

One more loud shout from the herald, the curtain dropped, the play and the day were over, for it was just twelve o'clock.

THE MARVELS OF MOGUL ARCHITECTURE.

JOSEPH MOORE.

[From "The Queen's Empire; or, Ind and her Pearl," by Joseph Moore, Jr., we select the following appreciative descriptions of the strikingly beautiful monuments of Mohammedan architecture in India. These, erected during the period of the Mogul empire in that country, have ever since been objects of universal admiration, and to one of them in particular, the famous Taj Mahal, is given the palm of being the most artistically perfect and delicately beautiful of all the architectural works of man's hands. Our selections begin with a description of Delhi and its remains.]

ONE sweep to the northeast from Jeypore brought us to Delhi, the capital of the extinct Mogul Empire, the Mecca of the East. What a train of thought is suggested by its very name! With a history dating back to the mythical period of the early Aryans, it was destroyed seven times and as often rose again to dominion and grandeur.

Here the Pathans of Ghuzni, under Mohammed Ghery, founded (A.D. 1193) the Muslim empire of India, and two centuries later (1398) the ruthless Tamerlane came with his fanatical hordes to burn, plunder, and drench the streets with blood. Next the Sultan Baber, the descendant of Zinghis Khan and Tamerlane, crossed the Indus and established the Mogul throne (1526) in the conquered city. This memorable dynasty continued to flourish, with only one interruption, and with increasing lustre, for a hundred and eighty years, under a succession, unprecedented in Indian history, of six sovereigns distinguished by their gallantry in the field, and, with one exception, by their ability in the cabinet.

This galaxy of successful though cruelly rapacious and utterly unprincipled rulers consists of Baber, Humayoon, Akbar, Jehangeer, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe. About these names cluster the relics of the power and splendor of the Great Moguls, the superb monuments of dazzling extravagance by which travellers are chiefly drawn to the imperial seats of Delhi and Agra.

Modern Delhi is the work of the Emperor Shah Jehan (1627–1658), a monarch celebrated for the splendor of his tastes, for the order of his finances, and for his love of building. As the new city approached completion he left Agra, whither the great Akbar had removed his court, and Delhi again became the Mogul capital.

The Fort, or citadel,—which contains the palace, now partly destroyed, the exquisite marble gem known as the

THE GATE AT LUCKNOW

Pearl Mosque, the luxurious baths, and the lavish pavilions of state,—is the finest in India. Its gate-ways are in themselves imposing structures, and the lofty castellated walls of red sandstone describe a circuit of more than a mile. Within the enclosure of the city are the famous Shalimar Gardens, now called the Queen's, beyond which the inmates of the zenana, or harem, never passed. The culmination of all this magnificence is reached in the Dewan-i-Khas, or Hall of Private Audience, which overlooks the river Jumna and the plain. This edifice is of marble, open at the sides, and supported by massive square columns, the whole being adorned with mosaics of costly stones and inlaid gold. Adjoining it are the private apartments of the sovereign, where the pierced marble screens, wrought in floral designs, are of startling richness.

In this hall stood the renowned Peacock Throne, which was plundered by the Persians, a mass of solid gold flanked by two peacocks with distended tails, all studded with diamonds and rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls. The value of this wonder was estimated at six crores, or sixty millions of rupees, nominally thirty millions of dollars.

On the cornices of the marble platform which bore the throne is the Persian inscription which Thomas Moore introduced so effectively in "The Light of the Harem":

> "If there be an Elysium on earth,
> It is this, it is this."

Shah Jehan was not long permitted to enjoy the grandeur he had created. During an illness which brought him to the point of death, his four sons became involved in a bitter conflict for the succession; and so far had it been carried by the time of his recovery that he was unable to resume his authority. The bold and subtle Aurungzebe overpowered all resistance, dethroned his father, and im-

prisoned the fallen monarch in the fort at Agra. There he spent the remaining seven years of his life, within sight of that sublime mausoleum, the Taj, which he had reared to the memory of the adored wife of his youth.

Despite this heartless act, to which he added the death of his brothers, Aurungzebe lived to reign almost half a century (1658–1707), and to wage a war of intolerance for twenty-five years. But the close of his career was tortured by suspicion, gloom, and remorse, and after his death the strained empire began to decline.

Lalla Rookh was the daughter of this cruel prince, and it was from the gate of the fort, already noticed, that she set out upon the journey to reach her future husband in the Vale of Cashmere. The day of her "departure was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars were all covered with the richest tapestry, hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water, while through the streets groups of children went strewing the most delicious flowers around. And as Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore."

Although Ireland's sweetest lyrist never visited the East, the scene he pictures may have been enacted at Delhi a century before his generation. But if his studies of forgotten writers have not prompted him to exaggerate, as in many instances, how completely has everything changed! Not a shred of the pomp he sketches is now to be seen. . . . Delhi is yet the revered centre of the forty millions of Muslims in India. Their cathedral mosque, the Jumna Musjid, is the most imposing religious edifice in the Peninsula. It is built of red stone, and stands on an elevated terrace, approached by a lofty flight of steps. Upon passing any of the three gates we enter an immense paved quadrangle,

with a marble reservoir in the middle, and surrounded by a cloistered colonnade.

The mosque itself, on the western side of the enclosure, is surmounted by three bulbous domes of white marble, flanked by two high minarets constructed of alternate vertical stripes of marble and red sandstone. "The whole," says Fergusson, "forms a group intelligible at the first glance, and, as an architectural object, possesses a variety of outline and play of light and shade which few buildings can equal." . . .

Delhi has now less than two hundred thousand population, but it once had almost two millions. The remains of the cities which preceded the present one are strewn in profusion over the neighboring plain, covering a distance of nearly sixty square miles. Temples and mosques, tombs and palaces, walls and forts, are here crumbling and falling, unheeded and deserted.

In the midst of this decay is the magnificent Kootub Minar, the loftiest independent tower on the globe, excepting the Washington Monument. Although it has stood nearly seven hundred years, time has scarcely marred this noble achievement of Pathan architecture, unquestionably one of the wonders of the mediæval world. It far surpasses either the Campanile of Florence or the Giralda of Seville, while the tower of the Kremlin, probably the highest in Europe, is unworthy of comparison, because of its inferior construction.

We spent two days in exploring this vast area of ruins, and marvelled at the infinite waste which man has committed in the name of religion and through vain efforts to perpetuate his own memory. The moral of this sumptuous wreck, the fabrics of wealth wrung from the poor, is written in the eternal law of nations that the era of luxury is the herald of decline. A conquered race, dragging out a most abject

existence, peoples this land of fabled riches, and the vacant thrones of the tyrant Moguls, symbols of a "Paradise lost," stand in the gorgeous halls of state, waiting for Old Mortality to inscribe them with the words of Milton,—

"They themselves ordained their fall."

As we rolled away from Delhi and crossed the Jumna bridge, the young crescent faintly illuminated the snowy domes of the immaculate Pearl Mosque. In the distance we could distinguish the tall memorial column on the commanding ridge from which British guns thundered their demand to the mutineers to yield the stolen city. When the train halted for a moment on the bridge, we caught the martial notes of the English bugler within the embattled citadel of the splendor-loving Shah Jehan. The exquisite marble balcony, in which the Great Moguls sat to review their legions, was vacant, and the parade-plain beneath as silent and peaceful as the shallow, winding Jumna.

[From Delhi we pass to Lahore, another city identified with the splendor of Mogul rule in India.]

Lahore, the present capital of the Punjaub, holds an important place in Mogul history, and the plain which surrounds it, like that of Delhi, is marked with the ruins of its departed greatness. It was the chosen residence of the Emperor Jehangeer, whose splendid mausoleum, richly decorated with mosaics, stands on the opposite banks of the river Ravee from the city. Before his accession to the throne this prince was called Selim, the name under which he appears in "Lalla Rookh" as the estranged lover of Noor Mahal, the "Light of the Harem." But history presents a different story of this couple from that woven by the poet's fancy. Jehangeer, who was a drunkard and of cruel instincts, already had four wives when he fell in love

with the beautiful Noor Mahal. She was the daughter of a Persian adventurer named Itmad-ood-Dowlah, who afterwards became prime minister of the empire. The great Akbar, father of the prince, interfered and despatched the girl to Bengal, where she married one Sher Ufgun.

When Akbar died, Jehangeer sent for the object of his affection. Her husband naturally objected to the transfer, so he was put to the sword to remove the difficulty. The lady was then brought to Agra, where the Emperor awaited her, but she indignantly refused his advances. This was the "something light as air" which Moore, with rosy imagination, has transformed into a mere lovers' tiff, upon the occasion of the Feast of Roses in the Shalimar Gardens of Cashmere.

The lady's ambition, however, shortly allayed her scornful anger and obscured the memory of her murdered husband. She wedded the sanguinary suitor, and was raised to the throne as the favorite Empress. At this time she was a woman of middle age. In addition to these realisms, the veil of romance in which Moore has enveloped her is further rent by the fact that she was a virago, and given to unscrupulous political intrigue.

On the other hand, it must be stated that husband and wife were very devotedly attached to each other. When the Emperor died he was profoundly mourned by Noor Mahal, who reared the costly tomb in which she was afterwards laid by his side. . . .

One relic of that storied past yet exists in all its luxurious beauty,—Shah Jehan's House of Joy, the Shalimar Gardens. We wandered through the orange-groves and erotic retreats of this elysium, picturing in our imagination the days of history and of song, when the marble pavements were trodden by the houris of the zenana, and the five hundred fountains, strung in endless vista, terrace

upon terrace, threw their sparkling jets into the sunshine to greet the august presence of the Great Mogul.

[One more Mogul city we need to visit in search of these memorials of Saracenic taste,—Akbar's splendid capital of Agra.]

When we arrived at Agra the great Mohammedan festival of the Moharram was at its height. In the bazaars, the shops of the Muslims and of many of the Hindus were closed, and the streets thronged with people in gay holiday attire. Nautch girls, wives, and daughters, all decked with the showy trinkets of the East, filled the windows and balconies, waiting for the culminating pageant of the day. As the procession approached, the crowd surged towards its head, and the excitement became intense. . . .

Agra is essentially a Mogul city, and nowhere are the wealth and splendor of that oppressive dynasty evinced to a greater degree than in its sumptuous monuments. Here Akbar located his capital and built the imposing citadel which overhangs the Jumna. Within its crenellated walls, a mile and a half in circuit, stand the architectural gems, some in a condition of ruin, which attest the magnificence of the imperial court. After passing the massive gate-way of the enclosure, itself a fortress, and crossing a garden, we come to the Hall of Public Audience. Next we enter the zenana, where the beauty of the East was once gathered, and then the luxurious baths, all lavishly adorned, which resemble the cool retreats and sprinkling fountains of the Alhambra. One of these chambers and its passages, called the Palace of Glass, are decorated with little mirrors, similar to the room at Ambher.

The Hall of Private Audience consists of two pavilions, smaller than the one at Delhi and more of the Hindu style, but almost as richly finished. Here we found the Black Throne of Akbar, upon which we coiled ourselves in Ori-

ental fashion, without, however, feeling like a Great Mogul.

Then follow the elegant private apartments of the Emperor, and pavilions, kiosks, and balconies overlooking the river, seventy feet below, all of snowy marble, with exquisite fretted lattices of the same material and inlaid with mosaics of precious stones.

Near by is the immaculate Pearl Mosque, which is much larger than its queenly namesake at Delhi. Although purely Saracenic in style, this edifice depends for its exalted effect upon absolute simplicity of outline and graceful proportion, eschewing almost all ornament. The whole is of white marble, from the pavement of the court to the three crowning domes, "silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze will sweep away."

Even while the Fort was in process of construction, Akbar was engaged in rearing a stupendous summer establishment about twenty miles from Agra.

The ruins of this city, for such it is, are within a walled park, seven miles in circumference, embracing the present villages of Futtehpur and Sikri. The plateau of a long, rocky hill, in the centre of the enclosure, was selected for the court, and upon this site arose a prodigal array of stately piles. Red sandstone is the prevailing material, but considerable marble was also used. Many of these structures are yet intact, while others exist in a state of partial decay.

According to the statements of early travellers, Akbar once intended this "most noble city" for his seat of government. Scarcely, however, was it completed before he quitted the place for sanitary reasons. Palaces and mosques, zenanas and baths, walls and towers, tombs and gate-ways, pavilions, courts, and halls, built with the money and the labor of his subjects, were thus abandoned to neglect and decline.

This transitory paradise seems to have owed its creation to the advice of a fakir, or holy mendicant, named Shekh Selim,—whose marble tomb stands in the quadrangle of the mosque,—to commemorate the birth of the child that became the Emperor Jehangeer. Legend has interwoven its story with the history of this event, but in whatever light it may be viewed, we must conclude that Akbar either abetted a fraud or yielded to the baldest superstition.

But, with all his faults, Akbar was the greatest prince that ever sat on the throne of the Moguls. Although constantly at war, he never lost a battle. During his reign the dominion of the empire was vastly extended, and wise reforms were successfully introduced. While a Mohammedan by birth and education, he was tolerant of all religions. At one time he inclined to a belief in Christ, when he married the alleged Christian lady, the Miriam of Whittier's exquisite poem, whose tomb is pointed out near his own superb mausoleum at Secundra, a short drive from Agra. He invited Hindus to accept civil and military offices, and chose two wives of that faith.

Akbar's efforts to establish religious equality led him to devise an eclectic creed, which sought to unite the followers of Christ, of Zoroaster, of Brahma, and of Mohammed. In this impossible task he naturally encountered failure, and the abnormal system died with its founder.

Every department of his court was sustained upon a scale of splendor before unknown in India. Under him and his successors Agra blended the magnificence of the palaces of Nineveh and the temples of Babylon with the enchantments of the sylvan elysium of Cashmere.

Yet after the recital of all this wondrous grandeur the crowning glory of Agra and of India remains to be told. The incomparable Taj Mahal, that peerless marvel of love, of skill, of patience, of beauty, of treasure, and of power;

the faultless, dazzling mausoleum which Shah Jehan raised to the memory of his beautiful idolized consort, in accordance with a promise made beside her death-bed. As a last request she begged of him a memorial befitting a queen. In response he vowed to rear above her remains a sepulchre that the world should hold matchless.

More than two centuries have elapsed since this shrine of affection was completed. Attracted by its fame, in that period travellers from every clime have journeyed to Agra to behold the jewelled wonder. Man is critical, either from instinct or pedantry, but a single voice is yet to deny that Shah Jehan has redeemed the fullest measure of his pledge. . . .

Entering a magnificent gate-way, we find ourselves in a garden which rivals the charms of Shalimar. Before us stretches a lengthy avenue of the trembling cypress, along the middle of which a row of fountains toss their slender jets high into the stilly air,—a superb vista, a third of a mile long. At the extreme end, partially obscured by the abundant foliage, rises the Taj, so white and dazzling that it seems to be the source of the sunlight which crowns it like an aureole.

Approaching it, we mount a broad terrace of red sandstone, upon which are two mosques of the same material, one on each side. From this base we ascend to a smaller platform of polished marble, whereon four towering minarets, snowy and graceful, dart upward from the corners. In the centre of this fitting pedestal stands the Taj, radiant and of spotless white.

The edifice is square, but as the corners are truncated it might also be called octagonal. Surmounting it is a symmetrical, bulbous dome, flanked by four lesser bulbs raised on delicate pavilions. A lofty arched entrance and twin pairs of smaller arches pierce each of the four identical

façades, adding an air of lightness and plasticity to faultless proportions.

The walls of the exterior, not less than within, are lavishly embellished with inlaid vines and flowering texts from the Muslim scriptures. Indeed, it is credibly stated that the entire Koran is thus placed upon the mausoleum. Everywhere the finish is like that of a jewel-case, in supreme forgetfulness of toil or treasure.

We enter the rotunda, and stand thrilled by a beauty and solemnity which pass all expression. Lost in admiration, we unconsciously speak, and instantly the guardian Echo catches up the note and carries it round and round the lofty vault, calling it back softer and softer, as if not to wake the dead, until it fades into profound silence. Windows of marble lace temper the light within, harmonizing it with the religious sentiment which pervades the tomb.

Directly beneath the dome is the cenotaph of the Empress, covered with mosaics of flowers and foliage, wrought in turquoise and jasper, carnelian and sard, chalcedony and agate, lapis lazuli and jade, blood-stone, onyx, and heliotrope. Beside it is that of the Emperor, similarly adorned. Surrounding them is a screen of marble filigree elaborate and delicate beyond all conception.

In a vault below the central hall is the inlaid sarcophagus which contains the ashes of the lady of the Taj,—Moontaz-i-Mahal, the Exalted One of the Harem. There, also, close to the bride of his youth, rests the faithful Shah Jehan. Deathless love joined for evermore.

We came by moonlight to this sanctuary, when all was silent save the rippling of the Jumna, which flows by its side; and, walking round the shimmering pile, confessed that "the rare genius of the calm building finds its way unchallenged to the heart."

BOAR-HUNTING IN INDIA.

W. GORDON CUMMING.

[The Gordon Cummings have been men of might with the rifle and spear in the adventurous life of the hunting-field. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, in his "Five Years of a Hunter's Life," in South Africa, has placed himself on record as a man of might and daring, in contests with the lion, elephant, and other dangerous game. A younger scion of the family, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Gordon Cumming, has made as fine a record among the tigers and other game animals of India. We subjoin some of his adventures in the chase of the wild boar.]

AT the time I write of we had an institution called "The Hunt," got up for the furtherance of hog-hunting, and a small monthly sum was collected from subscribers. With this the Hunt paid for a shikaree, whose duty it was to go about the country and ascertain where pigs were to be had in rideable ground. On hunting days half the cost of the beaters was also defrayed out of this fund, the other half being paid by the sportsmen present. The meets generally lasted from four to six days,—alternate days being devoted to hunting and shooting.

The locality being fixed on, the mess-tent was sent out, and every man intending to be present sent on his servants with a small sleeping-tent and a goodly store of provender of all kinds—both solid and fluid—and as many horses and ponies as he could muster. The shikaree and his assistants were out long before daybreak, and took up positions in trees whence they could watch the pigs as they returned to the coverts from their feeding-grounds. By eight o'clock he generally reappeared, and gave in his report to the captain of the Hunt, by whom the programme for the day was arranged. . . .

The appearance of our camp was highly effective. It was generally situated in some grove of grand old mangoes. . . . By half-past ten we were in the saddle, and seldom had far to go before reaching the covert-side. . . . Pigs were always plentiful, and on the alternate days there was abundance of game of all kinds, for both gun and rifle. . . .

The field was generally well attended, and sharp contests for the honor of the first spear were numerous. At times this emulation led to hot and strong discussions; for in the excitement of a chase, when several pigs were on foot at once, and when, possibly, the hunted boar might be changed during the run, it was not always an easy matter to say whose spear had drawn first blood.

In some parts of the Dougurwah country there were dense thorny thickets which, though of no great extent, were quite impenetrable for horsemen, and on a wounded boar gaining the shelter of one of these, there was much difficulty in dislodging him. We had had a severe run after a very large old boar; he was badly speared, but managed to reach one of these, and all our attempts to induce him again to break cover were in vain. The beaters came up and advanced with fiendish yells, blowing horns and beating drums. Stones were showered into the bush, and a sharp fire of blank cartridge was kept up by a party of the Guzerat Kolee corps who had accompanied us. The boar, however, knew the strength of his position, and refused to show himself again in the open ground. He might, of course, have been shot, but such a proceeding would have been regarded in the same light as the shooting of a fox in Leicestershire; so, as we could not in honor ride away and leave him, it was agreed that we should dismount and go in at him on foot with our spears.

The project was a rash one, for though a spear is a handy

weapon when used from horseback in open ground, it is not quite so suitable when going in at an infuriated boar in a tangled thicket of thorns and long grass. We did not, however, give this part of the matter much consideration. We were about eight in number, and in the event of any one of us being in difficulties, we relied on our comrades.

The boar had taken his stand in the centre of the thicket, which was some fifty yards across, and we moved slowly in on him, with our spears shortened and pointed in advance. My greatest danger seemed to be from my neighbor on the left, who, relinquishing his spear, had armed himself with a sharp-pointed, crooked sword, which he had taken from one of the beaters, and which he held over his shoulder in painful proximity to my countenance.

Towards the centre of the thicket the ground was somewhat clearer, and most fortunately the boar selected the moment at which we gained this spot to make his charge. With savage grunts he came crashing down on us, and evidently intended to make an ugly hole in some one, but we stood steady, and the nearest spears were buried in his chest and shoulders. His weight and impetus were great, and the tough bamboo spear-shafts bent under the strain, but we closed in on him, and he yielded up his gallant spirit.

The beaters crowded in and bore him from his lair, and, on reaching the open ground, proceeded to *gralloch.* On removing the intestines, a large quantity of blood was found in the carcass. Diving their hands into the body, they scooped out the warm blood and drunk it greedily, wiping their ensanguined fingers in their long beards and moustaches. The effect was truly startling, and for all that I can say to the contrary, it may have been very good tipple.

Many of these men carried "boomerangs," a weapon I have never seen used in any other part of India. It was

made of heavy, dark wood, two inches broad, three-quarters of an inch thick, and about two and a half feet long, sharpened at the edges. These are thrown with great force, and would not infrequently knock over hares and partridges as they rose during the beat. . . .

Old boars are often very cunning, and will hang back in a thicket when the rest of the sounder breaks, stealing quietly off when the field is in hot pursuit of some of the smaller pigs. As a rule, they do not give so fast a run as a young boar or a long-legged sow; but when brought to bay they are awkward customers, and frequently leave their mark on their pursuers. Our beaters were ripped on several occasions, but fortunately the wounds were not severe, and were confined to the legs. The cut of a boar's tusk is peculiar, and is generally of the form of the letter L, like a tear in woollen cloth. Although when charging they come on with savage grunts, they seldom cry out when speared; and a pig who dies with a squeal is generally regarded as an ignoble beast, having in his veins the blood of domestic ancestors.

I remember a joke played off on a man whose deeds in the saddle were not supposed to lose aught of their importance by his own description of them. Some youngsters of the cantonment, having purchased a village pig, had been in the habit of sending it out a mile or two in a cart, and hunting it home with long bamboos. By this course of training the piggy acquired wind and some degree of speed. At length, on a day appointed, he was taken out and secured by the leg in the covert. The usual party, with the addition of the mighty hunter, were assembled at the mess tiffin, when a native came up and reported a fine boar marked down. Horses and spears were called for, and, with the guide in advance, all proceeded to the jungle-side.

Nimrod announced his intention of refraining from all active part in the proceedings, on the ground that it would be unfair for an old experienced hunter like himself to take the spear from a lot of young fellows to whom the sport was new. He was, however, assured that, without his valuable aid, the game would probably escape, and it was therefore hoped he would not practise such extreme self-denial.

On the riders taking up their positions, men were sent to free the obscene beast, which speedily appeared; and, in expectation of the customary chevy, made off at its best pace. By judicious management, all the field got thrown out with the exception of Nimrod, who was seen riding like a man, and coming up to the pig, hand over hand. Making a well-directed thrust, with a triumphant shout, he speared the beast, and a few more thrusts rolled it over. The other riders now gathered round the redoubtable hunter, who was seen standing by the prostrate *gaum-tee*, waving his cap and brandishing his blood-red spear. "Gentlemen," he cried, "it was too bad of me! but really when I saw the boar break cover, my blood got up, and I was quite unable to restrain myself."

At this moment a lager, who had been previously well coached, came running up and demanded payment for his property. It was long before Nimrod again entertained the mess with his hunting exploits.

Although large boars often showed fight and gave trouble, at times they were laid low by a single spear. One morning we were hunting in a difficult country, covered with scrub bush, through which it was difficult to urge a horse at great speed, when a stout young boar was seen crossing the cover at some distance ahead. He was going at a sharp pace, and as he already had a good start, the word to ride was at once given. Away we went,

threading through the bush at a smart gallop. Hearing us coming up, the boar halted for a moment, and again started off. We now settled down to the work, and were gaining on him, when one of our party, who had been at some distance from us when we started, came down on the pig at a right angle.

The boar never swerved, but apparently charged straight ahead, and with the intention of cutting the fore legs of the horse from under him. How the horse escaped we could not imagine. The boar seemed to cross under his neck, and both were going at their best pace. In an instant the rider dropped the point of his spear between the shoulders of the boar, and with a convulsive struggle it rolled over, quite dead.

The thorns through which we hunted told heavily on the legs of the horses, and they were often much swollen after a hard day's work. A favorite remedy was the red earth from the nests of white ants boiled with the leaves of the neem-tree, till the whole formed into a thick paste. With this the legs were plastered, from above the knees downward; and the mud, on drying, formed a sort of bandage round the leg. In the early morning the horses were often taken down to the nearest tank, and kept standing for fifteen minutes in the cold water. These combined remedies seemed to draw out the thorns to the surface, whence many were extracted by careful horse-keepers; and I have seen a man come up with the back of his curry-comb covered with large thorns, which he had picked from the legs of the horse under his charge.

[We shall conclude with Colonel Cumming's narrative of an exciting chase on the banks of the Samburmuttee River. They had seen a very large boar crossing the broad shallow stream, and making for a cypress covert on its other bank. They put the shikarees on his track.]

Leaving the river, he had made a détour of about two miles in the open country, which, though cultivated, was at this season quite bare of crops. Our men were equal to the occasion, and taking up the track they moved quickly along, scoring the ground at every few yards with a short stick across the print of the boar's hoofs. We now found that he was crossing a wide bend in the river, and that the tracks would again fall into the bed of the stream. The trackers moved fast and sure, and we followed close in their wake with the crowd of beaters. At length we came to where a smaller stream joined the river, and on the ground between the two was a crop of irrigated maize, about ten feet in height, and looking very cool and green. The smaller stream was about fifteen yards in width, slow and sluggish, having about a foot of water, and an equal amount of black mud below it.

We had crossed and sent the beaters to the end next the junction of the streams, when we heard much yelling and shouting, and next moment the boar came out at speed and dashed down the slope into the stream we had just crossed. Bulkley was only a few yards from him, and, driving in his spurs, he rushed down the bank, regardless or forgetful of the muddy bottom. His horse seemed to turn heels over head, and as I checked mine and floundered slowly across, he was picking himself out of the black mud and shaking his steed to his legs again. He had lost his hunting-cap, and his spear was buried in the grimy slush. I reached the bank in safety, and, gathering up my galloway, I went on after the boar. From his great size and weight I was sure he would make a good fight, and I saw I had work cut out for me, so I determined not to irritate him with a minor poke, but, if possible, to disable or check him till such time as my friend should emerge from the mud and come to my assistance.

As the boar went along at an easy canter, I saw that I should have no difficulty in overhauling him. We were going up the side of a field, having a high mud-bank on our right, and, watching my opportunity, I lowered my spear and pressed my horse with the spur. In an instant I was alongside of the boar, and had my spear within a few inches of his shoulder, when, with a savage grunt, he made a sidelong charge at my horse. The spear took him in the neck and checked him, but with a sudden wrench he broke the bamboo shaft, leaving the head embedded in his muscles. Turning my horse sharp to the left, I got clear away, but, having only the headless spear-shaft in my hand, my offensive powers were at an end, and I saw that my only hope of getting the boar lay in my being able to keep him in view till my friend should rejoin me.

In this way we held on over many fields. At times I pursued and tried to turn the boar; at others he pursued me, and then I was forced to "advance backward." Still no signs of my friend, and I began to fear that either he or his horse had been seriously damaged. The boar had nearly reached the spot from which we had first started him in the morning, and as he went down the steep bank into the cypress cover I pulled up in despair.

At that moment I saw Bulkley coming along at a hand-gallop, and with a frantic yell I again set off after the boar. Aided by Bulkley, I succeeded in turning him towards the water, into which he hurled himself and lay still, apparently dead-beat. Springing from his horse, Bulkley lowered his spear and ran in at him, but the boar rose and charged. He was stopped by a thrust in the neck, but his great weight broke the bamboo, and though Bulkley managed to get away unscathed, we had no spears, and were now powerless for all purposes of attack. Unwilling to leave the wounded beast, and hoping that some of our men with

spare spears would soon come up, we followed him slowly down the river, and, seeing some cultivators irrigating their fields near the banks, Bulkley rode off to them in the hope of obtaining some offensive weapon.

Presently he came back armed with a short, crooked sword, but by this time the boar was going down a part of the river where he had an abrupt bank six feet in height on his immediate left. Bulkley vainly tried to force him out, as he found it impossible to reach him with the short sword. At length he made a cut, but the boar charging at the same moment, ripped his horse in the fore leg; and finding that he could not again get him to go near the pig, he handed me the sword and I took up the running.

We had come to a tributary stream, joining the river at right angles. Into this we plunged, and as the boar swam almost on a level with my saddle, I rose in the stirrups and made a cut at him with all the force I could muster. Had the weapon served me truly, I should have laid the boar in two halves; but the blade of the sword, being merely fastened into the hilt with lac, fell out, and the pig turned on me. I had just time to fend him off with my hand, receiving as I did so a slight cut over the thumb from his tusk.

Wheeling my horse round, I got away from him, when he crossed the stream, and turning up the other bank, left the main river. By this time he was nearly exhausted, and our shikaree appeared on the scene, having followed the run on foot. Another sword was procured from some cultivators. The shikaree carried his own, and one of his men had an iron-bound club. Leaving our panting steeds, we made a simultaneous rush on the boar as he stood at bay in the water. He made a last charge, but the swords cut fairly this time, and the huge beast succumbed.

I have been in at the death of many boars, but I never

saw a run so full of excitement as that which I have now endeavored to describe.

[Boar-hunting does not seem to be as dangerous a sport to the hunters in India as it is often described as being in Europe. The horses frequently receive injuries, and the beaters are often severely hurt by the tusks of the savage brutes; but so far as the sportsmen themselves are concerned, the story is a somewhat monotonous one of killing of boars and triumph of hunters.]

CAVES OF ELLORA AND CITY OF NASHIK.

ANNA HARRIETTE LEONOWENS.

[To the extract already made from Mrs. Leonowens's interesting work of travel in India we add one descriptive of the unique cavern-temples of Ellora, in their way among the most remarkable works of architecture and astonishing examples of rock excavation on the earth. To this is added an account of the neighboring city of Nashik, one of the most purely Brahmanic of existing cities.]

We bade adieu to the old historical city of the great Arungzebe [Arungabâd] just as the first streak of sunlight was gilding the conical summit of the fortress of Dowlutabâd, and, wending our way laboriously up the steep Pipla Ghaut, we emerged on the other side on a fertile plain planted with magnificent trees and covered with innumerable mausoleums and tombs, through which our bullocks made straight for the western boundary of the beautiful hill of Rauzah. Here we reached a spot of perfect tranquillity and beauty, but which must have been at some ancient time a scene of intense activity. The present little village of Ellora, consisting of a number of Hindoo dwellings, is almost hidden among groves of fine trees, and is only remarkable because it lies immediately at the foot

of a high wall of rock in which the vast cavern-temples of this neighborhood are found, and to which it owes its prosperity.

We alighted from our wagons on the veranda of a well-built pagoda; near it was a fine reservoir with flights of broad stone steps leading down to the water's edge. On the bank or upper stonework of this reservoir are a number of artistic little Hindoo temples or shrines, the roofs supported by light, delicate pillars, giving an airy and graceful appearance to the whole village.

As soon as Govind had gone through his prayers and ablutions we started off, accompanied by a couple of sage-looking Hindoo guides, for the cavern-temples. We followed our guides for some little distance, when they left the high-road and struck a narrow, steep path, and all at once, when we were least expecting it, a sudden turn brought us into the presence of the great "rock-cut temples" that render this spot the holiest of all places in the Deccan. Down went Govind and our guides prostrate on their faces and hands.

The solitude, the quiet stillness of the spot, with the bright morning sun flooding hill and plain and penetrating the depths of these excavations, were impressive. The temple before us was a large open court and deep vaulted chamber, massive and elaborately carved, chiselled from the heart of the mountain itself, and rising up nearly a hundred feet. There were many other temples in the hill-side with door-ways, arches, pillars, windows, galleries, and verandas supported by solid stone pillars filled with figures of gods and goddesses, heroes, giants, birds, beasts, and reptiles of every shape,—quite enough to baffle the most careful student in anything like a thorough examination of their vast and intricate workmanship.

We went in and out, climbing stone-cut steps, up,

down, and round about the caves, not knowing which temple to admire most or on which to bestow undivided attention. It would take weeks to explore them thoroughly. There is a very fine cavern-temple dedicated to Pur Sawanath, "The Lord of Purity," the twenty-third of the great saints of the Jains of this era. An image resembling those that are seen of Buddha, stone tigers, and elephants bear up the altar on which he is seated; from the middle of the altar there projects a curious wheel on which is carved the Hindoo astronomical table, and a seven-headed serpent is seen over the head of the god.

Another very beautiful excavation, consisting of three temples or compartments, is dedicated to Jaggar-Nath Buddh, or "The Enlightened Lord of the Universe;" these temples are best known, however, by the name of Indra Sabha, or "The Assembly of Indra." These caves are two-storied, containing images of Indra—"the darter of the swift blue bolt," as he is called—seated on a royal elephant, with his attendants about him, and of Indranee, his wife, riding on a couchant lion, with her son in her arms and her maids around her. The sacred trees of the Hindoos—*Kalpa Vriksha*, the tree of the ages or of life—are growing out of their heads; on the one overshadowing Indra are carved peacocks, emblematic of royalty, and fruits resembling the rose-apple, sacred to love, grow on the one sprouting from the head of Indranee. This temple is unrivalled for its beauty of form and sculpture.

The next temple we visited was the Dho Máhal Lenah, "the double palace." It is full of figures and sculptured story celebrating the marriage of the god Siva with Parvatee. It is an excavation of great depth and extent, filled with countless gods and goddesses, among which the figure of Yama, the judge of the dead, commonly called Dhannah, is especially remarkable. Not far from this

cavern-temple a lovely mountain torrent comes leaping down in beautiful cascades. Near a wide pool is a rude cave with a deity in it called Dâvee, who draws multitudes of pilgrims to her shrine yearly because of her reputation for performing miracles.

There is also a temple famous in Indian song and story called Khailahsah, or "highest heaven." The mountain has been penetrated to a great depth and height to make room for this wondrous bit of sculpture. Within an area stands a pagoda almost, if not quite, a hundred feet high. It is entered by a noble portico guarded by huge stone figures of men; towering above it are, cut out of the hill, a music-gallery of the finest workmanship and five large chapels, and above all there is in front a spacious court terminating in three magnificent colonnades: huge columns uphold the music-gallery; stone elephants, looking towards us, heave themselves out of this mass of rockwork, and right in front is a grand figure of the Hindoo goddess Lakshimi being crowned queen of heaven by stone elephants that have raised themselves on their hind feet to pour water over her head from stone vessels grasped in their trunks.

Everywhere we found fresh objects of wonder, and each new cave seemed the greatest marvel of all. The entire hill-side is perforated with chatiyas, monasteries, pagodas, towers, spires, galleries, and verandas, all cut out of the solid rock. Nothing could be wilder and more fantastic than the effect produced by these excavations, situated as they are amid natural scenes very wild and romantic,—waterfalls, ravines, gorges, old gnarled forest-trees, and a dense undergrowth of brushwood.

Naturally, freely, unexpectedly, as the tree grows, was the development of early Hindoo art. Everywhere one sees an unrestrained imagination breaking through and

overleaping the bounds of judgment, reason, and even that intuitive sense of refinement to which the Hindoo mind is by no means a stranger.

[There are here in all thirty-four large temples, Buddhist, Brahmanic, and Jain. Some are cut out of the interior of the rock. Others are buildings hewn out of the granite hill-side, standing separate, and with an exterior as well as an interior architecture,—gigantic monolithic temples, in fact. It is believed that these temples date from the seventh century A.D. From Ellora the travellers journeyed to the city of Nashik, on the Thull Ghauts.]

With their forests of foliage and rich jungles the Thull Ghauts are a perpetual wonder and mystery to the natives, and the spot on which the handsome city of Nashik stands is a paradise to the Brahmans. Through it the Godaveri, sometimes called the Gunga, flows, spreading gladness and plenty everywhere. Here it was that Rama, with his beautiful wife Sita, spent the first days of their exile near a dark and dreadful forest, out of which issued the beautiful deer in pursuit of which he was obliged to leave Sita, who became an easy prey to his enemy Rawana. Here Lakshman, the brother of Rama, cut off the nose of the giantess Sarp Naki, the snake-nosed sister of Rawana, from which event the city itself is named [Nashik, "City of the Nose"].

There is doubtless an historical base to all these local traditions, for Nashik is a place of great antiquity, and is mentioned by Ptolemy by the name which it bears to-day. This land was no doubt at one time debatable ground between the advancing Aryan tribes and the aboriginal settlers. Here the Buddhists took refuge from the persecutions of the orthodox Brahmans, excavating the temples and caves that abound in this region.

Nashik is now a Brahman city in the fullest sense of the word. Brahmanic power, influence, culture, and tradition

are felt everywhere. Govind, our pundit, was in his best humor. It seems he had long desired to make a pilgrimage to this sacred spot, and here he was without any actual expense to himself and at the right moment. Nashik is said to have a population of from twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants, chiefly Brahmans of great wealth and famed for their religious sanctity of character.

At the jatras, or tribe-meetings, a great concourse of Brahmans, Hindoos, Rajpoots, and Mahrattas from all parts of India pour into this city, and our visit happened at this time, for the pilgrims were arriving from all parts of the Eastern world. Most of the streets were, like those usually found in Oriental cities, narrow, ill drained, and badly paved, but there are some that are well kept, and a fine, broad thoroughfare leads almost, but not quite, through the centre of the city to the banks of the Godaveri. The lofty houses of the Brahmans, many of which are three stories high and almost palatial in appearance, were thrown open to the strangers. Pilgrims thronged the streets and were encamped along the roadside in tents in the open air or under the shade of huge trees. Highways lead everywhere down to the river, whose sanctity may be conceived from the vast numbers and characteristics of the temples that line its banks and dot the islands and rocks in the river-bed, nearly all built of a hard black rock, capable of high polish, and some in the purest style of Hindoo architecture.

As we were detained here a couple of days, being obliged to purchase a fresh pair of trotting bullocks in order to prosecute the rest of our journey, we determined to stay over and see the celebration of the *Holi*, one of the most curious festivals among the Hindoos. We took up our abode in the travellers' bungalow, some little distance from the native city, and looking out upon the English bury-

ing-ground. It is a charming spot, with a wild tangle of trees forming a sort of garden around it.

The native town of Nashik seems to be divided into three parts, the handsome and well-built portion being occupied by the wealthy Brahmans, *vakeels*, or lawyers, and *gurus*, or priests. The second division, which bears marks of great age and is not very sightly, is inhabited by merchants and traders in grain and other articles of Indian commerce. The bazaars are remarkably well stocked with shawls brought from Cashmere, silks and kinkaubs from Arungabâd, *gowrakoo*, a native manufacture of tobacco and used for smoking, and *jaggery*, a dark-brown sugar, from Bombay. In the jewellers' shops we saw some very pretty specimens of gold and silver ornaments, such as are worn by Hindoo women. The vegetable and fruit markets here are very fine. Among the fruits large trays of beautiful flowers were disposed, of which the rose of Nashik seemed to me the finest I had seen in India. Sheep, goats, and cows wander about the streets of the bazaar unmolested. Indeed, I saw cows putting their heads into the open grain-bags exposed on the shop windows of the *bunyas*, or grain-dealers, and having a good feed, for there was no one to hinder them.

One day, as we were wandering about the streets of Nashik, we strayed into an open court, and thence through an arched entrance into a large hall, where we suddenly came upon a company of men weaving a peculiar and beautiful Oriental silk. The loom was of the old-fashioned Indian type, set into the ground; the upper thread was of a pale-gold color, and the lowest of the most exquisite blue, and the fabric after it was woven had a little knot of yellow left on the surface, which gave it the appearance in one light of being woven of gold threads, and in another light of pale blue. A number of women were seated close

by preparing the silk thread for the weavers by means of a very rude spinning-wheel.

From the bazaars we set off to visit some of the most artistic temples that embellish the banks of the Godaveri. There are five structures here to-day in great repute: the temples of Maha Dèo, or the high god, Siva, Parvati, Indra, and *Jaggar Nath*, commonly called Juggernaut. Each of these temples has a large number of laymen, priests, and priestesses, or dancing-girls, attached to them. The dancing-girls are seen everywhere in the temples, on the banks of the river, and in the booths erected here and there, performing their various dances for the amusement of the pilgrims, and some of these girls were of the finest type that I had seen in any part of India.

We went into the temple of Maha Dèo, which contains some very rich and bold carvings. A figure of a god was seated on a stone altar, and all over the shrine were scattered flowers, oil, and red paint, or *shaindoor*. At the door of this temple we saw seated a very old woman, who, they told me, was once a famous beauty and a priestess of this temple. She sat there muttering idly to herself and basking in the sunlight. Age had very forcibly set its seal upon her. Her skin was drawn into the most complicated net-work of wrinkles, her arms were almost devoid of flesh, and her limbs were as tottering and feeble as those of an infant just attempting to walk; but her eyes, large, dark, and piercing, still retained a great deal of their original beauty. The people, however, regarded her as one inspired, and the women attached to the temple had a tender care for her, taking her into an adjoining chamber every night to sleep, bringing her out to her accustomed place every morning, and feeding her at regular intervals.

On the banks of the Godaveri is shown a spot where women without number have become suttees, or, as they

called them here, Sadhwees, or "pure ones." At a very gentle curve of the river are the cremation-grounds of the Hindoos, and here the ashes of men burned at a distance are brought and scattered in the holy stream, which is thought to have its source in the heart of the great Maha Dèo himself.

Next morning, when we entered into the streets of Nashik once more, the scene that presented itself to our astonished gaze was that of a vast multitude gone mad. Crowds of women dressed in fantastic attire, especially in white- and yellow-spotted muslin sarees, men in curious garbs, boys dressed like sprites or wholly nude and besmeared with yellow paint, fakeers, gossains, ascetics, Hindoos, and Brahmans, were seen in the streets shouting, laughing, throwing red paint about; rude jests were being passed; women were addressed in obscene or ribald language; persons blindfolded in the streets were left to grope their way until they removed the bandage from their eyes, friends were sent on bootless errands, etc. In fact, it was a complete saturnalia of the rudest and most grotesque description. It was the festival of the *Holi*, held in honor of Krishna's sportive character on the night of the full moon in the month of February.

That evening we went out on the banks of the Godaveri to see the termination of the festival, and it is simply impossible to describe the wild enthusiasm of this vast concourse of people. The banks of the river, the steps of the numberless temples, the courts within courts, the shrines, the altars, the great halls and music-galleries with forests of carved pillars, were closely packed with countless throngs of white-robed priests, half-naked gossains, or sparkling dancing-girls, while thousands of men, women, and children lined the banks of the Godaveri, eager and enthusiastic participants in the gay, bewildering scene.

As we stood gazing at the strange spectacle we heard the wild, discordant sounds of various musical instruments, the shrill blast of innumerable conch-shells, and the deafening beat of the tom-toms, whereupon huge fires began to blaze almost simultaneously from shore to shore at regular distances, and everywhere round them groups of strangely dressed boys performed weird circular dances, holding each other's hands and going around them; then, suddenly letting loose, they darted and leaped round and round one another and round the fire at the same time. This dance is ostensibly performed to commemorate the dance of the god Krishna with the seven gowpiahs, or milkmaids, but there is scarcely a doubt that this festival originally meant to typify the revolution of the planets round the sun.

The light from these blazing fires streaming out upon the moonlit river, the wild, discordant music, the hilarious shouts, the frantic dancers, the sparkle of the dancing-girls, the white-robed figures of the countless multitude, now flashing in sight in the glare of the firelight, and anon vanishing in the deep shadows beyond, the piles of black temples, the great trees, with their arms bending down to the river or stretching towards the clear sky,—all combined to render the last night of the festival of the Holi at Nashik a most weird and singularly fantastic sight.

From the first to the last day of our visit here there was nowhere perceptible the least trace of European influence on the people or in the city. The people and the city were just what they might have been in the days when Ptolemy wrote about the latter, purely and wholly Hindoo, and full of a Brahmanic atmosphere of religious mysticism,—a civilization quite different from anything we had ever witnessed.

THE LAIR OF THE TIGER.

W. GORDON CUMMING.

[To the description of boar-hunting in India, which we have given from Colonel Cumming's "Wild Men and Wild Beasts," we now add some selections descriptive of tiger-hunting experiences, a form of sport far more dangerous than that of spearing the boar. As the horse is the safeguard against danger in the latter, the elephant is in the former, and such hurts as are received are usually due to foolhardy venturing on foot. We select an example of a tiger-hunt in 1856, near Indore, in Malwa.]

As we approached a ravine running down from some springs, we observed a very large tiger standing in a streamlet about two hundred yards from us. He had evidently seen us, and, after a few seconds, he moved up the hill-side, which was covered with bamboos and detached fragments of rock. On arriving at the spot where we had seen him, we came in full view of the huge beast, as he stood, a hundred paces above us, at the base of a large rock. He was watching us, with one paw raised like a pointer dog, and his head turned sideways towards us. Notwithstanding the distance, we were about to fire, when, with a series of savage growls, he charged down the hill, and rushing across the ravine, disappeared, and we saw him no more.

The word "growl," which I have used above, is, I think, inaccurate, but I know not what term to use. A tiger when lying wounded in a thicket will sometimes "growl," but when he charges the cry is more of a deep cavernous grunt, very horrible to hear, and well calculated to try a man's nerves. On one or two *rare* occasions I have heard a tiger *roar*, and have oftentimes heard him growl, but the

war-cry which he gives when charging is quite distinct from either of these.

After resting a while, we moved towards the place where we had sent our servants and tents. The jungle had been only very partially burned, and all the edges of the streams, together with large tracts of the more level jungle, were covered with grass two feet or more in height. We were skirting up the bank of a considerable stream, when we saw a tiger move up from the river on the opposite side and disappear among the bog grass. The jungle was fairly open, and we thought we might try our luck on the elephants; so, calling them up, we mounted.

We had to proceed up-stream for some distance, as the bank was too abrupt to allow the elephants to descend. Having at length effected a passage, we moved down to where we had seen the tiger, and there, among the grass, we found half the carcass of a recently killed nylghau. Bringing the elephants abreast, we turned up the hill, and presently came on three tigers sitting quietly in the grass within thirty paces of each other. They seemed to regard us with great unconcern. Whispering to the mahout to stop, I was in the act of raising my rifle, when, with a shrill trumpet, my elephant rushed to the front. I was of course jerked down into the seat, and before I could recover myself the three tigers had vanished. Looking round for my friend, I found that his elephant had behaved even worse than mine, and had nearly smashed him against the overhanging branch of a tree. We deplored our hard fate, and abused the elephants; but had I known then all I know now, the blame, and probably the punishment, would have fallen on the mahouts.

[Timidity in tiger-hunting is somewhat generally distributed, now affecting the elephant, now the tiger, and occasionally the bold hunter himself, as the following instance serves to show.]

An old iron pit in this jungle was shown to one of my friends, some years after my visit, by one of the natives of the place. He stated that he had on one occasion taken a youthful British sportsman to this cave, in which a tiger had been marked down. A fragment of rock was hurled into the pit, and out bolted the affrighted tiger. "There," said the shikaree, pointing to the left, "there ran the tiger; the sahib stood here; and there"—pointing to a branch twenty-five feet straight over his head—"there is the mark of the sahib's bullet." It is supposed that the tiger was not the only thing that was frightened on that day.

[In the case of another tiger-hunt which Cumming describes, the sport—*i.e.*, the killing—was not all on the side of the men. Two cubs had been slain, and the tigress, furious at the loss of her young, was crouching in a covert, when a native ventured near the spot. The animal at once sprang upon him, buried her fangs deep in his body, and shook him as a dog would a rat. The man died before the next morning. On this day a tiger was roused in a locality where several deep *nullahs*, or ravines, joined the river.]

On this day Bulkley and Arbuthnot wished to try the elephant, so they mounted him together, and proceeded to beat down the bed of the stream towards Ashburner and myself, who were posted in trees on the bank. My tree was in a good position on the edge of a deep nullah, and, mounting with my gun-bearer, we perched ourselves and sat quiet.

We soon heard the elephant trumpet, and a glimpse was obtained of the tiger by those in the howdah; but the trees hung so much over the water, and were so large and dense, that the elephant could only be driven in the centre of the stream. Stones were flung in freely from above, but the tiger would not again show, though we worked after him for two hours.

SPORTS OF THE EAST—THE HUNTING CHEETAH

[The effects of the hot July sun proved too much for Mr. Cumming, and he had to be helped down from his tree and placed in a shady place for recovery.]

I began to feel rather better, and Ashburner shouted to the others to come and have luncheon. He was busy unpacking the basket, when we heard a great uproar from the river, followed by two shots, and, snatching up our rifles, we ran forward in time to meet Bulkley staggering up the bank with his clothes all torn and bloody.

They had dismounted from the elephant in the bed of the river, where they were joined by some of the beaters, and were on their way up the bank to join us at luncheon. Arbuthnot was somewhat in advance, and Bulkley followed with a number of beaters, when the latter suddenly called out, "The tiger! the tiger!" and fled incontinently.

Bulkley wheeled round, and at that instant the tiger charged out. It had been lying in the deep shade caused by a mass of willows, bent over by a heap of drift and *débris* from the river; and Arbuthnot and the men with him must have passed within a few yards of it on their way up the bank. As the tiger charged, Bulkley fired both barrels in his face, but, failing to stop him, turned and endeavored to get away. His foot slipped and he fell forward against the bank. At that instant the tiger seized him by the back, just over the shoulder-blade, and carried him off for about twenty yards. Bulkley had probably wounded him in his charge, for he now dropped him and retired into the bush, and did not again show. The wounded man picked himself up, and met us as we advanced, and we supported him to the spot where we had been sitting.

Cutting open his clothes, we found his back fearfully lacerated, but the discharge of blood was not great. The tiger had lifted him by the muscles of the back, and that

with no tender grasp; but we could form no idea of the actual mischief done.

A litter having been constructed, we raised him and set off for the camp. His pluck was wonderful, and he conversed freely with us on the road, and explained the whole matter. On our arrival at the tent we made all preparations for taking him to the Baroda cantonment, distant about eighty miles, where we could place him under proper medical treatment. Meanwhile, we carefully washed his wounds, and over the whole laid a huge flour poultice.

[Bulkley's wounds were long in healing, and continued to discharge for more than a year, giving at times excessive pain. He then went to Bombay and consulted an eminent surgeon, who opened the wound and extracted considerable portions of the shoulder-blade which had been splintered off by the tiger's teeth. Soon after this the wound closed and healed. Shortly after this event another hunter met with a still worse misfortune.]

Another shooting-party was out, and, as their leave was up, we daily expected them in cantonments. One morning a man arrived with the news that one of the party had been wounded by a tiger, and was on his way in. Soon after, Langton, of my regiment, was carried in on a litter. Two days before, having left his comrades, he was on his way back to Baroda alone. Hearing of a tiger in the bed of the Mhye River, he went after and wounded it. The beast got away among some rocks, and as Langton was endeavoring to dislodge him he charged, knocked him over, and bit him through the elbow-joint and thumb. The tiger then left him, and his people got him home to his tent. Men were procured, and, having placed him on a litter, they set off towards the cantonment.

In this way they moved all that afternoon, the whole of the following day, and the third till eleven A.M., when they reached Baroda. The wounded man was quite sensible

and free from any great pain, and gave us a full account of his misadventure. We got him to bed, and he soon after fell off into a drowsy state, from which he never recovered. A brother officer and I watched him during the night, and at two A.M. I saw such a decided change come over him that I at once sent for the doctor, who was himself on the sick-list. All that was possible was done for Langton, but he never rallied, and died in the afternoon. . . . There was no doubt his death was accelerated by undue exposure to the sun after the shock which he had sustained.

[While officiating as political agent at Sehore, our hunter had to do with a tiger who gave his tormentors abundance of work and fought desperately for his life.]

A few miles to the southward of Sehore lies a scrub jungle of some extent. In no part very dense, it contains many small ravines, filled with long grass and thorny bushes, affording good shelter to tigers, which occasionally wander up from the larger coverts, attracted by the cattle from the surrounding villages. Late one evening a shikaree whom we had stationed at this spot came in and reported that a villager had just been killed by a tiger. The man with two companions had been gathering gum from the trees, when the tiger rushed out on them from a patch of grass, seizing him in his teeth, and killing him on the spot. His comrades were unarmed, and fled to the village.

It was too late to do anything that afternoon, but all was prepared for an early start, and by sunrise next morning we had ridden out to the jungle, where we met our gun-bearers with three good elephants. I was accompanied by the civil surgeon and the adjutant of the local corps. As the country was very open, and the sun was still low in the heavens, I urged them not to fire long shots should

the tiger rise on the approach of the elephants. I calculated that we should have no difficulty in again marking him down.

All preliminaries being arranged, we went off to the spot where the tiger had been seen, and there, face downward, lay the body of the unfortunate man. His clothes were torn, and a quantity of blood was on the ground; but the tiger had apparently not been hungry, for no portion of the body was eaten, and, as it had lain in the jungle all night, we were not sanguine.

Leaving a few villagers to carry home the dead man, we moved into some grass jungle, having previously posted men in different directions on high trees with orders to keep a good lookout. The adjutant was on the left, the doctor in the centre, and I was on the right of the line. We had not gone far before the tiger, a very large male, rose from a small water-course about sixty yards on my right front, and bounded up the opposite bank. He was too far off to allow of my shooting with certainty, therefore, trusting that he would lie up in the next thicket, I reserved my fire. The doctor, however, had caught sight of him, and, greatly excited, at once loosed his piece. I saw the shots strike the ground wide of the tiger, who increased his pace, and went off giving a few angry growls. We followed him up at once, and again I implored my companions not to fire unless they were certain that they could do so with good effect.

Half a mile farther on we again started the tiger,—this time he was within a fair range of the doctor, who, however, missed him, and we feared that even my wonted good luck would not give us another chance. But the sun was now high and powerful, and as we knew that there was no strong covert within several miles, we followed on in the direction which the tiger had taken.

About a mile ahead we came up to one of our scouts on a tree, who reported that the tiger had entered the bushes which fringed the edge of a small dry nullah running up into the plain. Quietly forming up the three elephants in line, we moved slowly on, and soon after saw the tiger going off about eighty yards before us. As he seemed thoroughly scared, I deemed it prudent this time to fire, on the chance of wounding him. The doctor also fired at the same moment, and the tiger lurched heavily to one side and disappeared among the bushes.

I had just taken up another rifle, and we were cautiously advancing, when the enraged brute rushed to meet us. He was within twenty paces before we saw him, and was evidently inclined to do mischief, but again we opened fire and dropped him. He rose, however, in an instant, and again came on, roaring wickedly; but, apparently not caring to close with the elephants, he dashed through our line and went back up the nullah.

We quickly reloaded, and followed him up, carefully examining every bush and tuft of grass. In this manner we had advanced to the very head of the nullah, which terminated in a large green corinda-bush. The tiger made no sign, and we began to fear that he might have slunk away to the right or left, but, determined to make sure, I directed my mahout to take me up to the corinda-bush. The head of the elephant had almost touched the foliage when the tiger, now mad with rage, sprang at him, seizing him by the root of the trunk in his teeth, while he buried his claws in the sides of his face.

With a frantic shriek the elephant dropped his head, and endeavored to pin the tiger to the ground with his tusks. It was a moment of intense excitement, and I was seriously alarmed for the mahout, who, seated on the neck of the elephant, was in great danger of being thrown

down between the struggling brutes. My own situation, too, was by no means pleasant, for I was thrown forward in the howdah, and I dreaded lest the girths should give way. However, the *graith* was good, and I kept my position, and as the elephant with a desperate effort shook off the tiger, I found I had retained my three guns uninjured.

The tiger made off down the nullah before I could again fire, and it was some time before the elephant, who continued to dance and shriek with rage, could be sufficiently quieted to enable me to follow after him. Throughout the struggle my companions, though only a few paces off, were unable to render any assistance, fearing to fire lest they might hit the elephant. About one hundred yards down the nullah we came on the tiger, crouching under a bank. He at once charged, and this time left the mark of his teeth and claws in the head of the adjutant's elephant, but he was now less lively, and one or two shots put in with effect rolled him over. He was a fine beast, a male of the largest size, with a rich dark skin. He was, moreover, very shaggy about the sides of the head, and was altogether a good specimen.

[Our redoubtable hunter seems to have been proof against tigers. He was less so against bears, and came near receiving his quietus from one of these creatures, as the following narrative will show. Two bears had been "marked down" in a grassy and bushy place, and directing his companion, Hunt, to take post on the face of the hill above, Cumming advanced into the grass, followed by his native attendants.]

As I was carefully endeavoring to avoid treading on the dry sticks, I came on a covey of the small bustard quail. These birds are generally found in the tree jungles, and sit in the grass closely packed together, rising simultaneously, with much noise, when disturbed. I had almost stepped

on them before they rose; and as they flew up into my face I was a good deal startled. I had hardly settled my nerves when I saw the male bear about thirty paces in front of me, making off at speed towards the right. I fired at once, but the smoke came back on me; and, as it cleared away, I saw the other bear, not ten yards off, going away after the first.

I let drive with the second barrel, on which she wheeled round and came straight at me, grunting viciously. Rising on her hind legs, she attempted to seize me by the throat in her teeth; and, as I fended her off with my left arm, she got it in her mouth, and crunched it up like a cucumber. Meanwhile, she was not idle with her formidable claws, with which she tore open my clothes, and gave me an ugly score across the ribs. At the moment Bappo rushed in and shot her through the body. She dropped on all fours, but retained her hold on my hand with her teeth, tugging furiously to get me down. As we struggled, a young bear which she carried on her back, and which had been struck by my shot, fell dead at our feet; and the old lady's temper was evidently not improved by the bereavement.

Bappo behaved admirably. He again rushed to the front, and, raising his rifle, watched his opportunity for another shot. I called to him not to blow my hand off; and at that instant he fired, and the bear relaxed her grip and fell back with a ragged hole through her head. All this was the work of a few seconds.

I had now time to examine my hurts. My left wrist was nearly bitten through, both bones were smashed, and the hand twisted round. I was, moreover, cut across the ribs by the bear's claws. Holding up the wounded limb in a hanging position, I turned the hand round into its place, and supported it on the other arm till Hunt, who had now

come up, had cut some slips of bamboo, and bound the whole up with a turban. I was astonished at the utter absence of pain, for the wound was gruesome to behold. . . .

I had in my camp a native dresser from the dispensary at Maunpore, and by him my wound was artificially bound up. Both bones of the arm were smashed; the ulna was broken about an inch from the joint, and the ends protruded. The radius was also broken. I had on the third finger of my left hand a ring which had not been off for many years, and could not be removed. Knowing that my hand would probably swell up, I lost no time in filing this off. Meanwhile, food had been got ready; and after partaking of refreshment, I mounted in a litter, borne on men's shoulders, and set off for Mundlaisir, distant thirty miles, hoping there to obtain good surgical treatment. . . .

That evening [of the next day] Dr. Watson, of the Bengal army, arrived, after a thirty miles' ride from Mhow, and considerably relieved my mind by intimating his intention of endeavoring to save the hand. He pleasantly remarked that any man could cut off a limb, but that it required a surgeon to save one.

I received much attention from all my friends at Mundlaisir, and in about ten days was so far recovered as to be able to be moved in a palanquin to Mhow, where I remained under the surgical care and hospitable roof of Dr. Watson. I have no joint in that wrist, and can only partially close my hand, but the limb is serviceable in most ways; and, as Watson used to remark, "It is better than a hook." My misadventure occurred about the 16th of April, and I was not able to take the field again before the 20th of June.

AN ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON.

JOSEPH MOORE.

[It was on the occasion of the visit of the two sons of the Prince of Wales (Albert Victor and George, who were making a tour of the world as midshipmen) to Ceylon that a grand elephant-hunt was projected, as a finale to the festivities given in their honor. Joseph Moore, author of "The Queen's Empire," was in Ceylon at the time, and took the opportunity to witness the Cingalese mode of taking this great animal. We subjoin his account of the exciting occurrence.]

THE ground chosen for the exciting sport was a narrow valley close to the Labugama water-works, by which Colombo—thirty miles distant—is to be supplied. A locality known to be frequented by elephants is selected,—one where the needful water, shade, and forage are present.

In such a spot the kraal had been erected by the natives, under the directions of their chiefs. This popular term is a heritage from the Dutch occupation, and corresponds to our word corral. It formed an irregular figure, but not unlike a square with one corner truncated. The matter of outline, however, is governed somewhat by the topography of the site. It may describe a rectangle or a triangle, but must always have the added funnel, to lead the herd to the entrance. Care must be taken not to destroy the foliage about the approach to the trap, as the elephant has a keen instinct of danger. The enclosure is constructed of the trunks of trees, nearly a foot in diameter, and firmly set in the ground, crossed with rails of lesser thickness, and usually braced from the outside with forked timbers. In place of Western modes of joining, the parts are lashed with rattan and other stout tendrils, known as jungle ropes.

The whole covered a space of some three acres, and had a height of about ten feet. Adjoining the kraal were stands for the distinguished guests and visitors from all parts of the island to view the operation of fettering the captives.

Despite its strength, such a barrier would be futile were an enraged elephant allowed to attack it with all its power. This contingency is generally prevented by stratagem; but at times it occurs, when the escape of the herd is probable. The devices employed to ward off a charge are of the simplest character, never implying force, but always depending upon man's craft and daring, and the timorous nature of the giant brute.

After the kraal had been completed, nearly three thousand natives were engaged for several weeks in securing the game. A large section of country was surrounded, and the cordon slowly contracted until about twenty elephants, comprising two distinct herds, were brought within surveillance. One chief declared that he had driven his herd eighty miles. In pursuing this work of patience, tact, and hardship, the beaters are cautious not to alarm the elephants, but to allow them, as much as possible, to pursue their usual peaceful habits in the jungle, at the same time advancing them, step by step, day and night, in the direction of the stockade. When the circle has been so reduced as to excite their mistrust, or the danger of a stampede, fires are built at close intervals around the line, and the watchers flash torches, brandish light spears, or sound a cry known to be hideous to the elephantine ear, "Harri-harri-hooi-ooi!" . . .

Sunset was upon the camp before the stir caused by the arrival of the Princes had subsided, and then word came that the drive-in would not be attempted until the following morning. After dinner some veterans of Indian life amused us for an hour or more with stories of elephants, tigers,

leopards, and snakes, before we retired to the rude couches to dream of encounters with savage creatures. But it was not all a dream.

Shortly before daylight, when the prattling Singalese outside made it impossible to sleep, there fell upon our ears the most appalling cry of terror that a human being could utter. In an instant we were upon our feet. Its piercing tone of despair roused the occupants of every hut, and a moment later the ominous word "cobra" flew from tongue to tongue. Men clad in pajamas and slippers, followed by excited natives, dashed to the rescue,—to find that a partition of light palm-leaves had fallen on the slumbering victim of fright. The incident was serious enough, however, to prove the animated respect which "old Indians" have for the imperious serpent.

After this adventure we had the early tea and prepared for the bugle-call, the signal that the great spectacle of the day was about to commence. Morning passed, but without the expected summons. To occupy the time and learn the cause of the delay, we walked over the hills to the rear of the kraal, only to hear that the beaters were having difficulty in bringing the game to the entrance.

Here were stationed the large tame elephants selected to assist in noosing their wild brethren. One of the number, an enormous tusker, equipped with chains and ropes, stood the ideal of strength and docility. Encouraged by his driver we fed him with sweet stalks, which were taken with the utmost grace, and in return he gently lifted us high into the air upon his tusks, using his trunk with almost human care to guard us against a fall.

The trained elephant is associated in the Occident with amusement only, but throughout the East Indies he serves various purposes of utility. In addition to his offices in war and pageantry, of which we have already had glimpses, he

is valuable in constructing roads, moving heavy stones, uprooting small trees, clearing a jungle, hauling weighty loads, and piling timber.

Most observers agree that his power and sagacity are best displayed in the task of handling lumber. At the command of his mahout, emphasized by the prick of an iron goad, he will select a log among many,—weighing half a ton or more,—lift it upon his tusks, carry it to the required place, and return for another.

Two working in conjunction will rear a pile with the greatest accuracy, arranging the logs in rows crossing each other at right angles.

As long as silence governed the plan of strategy, visitors were enjoined from going towards the front of the kraal, and this prohibition, added to the long delay, caused much outspoken impatience; but when, suddenly, a distant storm of cries and shrill noises announced that the "drive in" was imminent, and the need of concealment past, we hurried forward to an elevated position overlooking the entrance.

The hunted elephants, terrified by the uproar, bolted headlong to the open gate, halted there for a moment undecided, and then, suspecting the trap, turned again on their pursuers. An army of natives, reinforced by many European volunteers, retired without ceremony, but only a few rods, and then promptly reformed their lines. Advancing again, the beaters boldly pricked the infuriated, trumpeting monsters with the light wands they carried, at the same time wildly gesticulating and shouting "harri-harri." But the herd stood in close order, refusing to move forward.

A long and stirring contest now ensued, much of which was hidden from us by the tall jungle. Even when the combatants were invisible, the position of the elephants was indicated by the cracking bamboos, waving trees, sten-

torian growls, and sometimes an uplifted trunk. Under the leadership of a savage cow, bent upon protecting the calf at her side, they repeatedly charged the cordon, only to be driven back by harmless screams and toy spears. Finally a native ventured too near the desperate mother, and in an instant she caught him with her trunk and crushed out his life with a mammoth foot.

It was now decided that the leader must be disabled to curb her fury. After a short truce—until a rifle was brought—the gallant brute fell, wounded near the ear; and while her blood poured out in a great stream, the little calf ran about the prostrate form in appealing distress. The cow lay perhaps five minutes, then unexpectedly rose, gathered the herd about her, and led them with a rush through the funnel and into the enclosure. I saw every one of them pass the fence,—seven wild elephants; and in the flush of that moment I had scored a rare experience. In an instant watchers sprang forward and barred the entrance. At last the captives were "kraaled."

The instinct that two herds of elephants never mingle was dominant even during the critical struggle, the larger body, yet outside, having succeeded in maintaining separate ground, and so, for a time, escaped capture. Hence the lines were continued with unabated vigilance around the herd still in the jungle, until the gate could be safely opened for another drive.

Contrary to all precedent, steps were immediately taken for "tying up" that afternoon. Usually a night is allowed to intervene, as the prisoners spend their rage and exhaust themselves in the interval by vain assaults upon the stockade, tearing through the heavy undergrowth, and bellowing in alarm and bewilderment. By morning they stand together, silent and subdued, and as far from their tormentors as possible.

This premature movement, undertaken against the advice of the chiefs, was ordered for the reason that the Princes were timed to leave that evening. Unwisely, only two days had been allotted in the reception programme for the kraal, and so the royal guests were hurried away to Nuwara Eliya for an elk-hunt, which proved a failure. Many visitors, however, remained until the end, including the admiral and some of his lieutenants.

Briefly, the too hasty attempt at noosing, executed in a deluge of rain, was unsuccessful; this, be it noted, in defiance of the herculean efforts of three tame elephants to butt and belabor the wild ones into subjection. As the wounded cow still gave battle, she was reluctantly killed during this fray, and the marksman proudly bore off the tail as his trophy.

Let us pass over the detail of how the corral was forced that night and the captives escaped. Also of how they were soon retaken, along with six from the other herd. In a word, when the "tying up" began in earnest there were twelve unfortunates in the toils.

The victims were engaged in cooling each other with mud and water when the bars of the small rear entrance were removed and four tame elephants entered, each mounted by two or three noosers, and followed by assistants with spears and ropes. In a trice the herd took fright and charged the palisade, only to retreat before the puny wands and loud whoops of the guards. Despairing of escape, they dashed to and fro, round and round, to avoid contact with the approaching foes. Thus pressed without respite, they sometimes evinced a disposition to be warlike, which was effectually checked by a few blows or thumps from the tame animals. In these encounters the exposed riders were unnoticed and unharmed, but the men on foot were cautious to evade attack.

BATTLE OF THE ELEPHANTS

After long manœuvring the trained elephants managed to separate a large cow from the herd, and so ranged themselves about her that she was forced to stand. This was the opportunity wanted, and in a flash an agile native slipped under one of the friendly brutes, rope in hand. Waiting until the restless prisoner lifted her hind foot, he deftly placed the noose about her leg and withdrew. Another venture fettered the second limb, the decoys meanwhile warding off with their trunks several wrathful strokes aimed at the man.

The ropes were now firmly secured to a stout tree, and the captive left entirely alone save her calf. Then began a titanic struggle for liberty that no few words can justly portray. Finding herself baffled in untying the many knots, or in uprooting the tree, she writhed, screamed, tore at the foliage, pawed the earth, tossed clouds of dust over her back, flung her trunk about fiercely, and planted her head upon the ground for leverage to rend asunder the bonds.

At length she fell, in exhaustion, anguish, and despair, and lay motionless and resigned. The natives well knew that these symptoms forebode the loss of their prize. She panted for an hour or more, sighed deeply, and died—of "broken heart." A male, somewhat above medium size, was next submitted to the exciting ordeal with minor variations. While he stood jammed between two of the tame elephants, away from any tree, the nooser induced him to raise his hind foot by touching it gently, drew the running knot about his leg, and retreated. In this case the rope was attached to the girth of one of the trained animals, and the sagacious brute, knowing exactly what was expected of him, began to drag the captive towards a tree facing the spectators' stands.

The wild one resisted violently, but without avail, as the

tame allies steadily pushed, butted, and pulled him across the enclosure. When the tying was complete his contortions to free himself were astonishing, though in the end he calmed down, hopeless and covered with soil.

While these operations were in progress the two orphan calves became troublesome, wailing, charging to and fro, chasing the noosers, and running under the grown elephants. As the element of danger was absent, the binding of these little ones was merry work. In addition to securing one leg, a noose was passed round their necks. They bellowed, threw off the ropes, rapped their assailants, and displayed the most comical exasperation.

Elephants with tusks are comparatively rare in Ceylon, but there was a huge one in the kraal fifty or sixty years of age,—too old to be trained. Contrary to rule, he was the most cowardly of the herd, persistently declining to fight, and always eluding his pursuers. The natives were indisposed seriously to attempt his capture, and even the tame beasts preferred to leave him undisturbed.

The process of training commences by giving the captive a small quantity of food, which is increased from day to day. At the expiration of a week or two, according to the individual temper, he is chained between tame elephants and led away to bathe. If patience and kindness be exercised, in two months his driver can ride him unattended, and in another similar period he is prepared for labor.

The work of "tying up" continued a second day, but few strangers cared to remain. At the conclusion the prizes were sold by auction, realizing from sixty rupees for a calf to three hundred and fifty rupees for the largest. The tusker and one or two others were ultimately allowed to break through the palisade and return to the jungle.

THE VENICE OF THE EAST.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

[Sir John Bowring, born in Exeter, England, in 1792, was noted for his linguistic attainments, and his works on the poetry of several European countries. He became editor of the *Westminster Review* in 1825, and in 1849 was made British consul at Hong-Kong, and subsequently governor of that city. He also spent some time in Siam as British envoy, and wrote a valuable work on that kingdom, "The Kingdom and People of Siam," embodying his experiences and those of others. He died in 1872. From his work we make the following selections concerning the great river and the principal cities of Siam. Of the annual overflow of the Meinam River he says:]

THE Meinam has its annual inundation. Impregnated with the rich soil which it brings from the interior, in the month of June its waters begin to rise, and in August they overflow the banks to a height sometimes exceeding six feet above the ordinary level. In the first public audience I had with the first king, he called my attention to the inundation of the river as the main source of the fertility of the soil; the rice-fields become greener and more promising as the waters spread, which generally remain till the month of November, the land having the appearance of a lake. Boats traverse it in all directions, temporary canals being formed among the rice-fields to facilitate their circulation.

Pallegoix affirms that though the high lands are submerged for several months, the lower regions of the country, at a distance of thirty miles from the sea, are never inundated, which he attributes to the strength of the tide, which, in rising, drives back the descending waters with an irresistible force, and at the ebb they make their way

by the ordinary stream to the ocean, so that they have no time to spread themselves over the adjacent lands. A failure of the inundation is perdition to a large portion of the rice-crops.

But the country sometimes suffers fearfully from these inundations. That of 1831 nearly destroyed all the sugar plantations, and, three or four feet of water continuing to cover the face of the country, almost all the cattle perished. The rice-harvest was seriously affected, and the finest fruit-trees swept away, so that it was said only one durian-tree was left in Siam. But fruit abounded—fruit of singular variety and excellence—in 1855, and the mischief of the floods appeared to be wholly repaired.

When the waters of the Meinam are supposed to have reached their highest point, the king deputes one hundred Bonzes (Buddhist priests), who are instructed to command the inundation to proceed no farther. These functionaries embark on state barges, issue the royal mandate to the waters, bidding them turn back in their course, and they accompany their intervention with exorcisms, which are sometimes ineffectual, and show that the falling of the waters is no more subject to the commands of the sovereign of Siam than were the tides on the British shores controlled by the Danish king. . . .

In ascending and descending the Meinam I was amused with the novel sight of fish leaving the river,—gliding over the wet banks and losing themselves among the trees of the jungle. Pallegoix asserts that such fish will wander more than a league from the water. "Some years ago," I translate his words, "a great heat had dried up all the ponds in the neighborhood of Ayuthia; during the night torrents of rain fell. Next day, going for a walk into the country, how great was my surprise at seeing the ponds almost full, and a quantity of fish leaping about. Whence

have these fish come? I inquired of a laborer: yesterday there was not one! He said they were come under favor of the rain. In 1831, when fish were uncommonly cheap, the Bishop of Siam thought fit to buy a supply of living fish, and he poured fifty hundred-weight into his ponds; but in less than a month nine-tenths escaped during a rain that fell in the night. There are three species of this wandering fish, called *pla-xon*, *pla-duk*, *pla-mó*. The first is voracious, and about the size of a carp; salted and dried, it can be preserved for a year; it is very abundant, is exported to China, Singapore, and Java, and is a particularly wholesome and health-giving fish.

"The *dog's-tongue* is a fish shaped like the sole; it attaches itself to the bottom of boats, and makes a sonorous noise, which is more musical when several are stuck to the same bank and act in concert."

Kämpfer (one of the oldest and most authoritative of Oriental travellers) puts forth the theory that were it not for the vast pains it would require to trace out its several channels through the forests and deserts, and to open a navigation, it might be possible for vessels to go hence (from Siam) to Bengal. Of the Meinam he remarks that the inundations are the results of the dissolving of the snow in the mountainous regions, aided by the heavy rains; that the land water is nitrous, the river sweet and wholesome; that though the flow of water is naturally towards the sea, the inundations principally benefit the upper and middle regions; that the fertility of the soil is such that the rice grows as fast as the water rises, and that the ripe ears are gathered by the reapers, and the straw, often of incredible length, left in the water, and that if the absence of the north wind prevent the return of the waters to their ordinary channel, there is a great creation of *malaria*, whose effects are most pernicious to the public health, and are

sought to be warded off by imposing and costly religious ceremonies through the whole country.

[Of the ancient capital of Siam, now greatly reduced in importance, Bowring says:]

The ancient city of Ayuthia, whose pagodas and palaces were the object of so much laudation from ancient travellers, and which was called the Oriental Venice, from the abundance of its canals and the beauty of its public buildings, is now almost wholly in ruins, its towers and temples whelmed in the dust and covered with rank vegetation. The native name of Ayuthia was *Sijan Thijan*, meaning "Terrestrial Paradise." The Siamese are in the habit of giving very ostentatious names to their cities, which, as La Loubère says, "do signify great things." Pallegoix speaks of the ambitious titles given to Siamese towns, among which he mentions "the City of Angels," "the City of Archangels," and the "Celestial Spectacle." . . .

Ayuthia was formerly one of the most distinguished cities of the East. The spires of the pagodas and pyramids, blackened by time, still tower above the magnificent trees which grow amidst the masses of ruins they overshadow. The ancient city was several leagues in circumference. Amidst the broken walls of palaces and temples are colossal statues from fifty to sixty feet high. These are mostly of brick, covered with brass of the thickness of two fingers. The annals of Siam report that, in founding one of these statues, twenty thousand pounds of copper, two thousand pounds of silver, and four hundred pounds of gold were employed. The walls of the city are overturned,—thick and impenetrable masses of weeds, brushwood, and tall trees, tenanted by bats and vultures. cover the vast desolation. In the midst of the heaps of rubbish treasures are often discovered.

The new city of Ayuthia surrounds the ancient site. It has two lines of floating bazaars. Its population is about forty thousand. At a league's distance from the city, on the northern side, is a majestic edifice called the "Golden Mountain," built A.D. 1387. It is a pyramid four hundred feet high, each side having a staircase by which large galleries surrounding the building are mounted. From the third stage there is a splendid prospect; and there are four corridors by which the dome is entered, in whose centre is a gilded image of Buddha, rendered fetid by the depositions of millions of bats, which day and night are flitting in dire confusion around the altar. The dome is elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the galleries, and terminates in a gilded spire.

[Bowring copies the following statement from a visitor to the ruins of Ayuthia.]

The only visible remains of the old city are a large number of wats, in different stages of decay. They extend over an area of several miles of country, and lie hidden in the trees and jungle, which have sprung up around them. As the beauty of a Siamese temple consists not in its architecture, but in the quantity of arabesque work with which the brick and stucco walls are covered, it soon yields to the power of time and weather, and becomes, if neglected, an unsightly heap of bricks and wood-work, overgrown with parasitical plants. It is thus at Ayuthia. A vast pile of bricks and earth, with here and there a spire still rearing itself to the skies, marks the spot where once stood a shrine before which thousands were wont to prostrate themselves in superstitious adoration.

There stand also the formerly revered images of Gaudama, once resplendent with gold and jewels, but now broken, mutilated, and without a shadow of their previous

splendor. There is one sacred spire of immense height and size, which is still kept in some kind of repair, and which is sometimes visited by the king. It is situated about four miles from the town, in the centre of a plain of paddy-fields. Boats and elephants are the only means of reaching it, as there is no road whatever, except such as the creeks and swampy paddy-fields afford. It bears much celebrity among the Siamese, on account of its height, but can boast of nothing attractive to foreigners but the fine view which is obtained from the summit.

[Of Bangkok, the present capital of Siam, Mouhot, another traveller, says:]

It is impossible to state the exact population of Bangkok, the census of all Eastern countries being extremely imperfect. It is estimated, however, at from three to four hundred thousand inhabitants. Owing to its semi-aquatic site, we had reached the centre of the city while I believed myself still in the country; I was only undeceived by the sight of various European buildings, and the steamers which plough this majestic river, whose margins are studded with floating houses and shops.

Bangkok is the Venice of the East, and whether bent on business or pleasure, you must go by water. In place of the noise of carriages and horses, nothing is heard but the dip of oars, the songs of sailors, or the cries of the Cipayes (Siamese rowers). The river is the high street and the boulevard, while the canals are the cross streets, along which you glide, lying luxuriously at the bottom of your canoe. . . .

On a little island in the middle of the river rises a famous and rather remarkable pagoda, containing, I was told, the bodies of their last kings. The effect of this pyramidal structure reflected in the deep and limpid water, with its

background of tropical verdure, was most striking. As for the town, all that I saw of it was disgustingly dirty.

The Meinam deserves its beautiful name,—"Mother of Waters,"—for its depth permits the largest vessels to coast along its banks without danger: so closely, indeed, that the birds may be heard singing gayly in the overhanging branches, and the hum of numberless insects enlivens the deck by night and by day. The whole effect is picturesque and beautiful. Here and there houses are dotted about on either bank, and numerous villages give variety to the distant landscape.

We met a great number of canoes managed with incredible dexterity by men and women, and often even by children, who are here early familiarized with the water. I saw the governor's children, almost infants, throw themselves into the river, and swim and dive like water-fowl. It was a curious and interesting sight, particularly from the strong contrast between the little ones and the adults. Here, as in the whole plain of Siam, which I afterwards visited, I met most attractive children, tempting one to stop and caress them; but as they grow older they rapidly lose all beauty, the habit of chewing the betel-nut producing an unsightly blackening of the teeth and swelling of the lips.

[Bowring gives the following further information about the city.]

A great proportion of the houses float on large rafters, and are sometimes seen moving up and down the river, conveying all the belongings of a family to some newly-selected locality. It is a curious sight to witness these locomotive abodes, sometimes consisting of many apartments, loosened from the cables which have attached them to a particular spot, and going forth on their travels to fresh destinations. On the borders of the river there are

scarcely any but floating houses, which can at any time be detached and removed bodily, and without any inconvenience, at the will of the owner.

There are a few houses in Bangkok built of stone and brick; but those of the middle classes are of wood, while the habitations of the poor are constructed of light bamboos, and roofed with leaves of the atap palm. Fires are frequent; and from the combustible character of the erections, hundreds of habitations are often destroyed. But in a few days the mischief is generally repaired, for on such occasions friends and neighbors lend a willing hand.

A house generally consists of two divisions; one occupied by the males, the other by the females. The piles on which they are built are sunk three or four feet into the ground; and the floor is raised six or eight feet from its surface, and is reached by a rude ladder, which, if the front of the house be towards the river, is made accessible at low tide. Of the floating houses, some are of boards, others of bamboo, or either wicker-work or palm-leaves. These houses have generally a veranda in front, and a small wing at each end. When used for shops or warehouses the whole frontage is removed, and the contents exposed for inspection to the boats which pass by on the river.

The existence of the people of Bangkok may be called amphibious. The children pass much of their time in the water, paddling and diving and swimming as if it were their native element. Boats often run against one another, and those within them are submerged in the water; but it seldom happens that any life is lost, or mischief done to the persons whose boats are run down. I have again and again seen boats bottom upward, whose owners have floated them to the shore, or otherwise repaired the damage done as speedily as possible. The constant occurrence of petty disasters seems to reconcile everybody to their conse-

quences. Generally speaking, the boats are paddled about with consummate dexterity, the practice being acquired from the earliest trainings of childhood. . . .

An elevation of eighty or one hundred feet will not carry you up sufficiently high to see a hundredth part of the houses that thickly stud the river-banks and all the canals, because of the high and dense foliage of the cocoa-nuts, betel, palmyra, mangosteen, tamarind, and a great variety of other fruit and flowering trees which so hide most of the vast prospect as to make it appear to be little else than a dense primeval forest. But it is a forest of "living green," and we may almost say of "never withering flowers." A richer foliage, year in and year out, cannot, probably, be found anywhere on earth.

Should you ascend the great watch-tower near the palace of the first king, you would see at your feet, and to the north and the south a mile or two each way, a density of human dwellings, but with the exception of the fifteen acres included in Wat *Pra Chetoophon*, and the forty-three in the palace of the first king, and forty in the palace of the second king, and twenty or more in Wat *Maha-tat*, the buildings are not nearly as compact as in our great Western cities. And looking to the eastward, you would see, even within the city walls, that "there remaineth yet much land to be possessed." Thirty-five years ago the area comprised within the citadel had much more of ground than now, which might well have led foreign observers to think that that unoccupied ground was left for the purpose of having ample room for the people to flee to, and find refuge under cover of the city walls in times of invasion from the enemy.

Looking from this observatory westward, your vision crosses the river but a little way, and then is expanded on what seems to be an unbroken forest, although it is in

truth full of canals, houses, gardens, orchards, and paddy-fields. Looking upon the face of the broad Meinam, you will see her still and glistening like a dim mirror, lying in the form of a monstrous letter S, and yet animated with human beings, gliding on her bosom in all kinds of water-craft, and you will see a line of shipping extending from the upper fort down the river three miles, thickly moored in the middle of the stream. The only objects to break the even circle of the horizon as you look at it in the clearest day from this stand-point are the mountains of Bangplasoi and Petchaburee. But the air is very seldom clear enough for this sight with the naked eye, and not very often even with a glass.

[Funerals of important persons in Siam seem to be simply a merry-making on a large scale. The following description of the funeral of one of the high commissioners who negotiated the English treaty, and who died a few days after the signing of the treaty, was furnished to Sir John Bowring by an eye-witness.]

The building of the "*men*," or temple, in which the burning was to take place, occupied four months; during the whole of which time between three and four hundred men were constantly engaged. The whole of it was executed under the personal superintendence of the "Kalahome."

It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful object than this temple was, when seen from the opposite side of the river. The style of architecture was similar to that of the other temples in Siam; the roof rising in the centre, and thence running down in a series of gables, terminating in curved points. The roof was covered entirely with scarlet and gold, while the lower part of the building was blue, with stars of gold. Below, the temple had four entrances leading directly to the pyre; upon each side, as you entered, were placed magnificent mirrors, which re-

flected the whole interior of the building, which was decorated with blue and gold, in the same manner as the exterior. From the roof depended immense chandeliers, which at night increased the effect beyond description. Sixteen large columns, running from north to south, supported the roof. The entire height of the building must have been one hundred and twenty feet, its length about fifty feet, and breadth forty feet. In the centre was a raised platform, about seven feet high, which was the place upon which the urn containing the body was to be placed; upon each side of this were stairs covered with scarlet and gold cloth.

This building stood in the centre of a piece of ground of about two acres extent, the whole of which ground was covered over with close rattan-work, in order that visitors might not wet their feet, the ground being very muddy.

This ground was enclosed by a wall, along the inside of which myriads of lamps were disposed, rendering the night as light as the day. The whole of the grounds belonging to the adjoining temple contained nothing but tents, under which Siamese plays were performed by dancing-girls during the day; during the night, transparencies were in vogue. Along the bank of the river, Chinese and Siamese plays (performed by men) were in great force; and to judge by the frequent cheering of the populace, no small talent was shown by the performers, which talent in Siam consists entirely in obscenity and vulgarity.

All approaches were blocked up long before daylight each morning by hundreds—nay, thousands of boats of every description in Siam, *sampans*, *mapet*, *ma k'éng*, *ma guen*, etc.; these were filled with presents of white cloth, no other presents being accepted or offered during a funeral. How many ship-loads of fine shirting were presented during those few days it is impossible to say. Some

conception of the number of boats may be had from the fact that, in front of my floating house, I counted seventy-two large boats, all of which had brought cloth.

The concourse of people night and day was quite as large as at any large fair in England; and the whole scene, with the drums and shows, the illuminations and the fireworks, strongly reminded me of Greenwich Fair at night. The varieties in national costume were considerable, from the long flowing dresses of the Mussulman to the scanty *panhung* of the Siamese.

Upon the first day of the ceremonies, when I rose at daylight, I was quite surprised at the number and elegance of the large boats that were dashing about the river in every direction; some of them with elegantly-formed little spires (two in each boat) of a snowy white, picked out with gold; others with magnificent scarlet canopies, with curtains of gold; others filled with soldiers dressed in red, blue, or green, according to their respective regiments; the whole making a most effective *tableau*, far superior to any we had during the time the embassy was here.

While I was admiring this scene, I heard the cry of "*Sedet*" (the name of the king when he goes out), and turning round, beheld the fleet of the king's boats sweeping down. His majesty stopped at the *men*, where an apartment had been provided for him. The moment the king left his boat, the most intense stillness prevailed,—a silence that was absolutely painful; this was, after the lapse of a few seconds, broken by a slight stroke of a tom-tom. At that sound, every one on shore and in the boats fell on their knees, and silently and imperceptibly the barge containing the high-priest parted from the shore at the Somdetch's palace, and floated with the tide towards the *men*. This barge was immediately followed by that containing the urn, which was placed upon a throne in the

centre of the boat. One priest knelt upon the lower part of the urn in front and one at the back. (It had been constantly watched since his death.) Nothing could exceed the silence and *immovability* of the spectators; the tales I used to read of nations being turned to statues were here realized, with the exception that all had the same attitude. It was splendid, but it was fearful. During the whole of the next day the urn stayed in the *men*, in order that the people might come and pay their last respects.

The urn, or rather its exterior cover, was composed of the finest gold, elegantly carved and studded with innumerable diamonds. It was about five feet high, and two feet in diameter.

Upon the day of the burning, the two kings arrived about four P.M. The golden cover was taken off, and an interior urn of brass now contained the body, which rested upon cross-bars at the bottom of the urn. Beneath were all kind of odoriferous gums.

The first king, having distributed yellow cloths to an indefinite quantity of priests, ascended the steps which led to the pyre, holding in his hand a lighted candle, and set fire to the inflammable materials beneath the body. After him came the second king, who placed a bundle of candles in the flames; then followed the priests, then the princes, and lastly the relations and friends of the deceased. The flames rose constantly above the vase, but there was no unpleasant smell.

His majesty, after all had thrown in their candles, returned to his seat, where he distributed to the Europeans a certain number of limes, each containing a gold ring or a small piece of money; then he commenced *scrambling* the limes, and seemed to take particular pleasure in just throwing them between the princes and the missionaries, in order that they might meet together in the "tug of war."

The next day, the bones were taken out, and distributed among his relations; and this closed the ceremonies. During the whole time, the river each night was covered with fireworks; and in Siam the pyrotechnic art is far from being despicable.

THE FOOTSTEP OF BUDDHA.

BISHOP PALLEGOIX.

[Bishop Pallegoix, a French ecclesiastic who long resided in Siam, wrote a valuable work on that country, entitled "Description du Royaume Thai ou Siam." To this work Sir John Bowring is largely indebted, and we append his translation of the venerable bishop's account of one of the leading show-places of the country. The celebrated footstep was discovered early in the seventeenth century. Its locality has since been a favorite place of resort for pilgrims. Bowring thus introduces the subject:]

BISHOP PALLEGOIX speaks of a large assemblage of gayly-ornamented barges filled with multitudes of people in holiday dresses, whom he met above Ayuthia, going on a pilgrimage to the "foot of Buddha." The women and girls wore scarfs of silk and bracelets of gold and silver, and filled the air with their songs, to which troops of priests and young men responded in noisy music. The place of debarkation is Tha Rua, which is on the road to Phrabat, where the footprint of the god is found. More than five hundred barges were there, all illuminated: a drama was performed on the shore; there was a great display of vocal and instrumental music, tea-drinking, playing at cards and dice, and the merry festivities lasted through the whole night.

Early the following day the *cortége* departed by the

river. It consisted of princes, nobles, rich men, ladies, girls, priests, all handsomely clad. They landed, and many proceeded on foot, while the more distinguished mounted on elephants to move towards the sacred mountain. In such localities the spirit of fanaticism is usually intemperate and persecuting; and the bishop says the governor received him angrily, and accused him of "intending to debauch his people by making them Christians." But he was softened by presents and explanations, and ultimately gave the bishop a passport, recommending him to "all the authorities and chiefs of villages under his command as a Christian priest (farang), and as his friend, and ordering that he should be kindly treated, protected, and furnished with all the provisions he might require."

Of his visit to the sacred mountain, so much the resort of Buddhist pilgrims, Pallegoix gives this account:

I engaged a guide, mounted an elephant, and took the route of Phrabat, followed by my people. I was surprised to find a wide and excellent road, paved with bricks, and opened in a straight line across the forests. On both sides of the road, at a league's distance, were halls or stations, with wells dug for the use of the pilgrims. Soon the road became crooked, and we stopped to bathe in a large pond. At four o'clock we reached the magnificent monastery of Phrabat, built on the declivity, but nearly at the foot of a tall mountain formed by fantastic rocks of a bluish color. The monastery has several walls surrounding it; and having entered the second enclosure, we found the *abbé-prince*, seated on a raised floor, and directing the labors of a body of workmen. His attendants called on us to prostrate ourselves, but we did not obey them. "Silence!" he said; "you know not that the *farang* honor their grandees by standing erect." I approached, and presented him with a bottle of sal-volatile, which he smelt with delight.

I requested he would appoint some one to conduct us to see the vestige of Buddha; and he called his principal assistant (the *balat*), and directed him to accompany us. The *balat* took us round a great court surrounded with handsome edifices, showed us two large temples, and we reached a broad marble staircase with balustrades of gilded copper, and made the round of the terrace which is the base of the monument. All the exterior of this splendid edifice is gilt; its pavement is square, but it takes the form of a dome, and is terminated in a pyramid a hundred and twenty feet high. The gates and windows, which are double, are exquisitely wrought. The outer gates are inlaid with handsome devices in mother-of-pearl, and the inner gates are adorned with gilt pictures representing the events in the history of Buddha.

The interior is yet more brilliant; the pavement is covered with silver mats. At the end, on a throne ornamented with precious stones, is a statue of Buddha in massive silver, of the height of a man; in the middle is a silver grating, which surrounds the vestige, whose length is about eighteen inches. It is not distinctly visible, being covered with rings, ear ornaments, bracelets, and gold necklaces, the offerings of devotees when they come to worship. The history of the relic is this: In the year 1602, notice was sent to the king, at Ayuthia, that a discovery had been made at the foot of a mountain of what appeared to be a foot-mark of Buddha. The king sent his learned men and the most intelligent priests to report if the lineaments of the imprint resembled the description of the foot of Buddha as given in the sacred Pali writings. The examination having taken place, and the report being in the affirmative, the king caused the monastery of Phrabat to be built, which has been enlarged and enriched by his successors.

After visiting the monument, the *balat* escorted us to a deep well, cut out of the solid stone; the water is good, and sufficient to provide for crowds of pilgrims. The abbé-prince is the sovereign lord of the mountain and its environs within a circuit of eight leagues; he has from four to five thousand men under his orders, to be employed as he directs in the service of the monastery. On the day of my visit a magnificent palanquin, such as is used by great princes, was brought to him as a present from the king. He had the civility to entertain us as well as he could. I remarked that the kitchen was under the care of a score of young girls, and they gave the name of pages to the youths who attended us. In no other monastery is this usage to be found.

His highness caused us to be lodged in a handsome wooden house, and gave me two guards of honor to serve and watch over me, forbidding my going out at night on account of tigers. The following morning I took leave of the good abbé-prince, mounted my elephant, and, taking another road, we skirted the foot of the mountain till we reached a spring of spouting waters. We found there a curious plant, whose leaves were altogether like the shape and the colors of butterflies. We took a simple breakfast in the first house we met with; and at four o'clock in the afternoon we reached our boat, and after a comfortable night's rest we left Tha Rua to return to our church at Ayuthia.

[M. Mouhot thus describes his journey to the same locality:]

At seven o'clock in the morning my host was waiting for me at the door, with elephants mounted by their drivers, and other attendants necessary for our expedition. At the same hour in the evening we reached our destination, and before many minutes had elapsed all the inhabi-

tants were informed of our arrival; priests and mountaineers were all full of curiosity to look at the stranger. Among the principal people of the place I distributed some little presents, with which they were delighted; but my fire-arms and other weapons were especially the subjects of admiration. I paid a visit to the prince of the mountain, who was detained at home by illness. He ordered breakfast for me, and, expressing his regret at not being able to accompany me, sent four men to serve as guides and assistants. As a return for his kindness and urbanity, I presented him with a small pistol, which he received with extreme gratification.

We proceeded afterwards to the western side of the mountain, where is the famous temple containing the footprint of Samona-Kodom, the Buddha of Indo-China. I was filled with astonishment and admiration on arriving at this point, and feel utterly incapable of describing the spectacle which met my view. What convulsion of Nature, what force, could have upheaved those immense rocks, piled one upon another in such fantastic forms? Beholding such a chaos, I could well understand how the imagination of this simple people, who are ignorant of the true God, should have here discovered signs of the marvellous and traces of their false divinities. It was as if a second and recent deluge had just abated; this sight alone was enough to recompense me for all my fatigues.

On the mountain summit, in the crevices of the rocks, in the valleys, in the caverns, all around, could be seen the footprints of animals, those of elephants and tigers being most strongly marked; but I am convinced that many of them were formed by antediluvian and unknown animals. All these creatures, according to the Siamese, formed the *cortége* of Buddha in his passage over the mountain.

As for the temple itself, there is nothing remarkable

about it; it is like most of the pagodas in Siam,—on the one hand unfinished, and on the other in a state of dilapidation; and it is built of brick, although both stone and marble abound at Phrabat. The approach to it is by a flight of large steps, and the walls are covered with little pieces of colored glass, forming arabesques in great variety, which glitter in the sun with striking effect. The panels and cornices are gilt; but what chiefly attracts attention by the exquisite workmanship are the massive ebony doors, inlaid with mother-of-pearl of different colors, and arranged in beautiful designs. The interior of the temple does not correspond with the outside; the floor is covered with silver matting, and the walls bear traces of gilding, but they are blackened by time and smoke. A catafalque rises in the centre, surrounded with strips of gilded serge, and there is to be seen the famous footprint of Buddha. To this sacred spot the pilgrims bring their offerings,—cut paper, cups, dolls, and an immense number of toys, many of them being wrought in gold and silver.

A VISIT TO CHANTABOUN.

HENRY MOUHOT.

[Henry Mouhot, an adventurous traveller, who lost his life in the jungles of Laos, has told us more concerning the interior of Siam, Laos, and Cambodia than any other traveller. His narrative is given in lively and attractive language, and we select from it a description of an excursion to Chantaboun, on the southeastward coast of Siam.]

ON the night of the 31st December, our boat was making rapid way under the influence of a violent wind. I was seated on the little roof of leaves and interlaced bamboo,

which formed a sort of protection to me against the rain and cold night air, bidding adieu to the departing year, and welcoming in the new; praying that it might be a fortunate one for me, and, above all, that it might be full of blessings for all those dear to me. The night was dark; we were but two miles from land, and the mountains loomed black in the distance. The sea alone was brilliant with that phosphoric light so familiar to all voyagers on the deep. For a couple of hours we had been followed by two sharks, who left behind them a luminous and waving track. All was silent in our boat; nothing was to be heard but the wind whistling among the rigging and the rushing of the waves: and I felt at that midnight hour—alone, and far from all I loved—a sadness which I vainly tried to shake off, and a disquietude which I could not account for.

Suddenly we felt a violent shock, immediately followed by a second, and then the vessel remained stationary. Every one cried out in alarm; the sailors rushed forward; in a moment the sail was furled and torches lighted, but, sad to say, one of our number did not answer to his name. One of the young boys, who had been asleep on deck, had been thrown into the sea by the shock. Uselessly we looked for the poor lad, whose body doubtless became the prey of the sharks. Fortunately for us, only one side of the boat had touched the rock, and it had then run aground on the sand: so that after getting it off we were able to anchor not far from the shore.

On the 3d January, 1859, after having crossed the little gulf of Chantaboun, the sea being at the time very rough, we came in sight of the famous Lion Rock, which stands out like the extremity of a cape at the entrance of this port. From a distance it resembles a lion couchant, and it is difficult to believe that Nature unassisted has formed this singular colossus. The Siamese—a superstitious race

—hold this stone in great veneration, as they do everything that appears to them extraordinary or marvellous. It is said that the captain of an English ship, once anchored in the port, seeing the lion, proposed to buy it, and that, on the governor of the place refusing the offer, he pitilessly fired all his guns at *the poor animal.* This has been recorded in Siamese verse, with a touching complaint against the cruelty of the Western barbarians.

[Purchasing a boat, M. Mouhot made excursions to the various islands in the gulf.]

I passed several days at Cape Liaut, part of the time being occupied in exploring the many adjacent islands. It is the most exquisite part of the gulf, and will bear comparison, for its beauty, with the Strait of Sunda, near the coast of Java. Two years ago, when the king visited Chantaboun, they built for him on the shore, at the extremity of the cape, a house and kiosk, and, in memory of that event, they also erected on the top of the mountain a small tower, from which a very extensive view may be enjoyed.

I also made acquaintance with Ko-Kram, the most beautiful and the largest of all the islands north of the gulf between Bangkok and Chantaboun. The whole island consists of a wooded mountain-range, easy of access, and containing much oligist iron. On the morning of the 29th, at sunrise, the breeze lessened, and when we were about three miles from the strait which separates the Isle of Arec from that of the "Cerfs," it ceased altogether. For the last half-hour we were indebted solely to our oars for the little progress made, being exposed to all the glare of a burning sun; and the atmosphere was heavy and suffocating. All of a sudden, to my great astonishment, the water began to be agitated, and our light boat was tossed

about by the waves. I knew not what to think, and was seriously alarmed, when our pilot called out, "Look how the sea boils!" Turning in the direction indicated, I beheld the sea really in a state of ebullition, and very shortly afterwards an immense jet of water and steam, which lasted for several minutes, was thrown into the air. I had never before witnessed such a phenomenon, and was now no longer astonished at the powerful smell of sulphur which had nearly overpowered me in Ko-Man. It was really a submarine volcano, which burst out, more than a mile from the place where we had anchored three days before.

On March 1 we reached Ven-Ven, at Paknam-Ven, the name of the place where the branches of the river unite. This river, whose width at the mouth is above three miles, is formed by the union of several streams flowing from the mountains, as well as by an auxiliary of the Chantaboun River, which, serving as a canal, unites these two places. Ascending the stream for fourteen or fifteen miles, a large village is reached, called Bandiana, but Paknam-Ven is only inhabited by five families of Chinese fishermen.

Crocodiles are more numerous in the river at Paknam-Ven than in that at Chantaboun. I continually saw them throw themselves from the banks into the water: and it has frequently happened that careless fishers, or persons who have imprudently fallen asleep on the shore, have become their prey, or have afterwards died of the wounds inflicted by them. This latter has happened twice during my stay here.

It is amusing, however,—for one is interested in observing the habits of animals all over the world,—to see the manner in which these creatures catch the apes, which sometimes take a fancy to play with them. Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in the water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface, ready to seize anything that may

come within reach. A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approach little by little, and commence their frolics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the most active or most impudent jumps from branch to branch, till within a respectful distance of the crocodile, when, hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take a part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards, while any one of them who comes within reach of the crocodile torments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shrieking. This misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterwards.

[From the coast, Mouhot extended his journey to the hill-country of Chantaboun, of whose features he gives us some interesting details.]

The heat becomes greater and greater, the thermometer having risen to 102° Fahr. in the shade: thus hunting is now a painful, and sometimes impossible, exertion, anywhere except in the woods. A few days ago I took advantage of a short spell of cloudy, and consequently cooler weather, to visit a waterfall I had heard of in the almost desert district of Prion, twelve miles from Kombau. After reaching the last-named place, our course lay for

about an hour and a half along a charming valley, nearly as smooth as a lawn, and as ornamental as a park. By and by, entering a forest, we kept by the banks of a stream, which, shut in between two mountains, and studded with blocks of granite, increases in size as you approach its source.

Before long we arrived at the fall, which must be a fine spectacle in the rainy season. It then pours down from immense perpendicular rocks, forming, as it were, a circular peaked wall, nearly thirty metres in diameter, and twenty metres in height. The force of the torrent having been broken by the rocky bed into which it descends, there is another fall of ten feet; and lower down, after a third fall of fifteen feet, it passes into an ample basin, which, like a mirror, reflects the trees and cliffs around. Even during the dry season, the spring, then running from beneath enormous blocks of granite, flows in such abundance as to feed several streams.

I was astonished to see my two servants, heated by their long walk, bathe in the cold water, and on my advising them to wait for a little, they replied that the natives were always accustomed to bathe when hot.

We all turned stone-cutters, that is to say, we set to work to detach the impression of an unknown animal from the surface of an immense mass of granite rising up out of one of the mountain torrents. A Chinese had in January demanded so exorbitant a sum for this that I had abandoned the idea, intending to content myself with an impression in wax, but Phrai proposed to me to undertake the work, and by our joint labor it was soon accomplished. The Siamese do not much like my meddling with their rocks, and their superstition is also somewhat startled when I happen to kill a white ape, although when the animal is dead and skinned they are glad to obtain a cutlet

or steak from it, for they attribute to the flesh of this creature great medicinal virtues.

The rainy season is drawing near; storms become more and more frequent, and the growling of the thunder is frightful. Insects are in greater numbers, and the ants, which are now looking out for a shelter, invade the dwellings, and are a perfect pest to my collections, not to speak of myself and my clothes. Several of my books and maps have been almost devoured in one night. Fortunately there are no mosquitoes, but to make up for this, there is a small species of leech, which, when it rains, quits the streams and infests the woods, rendering an excursion there, if not impracticable, at all events very disagreeable. You have constantly to be pulling them off you by dozens, but, as some always escape observation, you are sure to return home covered with blood; often my white trousers are dyed as red as those of a French soldier.

The animals have now become scarcer, which in different ways is a great disappointment to all, for Phrai and Niou feasted sumptuously on the flesh of the apes, and made a profit by selling their gall to the Chinese doctors in Chantaboun. Hornbills have also turned wild, so we can find nothing to replenish our larder but an occasional kid. Large stags feed on the mountain, but one requires to watch all night to get within range of them. There are not many birds to be seen, neither quails, partridges, nor pheasants; and the few wild-fowl which occasionally make their appearance are so difficult to shoot that it is waste both of time and ammunition to make the attempt.

In this part of the country the Siamese declare they cannot cultivate bananas on account of the elephants, which at certain times come down from the mountains and devour the leaves, of which they are very fond. The royal and other tigers abound here; every night they

prowl about in the vicinity of the houses, and in the mornings we can see the print of their large claws in the sand and in the clay near streams. By day they retire to the mountain, where they lurk in close and inaccessible thickets. Now and then you may get near enough to one to have a shot at him, but generally, unless suffering from hunger, they fly at the approach of man.

A few days ago I saw a young Chinese who had nineteen wounds on his body, made by one of these animals. He was looking out from a tree about nine feet high, when the cries of a young kid, tied to another tree at a short distance, attracted a large tiger. The young man fired at it, but, though mortally wounded, the creature, collecting all his strength for a final spring, leaped on his enemy, seized him and pulled him down, tearing his flesh frightfully with teeth and claws as they rolled on the ground. Luckily for the unfortunate Chinese, it was a dying effort, and in a few moments more the tiger relaxed its hold and breathed its last.

In the mountains of Chantaboun, and not far from my present abode, precious stones of fine water occur. There is even at the east of the town an eminence, which they call "the mountain of precious stones;" and it would appear from the account of Mgr. Pallegoix that at one time they were abundant in that locality, since in about half an hour he picked up a handful, which is as much as now can be found in a twelvemonth, nor can they be purchased at any price.

It seems that I have seriously offended the poor Thaï * of Kombau by carrying away the footprints. I have met several natives who tell me they have broken arms, that they can no longer work, and will always henceforth be in poverty; and I find that I am considered to be answerable

* The Siamese were formerly called Thai.

for this because I irritated the genius of the mountain. Henceforth they will have a good excuse for idleness.

The Chinese have equally amused me. They imagine that some treasure ought to be found beneath the foot-prints, and that the block which I have carried away must possess great medicinal virtues; so Apait and his friends have been rubbing the under part of the stone every morning against another piece of granite, and, collecting carefully the dust that fell from it, have mixed it with water and drunk it fasting, fully persuaded that it is a remedy against all ills. Here they say that it is faith which cures; and it is certain that pills are often enough administered in the civilized West which have no more virtue than the granite powder swallowed by old Apait. . . .

The fruit here is exquisite, particularly the mango, the mangosteen, the pineapple, so fragrant and melting in the mouth, and, what is superior to anything I ever imagined or tasted, the famous *durian* or *dourion*, which justly merits the title of king of fruits. But to enjoy it thoroughly one must have time to overcome the disgust at first inspired by its smell, which is so strong that I could not stay in the same place with it. On first tasting it I thought it like the flesh of some animal in a state of putrefaction, but after four or five trials I found the aroma exquisite. The durian is about two-thirds the size of a jacca, and like it is encased in a thick and prickly rind, which protects it from the teeth of squirrels and other nibblers; on opening it there are to be found ten cells, each containing a kernel larger than a date, and surrounded by a sort of white, or sometimes yellow cream, which is most delicious. By an odd freak of nature, not only is there the first repugnance to it to overcome, but if you eat it often, though with ever so great moderation, you find yourself next day covered with blotches, as if attacked with measles, so heating is its

nature. A durian picked is never good, for when fully ripe it falls of itself; when cut open it must be eaten at once, as it quickly spoils, but otherwise it will keep for three days. At Bangkok one of them costs one *sellung;* at Chantaboun nine may be obtained for the same sum.

I had come to the conclusion that there was little danger in traversing the woods here, and in our search for butterflies and other insects we often took no other arms than a hatchet and hunting-knife, while Niou had become so confident as to go by night with Phrai to lie in wait for stags. Our sense of security was, however, rudely shaken when one evening a panther rushed upon one of the dogs close to my door. The poor animal uttered a heart-rending cry, which brought us all out, as well as our neighbors, each torch in hand. Finding themselves face to face with a panther, they in their turn raised their voices in loud screams; but it was too late for me to get my gun, for in a moment the beast was out of reach.

A few days ago I made up my mind to penetrate into a grotto on Mount Sabab, half-way between Chantaboun and Kombau, so deep, I am told, that it extends to the top of the mountain. I set out, accompanied by Phrai and Niou, furnished with all that was necessary for our excursion. On reaching the grotto we lighted our torches, and after scaling a number of blocks of granite, began our march. Thousands of bats, roused by the lights, commenced flying round and round us, flapping our faces with their wings, and extinguishing our torches every minute. Phrai walked first, trying the ground with a lance which he held; but we had scarcely proceeded a hundred paces when he threw himself back upon me with every mark of terror, crying out, "A serpent! go back!" As he spoke I perceived an enormous boa about fifteen feet off, with erect head and open mouth, ready to dart upon him. My gun

being loaded, one barrel with two bullets, the other with shot, I took aim and fired off both at once.

We were immediately enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, and could see nothing, but prudently beat an instant retreat. We waited anxiously for some time at the entrance of the grotto, prepared to do battle with our enemy should he present himself; but he did not appear. My guide now boldly lighted a torch, and, furnished with my gun reloaded and a long rope, went in again alone. We held one end of the rope, that at the least signal we might fly to his assistance. For some minutes, which appeared terribly long, our anxiety was extreme; but equally great was our relief and gratification when we saw him approach, drawing after him the rope, to which was attached an immense boa. The head of the reptile had been shattered by my fire, and his death had been instantaneous, but we sought to penetrate no farther into the grotto.

I had been told that the Siamese were about to celebrate a grand *fête* at a pagoda about three miles off, in honor of a superior priest who died last year, and whose remains were now to be burned according to the custom of the country. I went to see this singular ceremony, hoping to gain some information respecting the amusements of this people, and arrived at the place about eight in the morning, the time for breakfast, or *kinkao* (rice-eating). Nearly two thousand Siamese of both sexes from Chantaboun and the surrounding villages, some in carriages and some on foot, were scattered over the ground in the neighborhood of the pagoda. All wore new sashes and dresses of brilliant colors, and the effect of the various motley groups was most striking.

Under a vast roof of planks supported by columns, forming a kind of shed, bordered by pieces of stuff covered with grotesque paintings representing men and animals in

the most extraordinary attitudes, was constructed an imitation rock of colored pasteboard, on which was placed a catafalque lavishly decorated with gilding and carved work, and containing an urn in which were the precious remains of the priest. Here and there were arranged pieces of paper and stuff in the form of flags. Outside the building was prepared the funeral pile, and at some distance off a platform was erected for the accommodation of a band of musicians, who played upon different instruments of the country. Farther away some women had established a market for the sale of fruit, bonbons, and arrack, while in another quarter some Chinamen and Siamese were performing, in a little theatre run up for the occasion, scenes something in the style of those exhibited by our strolling actors at fairs. This *fête*, which lasted for three days, had nothing at all in it of a funereal character.

I had gone there hoping to witness something new and remarkable, for these peculiar rites are only celebrated in honor of sovereigns, nobles, and other persons of high standing; but I had omitted to take into consideration the likelihood of my being myself an object of curiosity to the crowd. Scarcely, however, had I appeared in the pagoda, followed by Phrai and Niou, when on all sides I heard the exclamation, "Farang! come and see the farang!" and immediately both Siamese and Chinamen left their bowls of rice and pressed about me. I hoped that, once their curiosity was gratified, they would leave me in peace; but instead of that the crowd grew thicker and thicker, and followed me wherever I went, so that at last it became almost unbearable, and all the more so as most of them were already drunk either with opium or arrack,—many, indeed, with both.

I quitted the pagoda and was glad to get into the fresh

air again, but the respite was of short duration. Passing the entrance of a large hut temporarily built of planks, I saw some chiefs of provinces sitting at breakfast. The senior of the party advanced straight towards me, shook me by the hand, and begged me in a cordial and polite manner to enter; and I was glad to avail myself of his kind offer, and take refuge from the troublesome people. My hosts overwhelmed me with attentions, and forced upon me pastry, fruit, and bonbons; but the crowd who had followed me forced their way into the building and hemmed us in on all sides; even the roof was covered with gazers. All of a sudden we heard the walls crack, and the whole of the back of the hut, yielding under the pressure, fell in, and people, priests, and chiefs tumbling one upon another, the scene of confusion was irresistibly comic. I profited by the opportunity to escape, swearing—though rather late in the day—that they should not catch me again.

I quitted with regret these beautiful mountains, where I had passed so many happy hours with the poor but hospitable inhabitants. On the evening before and the morning of my departure all the people of the neighborhood, Chinese and Siamese, came to say adieu, and offer me presents of fruits, dried fish, fowls, tobacco, and rice, cooked in various ways with brown sugar, all in greater quantities than I could possibly carry away. The farewells of these good mountaineers were touching; they kissed my hands and feet, and I confess that my eyes were not dry. They accompanied me to a great distance, begging me not to forget them, and to pay them another visit.

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